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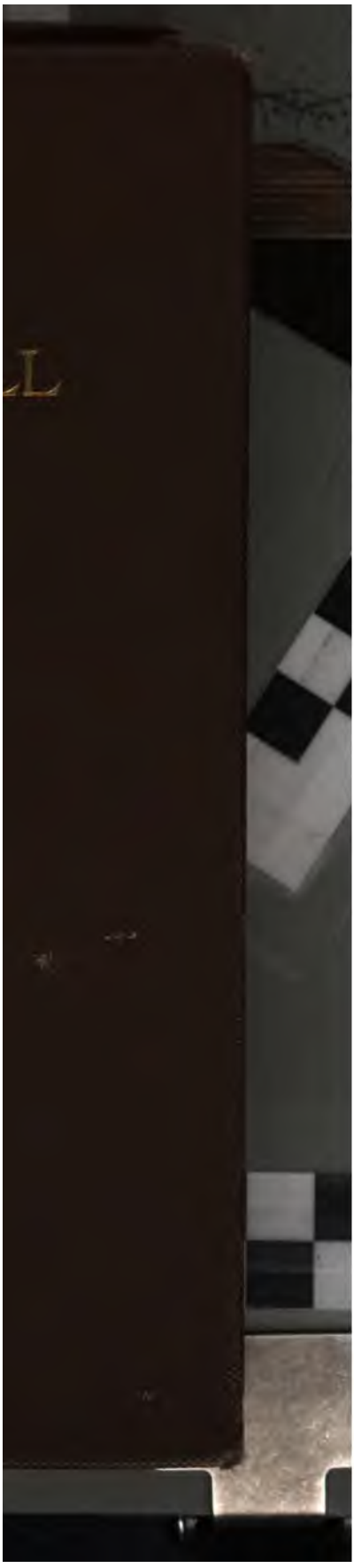

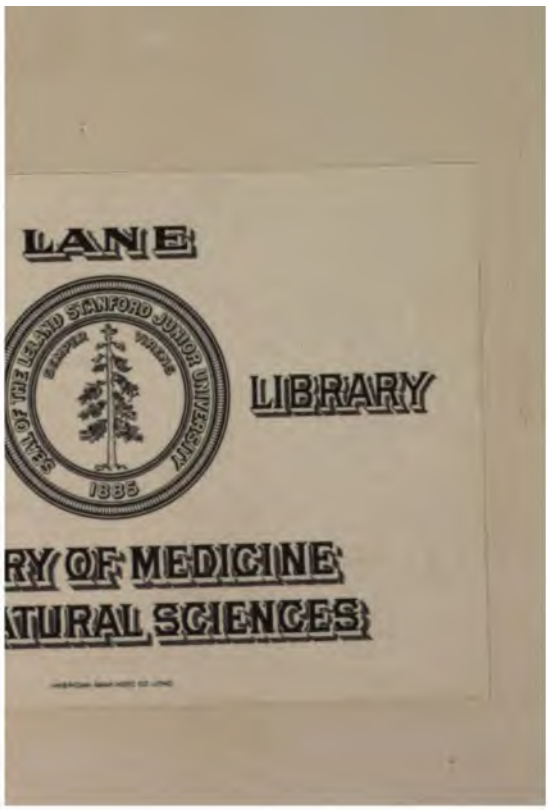
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A. T. STILL.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF

Andrew T. Still

—WITH A—

HISTORY OF THE DISCOVERY AND DEVELOPMENT OF THE SCIENCE OF OSTEOPATHY : : :

Together with an account
of the
time during the progress
of the discovery

ILLUSTRATED

Published by
the Author

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1897

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DEFINITIONS.

Os-tĕ-ŏp'-ă-thy̆, *s.* [Gr. ὀστέον (*osteon*)=a bone, and πάθος (*pathos*)=suffering.]

Legal: "A system, method, or science of healing." (See statutes of the State of Missouri.)

Historical: Osteopathy was discovered by Dr. A. T. Still, of Baldwin, Kan., 1874. Dr. Still reasoned that "a natural flow of blood is health; and disease is the effect of local or general disturbance of blood—that to excite the nerves causes muscles to contract and compress venous flow of blood to the heart; and the bones could be used as levers to relieve pressure on nerves, veins, and arteries. (*A. T. Still.*)

Technical: Osteopathy is that science which consists of such exact, exhaustive, and verifiable knowledge of the structure and functions of the human mechanism, anatomical, physiological, and psychological, including the chemistry and physics of its known elements, as has made discoverable certain organic laws and remedial resources, within the body itself, by which nature under the scientific treatment peculiar to osteopathic practice, apart from all ordinary methods of extraneous, artificial, or medicinal stimulation, and in harmonious accord with its own mechanical principles, molecular activities, and metabolic processes, may recover from displacements, disorganizations, derangements, and consequent disease, and regain its normal equilibrium of form and function in health and strength.

Os-tĕ-ō-păth, s. The same as OSTEOPATHIST (q.v.).

Os-tĕ-ō-păth-ĭc, *a.* Of or belonging to Osteopathy; as, *osteopathic* treatment.

Os-tĕ-ō-păth-ĭc-ăl-ly̆, *adv.* In an osteopathic manner; according to the rules and principles of Osteopathy.

Os-tĕ-ŏp'-ă-thĭst, *s.* One who believes or practises in osteopathy; an Osteopath.

Dĭp'-lō-măte in Osteopathy. The technical and official designation of a graduate and practitioner in Osteopathy, the formal title of such graduate or practitioner being D. O. —*Diplomate or Doctor in Osteopathy.*

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PREFACE.

I WILL inform the reader at the outset that this book is written to state facts, without being confined to exact dates and figures. Events that have made lasting impressions on my mind, stated as correctly as possible from memory, are narrated here without regard to the rules of fine writing. I never kept any notes of my life, therefore the stories may appear disconnected. When I tell you of an event it will be the truth as I remember it, regardless of how it may look in print. I want to avoid "biography" as I write, for the reason that "biographies" are so nicely worded that the reader often has to ask whom the narrator "is giving a write-up." Notwithstanding I am often told that I ought to get a professional "biographer" to take my life, I have concluded to reserve it for myself.

When I read about the battles of the Rebellion, "How Major A. T. Still charged on rebels with uplifted saber, uging his men to victory," I be-

gin to doubt history, for I know there was not a saber drawn nor any yelling during a hard fight of two hours' duration between thirty-five thousand combatants on a side. I remember also the reporters of the sixties, who never tried to write the truth, and could not if they wanted to, because five to ten miles was as near as they ever got to bullets; and I think they are sometimes just as afraid of the truth to-day as they then were of lead. I will say to the reader, if you wish to read my story, please read as I write it, and not the garbled account of some newspaper misrepresentative.

A. T. STILL.

KIRKSVILLE, MO., *June 15th, 1897.*

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

Early Life—Schoolboy Days, and the Unsparing Rod—A Judge of Dogs—My Flint-Lock Rifle—The First Cook Stove and Sewing-Machine—End of the World Coming—My First Discovery in Osteopathy, . . . Page 15

CHAPTER II.

The Wild Game of the Frontier—Mr. Cochran's Deer—The Deer's Foot—Treed by a Buck—I Capture an Eagle—Night Hunting—Brother Jim's Horn—The Philosophy of Skunks and Buzzards—Milking Under Difficulties—Attacked by Panthers, ... Page 34

CHAPTER III.

My Father—Transferred to Missouri—Long Journey—The First Steamboat—At St. Louis—An Unscrupulous Divine—Hardships in The West—The First Methodist Preacher in Northeast Missouri—Presiding Elder—Trouble in the M. E. Church—Stand Taken by Elder Abram Still—Removal to Kansas, ... Page 51

CHAPTER IV.

In Which I Take a Wife—The Infair—A Destructive Hail-Storm—At Wakarusa Mission—Bereavement—The Pro-Slavery Trouble—A Dangerous Ride—The Pro-Slavery Men Drilling—My Legislative Experience, . Page 59

CHAPTER V.

I Enlist in Company F, Ninth Cavalry Volunteers—Our Mission—At Kansas City—Pursuit of Price—The Army at Springfield—Summary Vengeance on Guerrillas—Captain Company D of the Eighteenth Kansas Militia—Major of the Twenty-First Kansas Militia—On the Missouri Frontier—Fighting Joe Shelby—Osteopathy in Danger—Burying Dead Under a Flag of Truce—The Regiment Treated to a Surprise, ... Page 81

CHAPTER VI.

The End of the War—Rejoicing at the Dawn of Peace—New Dangers—The Evil of Drugs—Terrible Visions—A Picture Drawn—Digging in Indian Graves for Subjects—Studying from the Great Book of Nature—The Ravages of That Terrible Disease Meningitis—Prayers and Medicine—Death of Four Members of My Family—Is Medicine a Failure? Page 91

CHAPTER VII.

As an Inventor—The Tired Arm—The Reaper and Mower—The Rake—The Steel Fingers—An Invention Lost—On a Farm—A Smart Wife—Churning—The Philosophy of Butter—Another Invention—Studying the Drive-Wheels of Nature—The Science of Osteopathy Developed, Page 102

CHAPTER VIII.

An Effort to Draw the Attention of the People to Osteopathy—Failure at Baldwin, Kans.—History of Baker University—Prayers for the Man Possessed—Brother Jim's Scepticism—Faith of My Good Wife—A Wandering Osteopath—My Story in Clinton County—Treating Asthma—My Studies—A Hypnotist, ... Page 110

CHAPTER IX.

My First Case of Flux—Old Methods—More Cases—Believed to be Possessed of the Devil—Prayers from Fools—A Dislocated Neck—Leaving Macon—At Kirksville—Mother Ivie—Dr. F. A. Grove—Judge Linder—Chinn's Cheering

Way—Robert Harris—A Helpless Cripple—Typhoid Fever—Feeble in Health and Purse—Punching for Inebriacy—An Ointment for Drunkenness, . Page 119

CHAPTER X.

Reflections on the Seventies—Choosing a Path in Life—What Life Is—Anxiety to Leave It—Child's Pluck—The Brain the Only Hope—The Widow's Trials—Brain Triumphant—The Greatest Legacy Energy, . . . Page 135

CHAPTER XI.

Working Alone—Success—The Pile Doctor and Lightning-Rod Peddler—Dr. William Smith Comes to Investigate—The Lesson in Electricity—Motor and Sensory—What is Fever?—Dr. Smith a Convert—The Success of Lady Osteopaths—Especially Excellent in Obstetrics—Diseases of the Season—The Allegory of Joshua—Basic Principles—The Too-much-talk Man—Charter of the American School of Osteopathy. . . . . Page 144

CHAPTER XII.

Introduction to Lectures—Honest Criticism Invited—Not a Writer of Books—Old Remedies and Death—To Study Osteopathy—Thorough Knowledge of Anatomy Essential—Woes of a Bald-Headed Doctor—The World on Trial—Judge of the Living and the Dead—The Trial Proceeds—For Twenty Thousand Years—Struggles of Nations—Soldier Under the New Flag, ... Page 173

CHAPTER XIII.

Something about Infallible Signs—Appealing to My Little Preacher—Anxiety in Waiting for an Answer—The Charges and Specifications—Divine Law of Finger and Thumb, ... Page 199

CHAPTER XIV.

The Great Vision—A Wonderful Procession—An Assembly to Benefit the Human Race—War—Defeat—Surrender—The Doctors in Council—Forceps and Laceration—The Spy on

Osteopathy—A Disturbed Artery and the Result—Nature's System of Midwifery—Osteopathy Defined—Whips of Quinine to Drive Out Fever—The Corpus Callosum—Corpuscles—The Equipments as Fremont's Surgeon—How God Manifests Himself, ... Page 212

CHAPTER XV.

Various Diseases—Normal and Abnormal—Nerves and Veins—How Often to Treat—Do Not Bruise the Muscles—The Battery and Engine—Beware of the Buzzards, Page 227

CHAPTER XVI.

A Demand for a Revolution—A Plea for an Advance in Osteopathy—Object of Osteopathy—How to Irrigate—Death Defined—How Pain is Created—The Building of the Thigh-Bone—The Solvent Powers of Life—The Destruction of Pain—The Object of Moving Bones and Muscles, Page 243

CHAPTER XVII.

The Vermiform Appendix—Operating for Appendicitis—Expelling Power of the Vermiform Appendix—Care Exercised in Making Assertions—The Human Machinery—Which Best, God's Machine or Man's?—The Germ—The Astronomer and New Worlds—The Knife of Wisdom—The Law of Affinity—The Heart of Man and the Trunk of a Tree—The Heart is King of All, . . . Page 257

CHAPTER XVIII.

Lecture in the College Hall, Monday, January 14th, 1895—Introduction—God is God—The Osteopath an Electrician—Diphtheria—Bright's Disease—An Illustration—The Age of Osteopathy—The Children of Life and Death, Page 271

CHAPTER XIX.

Lecture of A. T. Still, at Infirmary, January 20, 1895—Why He Invited the Colored People to the Infirmary—Memorial Hall—Quinine and Fibroid Tumors—Dover Powders,

Calomel and Castor Oil—Not a Christian Scientist—Not a Mesmerist—Oxygen and Health—To Patients—The Object of Osteopathy—Seventy-five Per Cent of All Cases Benefited—Fifty Per Cent Cured, ... Page 284

CHAPTER XX.

Lecture Delivered in Memorial Hall, March 12, 1895—A Mature Woman—What is Man?—The Unknowable—Life Is a Mystery—The Pace We Go—The Machinery to Work With, ... Page 292

CHAPTER XXI.

Osteopathy as a Science—I Got So Mad I Bawled—The Triumph of Freedom—Reproached for Opposing the Teachings of My Father—Osteopathy and Reverence of God—The Telegraphy of Life—The Circulation—Preparing the Blood—Sickness Defined—The Electric Light and Osteopathy—A Scholarship from the University of Nature—Professor Peacock and a Lesson from His Tail, ... Page 306

CHAPTER XXII.

Address in Memorial Hall, June 22d, 1895—All Patterns Found in Man—Attributes of Deity Found in Man—No Flaw in the Construction—Lesson from a Sawmill—Never was Flux—Abuse of Osteopathy—Some Notes of Warning—Efforts to Seduce Incompetent Students to Practice—Danger from Incompetents—Danger of Going Out Too Soon, Page 318

CHAPTER XXIII.

Address at Memorial Hall, June 4th, 1896—Debtor and Creditor—Intermittent Fever—Danger of Depopulation—A Doctor's Prescription for Fever—Electrical Machine in the Brain—Injury to Spinal Cord Paralysis—Effects of Medicine—What an Osteopath Must Know—The Seriousness of Studying Osteopathy—Courses of Study—Definition of Flux—Spread of Osteopathy—Style of Cases—Specific Cases, ... Page 336

CHAPTER XXIV.

Lecture April 25th, 1895—Not an Infidel—Again That Wonderful Machine—What Business Sagacity Teaches Us—The Blacksmith and Watchmaker—Object of the School—Want No Moderate Osteopaths—Medicine and Twelve Thousand Poisons—A Case of Aphonia, . . Page 356

CHAPTER XXV.

Address to Students and Diplomats, May 7th, 1894—Osteopathy Adheres to the Laws of Nature—Affidavits of Medical Doctors—Osteopathy Can Accomplish All Things—All or Nothing—Stand by the Old Flag, . . . Page 363

CHAPTER XXVI.

Address on Twenty-first Anniversary of the Discovery of Osteopathy, June 22d, 1895—King Alcohol—Fitting Out Man for the Journey of Life—The Lever that Controls Fever—The Great Wisdom Knows No Failure—Why "Osteopathy" Was Chosen for This Science—Gall-Stones and Cure, Page 369

CHAPTER XXVII.

The Morning Stroll—Dawn—Astronomy—Timidity—The Flag of Truce—The Kind of Scalps We Seek—A Prayer for Wives and Mothers—The New Joshua—Divorced from Allopathy—The Looms of Time—The Web of Life—"The Old Doctor"—Some Questions Answered—How Curious is Life—Prophecy Defined—Thought Touches the Infinite, Page 378

CHATER XXVIII.

A Life Story—The Machine for the Harvest of Life—A Resolution for Truth—High Respect for Surgery—Surgery Defined—What Can Osteopathy Give in Place of Drugs?—A Few Questions are Propounded to the Medical Doctors, Page 392

CHAPTER XXIX.

Address on Sixty-Eighth Birthday—Only a Few More Cycles of Time—Surprise of People—All the Word "Remedy" Means—Answering Questions—Most Sublime Thought—

Pleasure of Granting Relief—Journey from the Heart to the Toe—Intuitive Mind—Will the Divine Law Do to Trust? . . . . . Page 401

CHAPTER XXX.

Address on Sixty-Ninth Birthday—Tribute to a Little Anatomist—Parents' Duty—When Still Was Off—A Warrior from Birth—Who Discovered Osteopathy?—Clairvoyant and Clairaudient—Born to Know Something of Drugs—The Fight to Preserve Health—Mathematical Fits—Climatic Effect on the Lungs—Diet—Consternation—Why I Love God, ... Page 410

CHAPTER XXXI.

A Business Allegory—My First Life a Business Failure—Seeking Success—The Parson's Advice—Investing in a Sawmill—Self-reliance—A Soliloquy—Asleep Under the Tree—The Ram—Up a Tree—Legs as Well as Head Necessary to Success—The Labeled Tree—Label of Success—How to Succeed in Business—A Great Financier—A Dream and Its Realization—The Wife Appeals in Vain—That Blessed Ram to the Rescue.—Knocked from the Top of an Unpaid-for Ten-Thousand-Dollar House—The Ram Speaks, Page 423

CHAPTER XXXII.

The Muscles—Brain Headquarters—The Army of Muscles—The Secret of God—How to Live Long and Loud—Time Coming for Big Dinners—Command to Eat—Off to the Country—Osteopathy Cures Seasickness—Country Friends—Quiet and Shady—Explaining the Cause of Lumbago—Tired Nature Seeks Repose, ... Page 442

CHAPTER XXXIII.

In Which I Make Some Allusion to My Family—My Wife—Gathering Gems of Thought—My Children—Drawing to a Close—My Friends—The Book of Life—Our Dead—Fred—Conclusion, ... 451

A. T. STILL'S INFIRMARY AND SCHOOL BUILDING.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A. T. STILL.

CHAPTER I.

Early Life—Schoolboy Days, and the Unsparing Rod—A Judge of Dogs—My Flint-Lock Rifle—The First Cook-Stove and Sewing-Machine—End of the World Coming—My First Discovery in Osteopathy.

I SUPPOSE I began life as other children, with the animal form, mind, and motion all in running order. I suppose I bawled, and filled the bill of nature in the baby life. My mother was as others who had five or six angels to yell all night for her comfort. In four or five years I got my first pants; then I was the man of the house. In due time I was sent off to school in a log schoolhouse, taught by an old man by the name of Vandeburgh. He looked wise while he was resting from his duties, which were to thrash the boys and girls, big and little, from 7 A.M. till

6 P.M., with a few lessons in spelling, reading, writing, grammar, and arithmetic sandwiched between. Then the roll-call, with orders to go home and not fight on the road to and from the schoolhouse, and be on time at seven next morning to receive more thrashings, till the boys and girls would not have sense enough to recite their lessons. Then he made us sit on a horse's skull-bone for our poor spelling, and pardoned our many sins with the sparing rod, selecting the one suited to the occasion out of twelve which served in the walloping business, until 6 P.M.

In 1834 my father moved from that place of torture, which was at Jonesboro, Lee County, Va., to Newmarket, Tenn. Then in 1835 I was entered with two older brothers as a student in the "Holston College," located at Newmarket, Tenn., for more schooling, under the control of the M. E. Church, which school was conducted by Henry C. Saffel, a man of high culture, a head full of brains, without any traces of the brute in his work.

In the year of 1837 my father was appointed by the M. E. conference of Tennessee to go as a missionary to Missouri. We bade adieu to the fine brick college at Holston, and at the end of seven weeks' journey reached our destination,

HOUSE IN WHICH A. T. STILL WAS BORN.

and found we were in a country where there were neither schools, churches, nor printing-presses, so here schooling ended until 1839. Then my father and six or eight others hired a man by the name of J. D. Halstead to teach us as best he could during the winter of 1839–40. He was very rigid, but not so brutal as Vandeburgh. The spring of 1840 took us from Macon County to Schuyler County, Missouri, where I received no more schooling until 1842. That autumn we felled trees in the woods, and built a log cabin eighteen by twenty feet in size, seven feet high, dirt floor, with one whole log or pole left out to admit light, through sheeting tacked over the space, so we could see to read and write. This institution of learning was conducted by John Mikel, of Wilkesborough, N. C., at the rate of two dollars per head for ninety days. He was good to his pupils, and they advanced rapidly under his training. The summer of 1843 Mr. John Hindmon, of Virginia, taught a three-months' term, in which mental improvement was noted. Then back to the old log-house, for a fall term in Smith's Grammar, under Rev. James B. Calloway. He drilled his class well in the English branches for four months, proving himself to be a great and good man, and de-

parted with the love and praise of all who knew him.

In the spring of 1845 we returned to Macon County. A school was taught by G. B. Burkhart, but I did not attend it, as he and I did not agree, so I left home and entered school at La Plata, Mo., conducted by Rev. Samuel Davidson, of the Cumberland Presbyterian church. While attending his school I boarded with John Gilbreath, one of the best men I ever knew. He and his dear wife were a father and a mother to me, and I cannot say too many kind words of them. His grave holds one of my best and dearest friends. They opened their doors, and let myself and a dear friend and schoolmate, John Duvall (long since dead), into their home. Mornings, evenings, and Saturdays my friend and I split rails, milked cows, helped Mrs. Gilbreath tend babies, and do as much of the housework as we could. When we left she wept as a loving mother parting from her children. There are many more of whom I could speak with equal praise, but time and space will not admit. In the summer of 1848 I returned to La Plata, to attend a school given wholly to the science of numbers, under Nicholas Langston, who was a wonderful mathematician. I stayed with him

until I had mastered the cube and square root in Ray's third part Arithmetic. Thus ended my school-days in La Plata.

The reader must not suppose that all my time was spent in acquiring an education at log schoolhouses.

I was like all boys, a little lazy and fond of a gun. I had three dogs,—a spaniel for the water, a hound for the fox, and a bulldog for bear and panthers. My gun for many years was the old flint-lock, which went chuck, fizz, and bang; so you see, to hit where you wanted to, you had to hold still a long time,—and, if the powder was damp in the pan, much longer, for there could be no bang until the fizzing was exhausted, and fire could reach the touch-hole leading to the powder-charge behind the ball. All this required skill and a steady nerve, to hit the spot.

I was called a good judge of dogs, and quoted as authority on the subject. A hound, to be a great dog, must have a flat, broad, and thin tongue, deep-set eyes, thin and long ears, very broad and raised some at the head, and hang three inches below the under-jaw. The roof of his mouth had to be black, his tail long and very slim, to be a good coon-dog. That kind of pups I was supposed to sell for a dollar each, though

I usually gave them away. When I went to the woods, armed with my flint-lock and three dogs, they remained with me until I said, "Seize him, Drummer!" which command sent Drummer out on a prospecting trip. When I wanted squirrels I threw a stick up a tree and cried: "Hunt him up, Drummer!" In a short time the faithful beast had treed a squirrel. When I wanted deer I hunted toward the wind, keeping Drum behind me. When he scented a deer he walked under my gun, which I carried point front. I was always warned by his tail falling that I was about as close as I could get to my game without starting it from the grass.

This old-fashioned flint-lock hunting was under the Van Buren and Polk's administration; but when Harrison—"old Tip"—came in, I possessed a cap-lock gun. Now I was a "man." "Big Injun me." To pull the trigger was "bang" at once, and I was able to shoot deer "on the run." Shot-guns were not in use at that time, but the frontiersman became very expert with the rifle. I could hit a hawk, wild goose, or any bird that did not fly too high or too fast for my aim. I killed great numbers of deer, turkeys, eagles, wildcats, and foxes. My frontier life made me very fleet on foot. Brother Jim and I ran down

and caught sixteen foxes in the month of September in the fall of 1839. Fearing some one will regard this as a fish story, I will explain that during the summer and fall some kind of disease got among the foxes, and we found them lying in the hot roads in the dust, feeble and

WE FOUND THEM LYING IN THE HOT ROADS IN THE DUST.

shaking, as though they had the fever and ague, and incapable of running away from us. I have never since tried to outrun a fox.

As furs were not worth a cent in September, our sixteen foxes were useless, but during the preceding winter we caught a mink, and concluded to go to market with it, as we must have

a five-cent bar of lead before we could shoot more game. So I saddled my horse Selim, and went to Bloomington (nine miles) to exchange my mink-skin for lead. The barter was made with my good friend Thomas Sharp (an uncle of Rev. George Sharp, of Kirksville, Mo.), and soon the hide was with other furs, coons' and opossums'. Then I mounted Selim and started for home to tell Jim that I had found a permanent market for mink-skins at five cents apiece. In short time I shot a deer, and had a buck-skin to add to the fur trade, and took my "big" fifty cents in powder, lead, and caps.

Early in the forties I was very much in dread of the Judgment Day, or some awful calamity. I was told of the signs and half-signs that were to come before the "end cometh" until my young mind was nearly distracted.

Men had grown so wise that they knew just when the great wheels of time would stop. But the story of the Day of Judgment was nothing compared to a wonderful invention a great and wise man had gotten up, called a sewing-machine, which could make over a hundred stitches in a minute. I knew it must be so, for I read it in *The Methodist Christian Advocate* of New York. I told my chum, Dick Roberts, the

story, and he said it was a lie, because his mammy was as smart a gal as there was in the country, "and she couldn't make but twenty, so he wa'n't going to swallow any such stuff."

I didn't tell Dick all the wonderful things I had heard. I wanted to tell him that "Sister Stone," just four miles from where we stood, had told me she had brought a cook-stove with her from the East, and she could make coffee, fry or boil meat, bake bread, make syrup, and cook anything on it in good shape; but for the sake of my own veracity I determined to go and see if it was true before I told it to Dick.

I told father I was going to hunt stray cattle. He said "all right." Having joined the church a few Sundays before, he supposed I was honest about looking for cattle, while I really wanted to see Sister Stone's cook-stove, and determined to let evil prevail that good might come. So I mounted Selim, and as soon as I could get out of father's sight, I "put the bud" to his sides and hind legs, till four miles were left far behind us. Reaching Sister Stone's, I called:

"Hello, Sister Stone; have you seen any of our cattle around here for a day or two?"

"No," she said; "but get down and come in."

I slid off Selim too quick, asking:

"Can I get a drink of water?"

"Oh, yes. It is mighty warm!"

While drinking, she called my attention to her cook-stove. I asked her all about its cooking

I ASKED IF SHE COULD BAKE CORN-BREAD IN IT.

powers, and she explained all about it. I asked her if she could bake corn-bread in it.

"Oh, yes, just wait a few minutes, and I will bake you some." She did it to perfection, and I filled up with bread and milk. I thanked her for her kindness, jumped on Selim, and soon found the cattle where I knew they were when I left

HE WANTED TO STAY IN THE HOUSE FOR FEAR OF SNOW.

for her house; so father never knew I lied to him "just a wee bit."

In a short time I saw Dick and told him my stove story. He gave me an incredulous look, but did not deny my statement. I suppose he was afraid I would hurt his feelings by punching his nose. This was one of the signs of the end coming, and the sewing-machine story was another.

This happened about the time that Miller's prophecy that the world was to come to an end was frightening so many people, and many were making preparations for the great event. One good man had a nice pig to bake for the Saviour's supper when He came, and was much disappointed when told that He did not eat pork. So the story went, in the early days of signs and wonders. This same devout man, about that time, met an Indian who wanted to stay all night with him, and made many mysterious gestures at the clouds, and down to the ground, to tell white man, "*Chee muckeeman*," he wanted to stay in the house for fear of snow. The good man let him in, believing he might be the Saviour. He was at a great loss for not being able to speak Hebrew, or understand the Saviour, and was surprised that the Saviour could not

understand English. After a while Bill Williams came in, and said, "*Sago, Towanin,*" and entered into a friendly chat with *Towanin,* the chief of the Sac Indians.

Not more than ninety per cent. of the people living in America know anything of the trials and realities of a Western pioneer's life. It is profitable amusement to read of their history when written by one whose childhood, youth, and old age were all spent in the West, during the days of hardships required to settle and civilize a country in which your happy homes now stand as monuments of civilization. The brain and energy of that day are mostly among the forgotten dead, but they fill the graves of some of the great minds of America, among whom are Boone, Benton, and legions just as good. Their voices are hushed, but their deeds are left on all the roads to fame. They were the men and women who tamed the savage, and cleared and tilled the fields, thus removing hardship and danger. They gave their comforts for the generations to follow, lived on but little, stood guard all the time until schools and civilization were planted in our wild country, and began the work of educating the minds to live another kind of life. You are to-day rich in the

inheritance left you by the blood and sweat of the pioneer, and though you may smile at his superstitions and sadness, you are bound to respect his memory.

After many days the fears aroused by Miller began to pass away. The society of Millerites became a thing of the past, and their antics only remembered as amusing anecdotes.

My frontier experience varied. I enjoyed advantages which few did.

My father, who was a man educated to do all kinds of work, was a minister, doctor, farmer, and a practical millwright. My mother was a natural mechanic, and made cloth, clothing, and pies to perfection. She believed "to spare the rod would spoil the child," and did use it in a homeopathic way. My father said if you wish to get meal in a bag, hold the mouth open. If you wish to get sense in your head, hold it open. If you wish to ride a horse, get on his back; and if one wished to be a skilful rider, hold on to him. My mother said if you wish to drink milk, put it in your mouth, and not on your clothes; for there was but one way to drink milk. My father, being a farmer, concluded that a little corn-field education would be good with my millwright knowledge, and at an early age I was

taught to hold the teams, and do the duties of farm life, until I could manage teams, harrows, plows, scrapers. When I came from the corn-field for dinner, father told me I could rest myself by carrying slop to the hogs. I did not mind the work; it was the exercise that bothered my mind. When I passed old Dan, the colored man, he would say:

"De crown is for de faifful," and many other words of encouragement, such as "Go and brung de eggs," "Start a little smoke under de meat," and then sing the "Sweet Bye and Bye" for my edification. In due course of time I entered my gawk age, for a long journey. I was awkward, ignorant, and slovenly until I got into my mother's real training-school, in which she used soap and switches freely. After which it seemed I had more spring in my heels and head than ever before. She gave me two buckets and a cup, and told me to go and milk the cows, and be in a hurry about it, so as to help her and Dan'l shear the sheep.

By seven o'clock we were in the sheep-pen. Old Dan'l says, "Ketch dat sheep," mother reiterated, "Catch that sheep," and Aunt Becky echoed, "Catch me one." By this time "old black Rachel" came in with her shears, and said:

"I wants one too." And right here is where the gawk was knocked out. When I caught a sheep for her, the old ram said, "It is time for music," and sprawled me with his head, causing me to

AND SPRAWLED ME WITH HIS HEAD.

howl, and the others to laugh. This incident taught me to look backward and forward, upward and downward, right and left, and never sleep in the enemy's country, but always be on guard.

My instructors thinking I was well enough

trained to be admitted into better society, I was permitted to go with Dan'l to the timber, to be instructed in chopping wood, splitting rails, burning brush, and clearing up the ground for the plow. All went off well except once or twice, when old Dan'l revived my see-ability by playing ram until I could see a limb as big as your finger. He then closed with the proverb, " 'Cleanliness is next to godliness.' I wants all dis trash cleaned up, every moufful of it." At noon he gave the welcome information, "Come on, we's gwine to dinner." When we came near the house, we met Aunt Becky, and she told us the preacher had come to take dinner, and for me to water his horse, take the saddle off, curry him down, then come in the smokehouse and she would give me a piece of pie, but it was not large as my hunger was. She said she had something to tell me.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Maybe that man will be your uncle some day. If you will stay in the smokehouse and wait till the second table, I will bring you out the chicken gizzard." I took her at her word and got the gizzard, and she got the preacher, and became the wife of a circuit-rider. Not long after I took a great notion that I would be a cir-

cuit-rider, too. I mounted horses, mules, and calves, and tried to look like a preacher. My favorite clerical steed was a calf which had a very stately step. I took him out to the meadow with halter, mounted him, and began to play preacher. All went well, and I was wondering where my appointment would be, when a snake ran under my calf's nose, and spread all my preachability before the calf on my back, and it has been there ever since.

MISHAP OF A YOUNG CIRCUIT-RIDER.

I will conclude this chapter of my boyhood experience with an incident which, simple as it was, may be said to be my first discovery in the science of Osteopathy. Early in life I began to hate drugs.

One day, when about ten years old, I suffered from a headache. I made a swing of my father's plow-line between two trees; but my head hurt too much to make swinging comfortable, so I let

the rope down to about eight or ten inches of the ground, threw the end of a blanket on it, and I lay down on the ground and used the rope for a swinging pillow. Thus I lay stretched on my back, with my neck across the rope. Soon I became easy and went to sleep, got up in a little while with headache all gone. As I knew nothing of anatomy, I took no thought of how a

FIRST LESSON IN OSTEOPATHY.

rope could stop headache and the sick stomach which accompanied it. After that discovery I roped my neck whenever I felt those spells coming on. I followed that treatment for twenty years before the wedge of reason reached my brain, and I could see that I had suspended the action of the great occipital nerves, and given harmony to the flow of the arterial blood to and through the veins, and ease was the effect, as the reader can see. I have worked from the days of a child, for more than fifty years, to obtain a

more thorough knowledge of the workings of the machinery of life, to produce ease and health. And to-day I am, as I have been for fifty years, fully established in the belief that the artery is the father of the rivers of life, health, and ease, and its muddy or impure water is first in all disease.

CHAPTER II.

The Wild Game of the Frontier—Mr. Cochran's Deer—The Deer's Foot—Treed by a Buck—I Capture an Eagle—Night Hunting—Brother Jim's Horn—The Philosophy of Skunks and Buzzards—Milking Under Difficulties—Attacked by Panthers.

THE lad of the frontier enjoys many thrilling adventures with wild animals of which the city boy can know nothing save what he reads in books. If he is observing he learns more of the habits and customs of the animals he comes in contact with than he can gain by a course in natural history, for he has the great book of nature constantly spread before him.

Soon after my father moved to Missouri, when I was about eight years old, I was amusing myself in the yard with my younger brothers, three and five years old, when "bang" went a big gun from the back of our house, about a quarter of a mile away. My mother came running to us, and said:

"Did you hear that big gun go off over west?" We answered we did. She said: "I expect Judge Cochran has killed a buck." He had said

he was going out to look for deer at the spring-lick where they came to drink the water that flowed out of the hill, and had promised us venison for supper. By this time we were all wonderfully excited. We climbed on the fence, brother John, Tom, Jim, and Ed, with mother and the little girls standing in the door, all eyes turned expectant toward the deer-lick about half a mile distant. Every nerve in our bodies was on a perfect strain, with our eyes wide open to see who could catch the first glimpse of Judge Cochran. In a very few minutes he walked to an open place in the woods, and we saw him almost at the same instant. I "jumped up and down," and brother Jim followed my example. Soon the Judge was in the dooryard; but long before he got there we asked him if he had killed a deer. He answered:

"Yes, I have killed a fine buck, and you can all have some very nice venison, as I promised, for supper." He asked us if we had ever eaten any. We told him no, we had never seen any, much less tasted it.

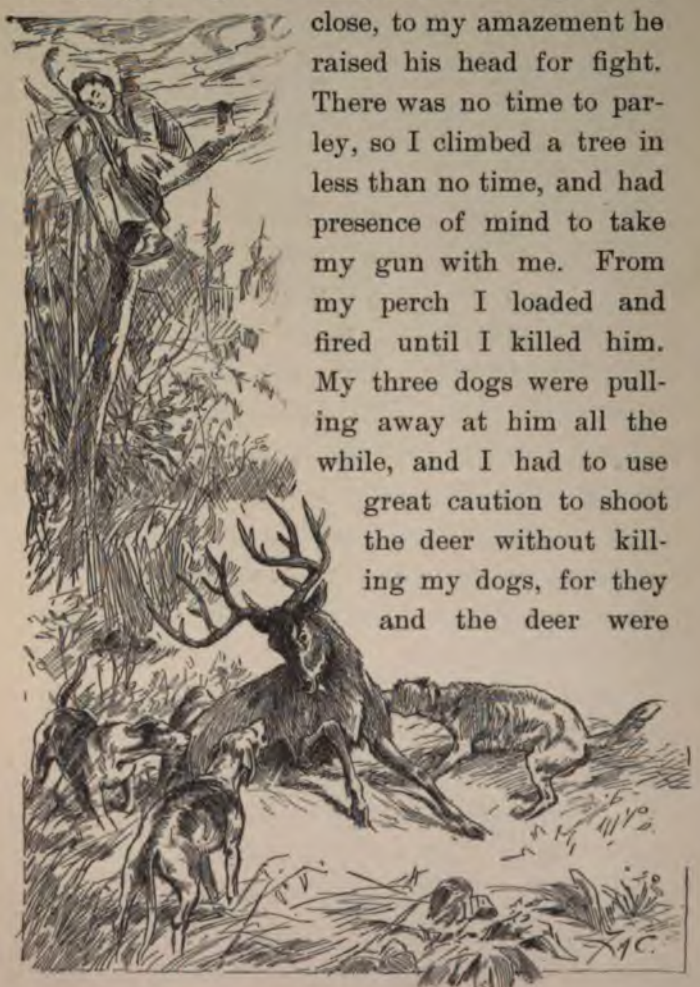
He said the deer was lying over at the lick, and he would saddle up a horse and bring it in. When he mounted his horse he asked me if I did not want to go with him after the deer. I

jumped on behind the Judge, and away we went. In a few minutes we were at the lick, and dismounted by the dead deer, which was the most wonderful thing I had ever seen. It was about five feet long, from the end of its nose to the end of its tail, full three feet high when standing, and its tail was about one foot long. Its feet and mouth were very much like a sheep's, except the feet were very sharp-pointed. Its hair was about the color of an Irishman's whiskers. Its legs and feet were very nice and trim, not much larger than a broomstick, but about three feet long. I thought, "Oh! how fast he could run, before he departed this life to cheer our table." A deer can jump as far in one jump as a boy can in six, or about fifty or sixty feet when running down a hill. He can jump over a man's head and never touch his hat.

THE JUDGE AND I RODE BACK TO THE HOUSE.

Soon the Judge and I were back to the house with our deer. We took off his hide and hung him up in a tree to cool off, so we could have some for breakfast. Next morning we were out of bed bright and early. Mother cooked a big pot full, put it on a great big dish in the middle of the table. It was the most palatable food I ever ate. Perhaps the appetite of the boy and my continual exercise made the meat seem the sweetest I ever tasted. Before I quit the subject of deers I will narrate an adventure I once had with a wounded buck about twelve years later, when I was almost a young man. One day I was out with my gun and three dogs, when I heard a noise thrashing through the brush toward me, and soon a buck came in sight. He had nine points on each horn, and was more than three times as large as the one Judge Cochran killed. I began to realize the danger of an encounter with such a monster, if I missed my mark. Realizing that if I killed him I was safe, and if I missed him he would kill me unless my dogs could save me, I raised my gun when he was within a few feet. Bang went my gun, and down went the buck. "Hallelujah! Tom, I've got him!" By this time my brother Tom was within fifty yards of me. I walked toward the

deer, supposing him dead, but when I got very close, to my amazement he raised his head for fight. There was no time to parley, so I climbed a tree in less than no time, and had presence of mind to take my gun with me. From my perch I loaded and fired until I killed him. My three dogs were pulling away at him all the while, and I had to use great caution to shoot the deer without killing my dogs, for they and the deer were



I HAD TO USE GREAT CAUTION TO SHOOT THE DEER WITHOUT KILLING MY DOGS.

fighting for life. I have since seen men grapple in a death struggle, but don't believe I ever witnessed a more desperate encounter. I was not the first man who had shot him, for when I skinned him I found eleven balls that had penetrated his hide, all failing to reach a vital point.

I HAD CAPTURED AN EAGLE.

One night when it was very dark and the snow falling fast, I was two miles from home with neither gun nor dogs. On looking up in a tree, not over fifteen or twenty feet high, I saw an object, but could not tell what it was, so I picked up a club and threw it into the tree-top. I had a knife in my belt, which I drew to do the best I could if that object proved a panther or any other dangerous animal. I hit it with my club and down it came to the ground. It seemed to square itself for a fight, and seizing another club,

I pressed the object down and got my foot on it. The night was so dark that I could not tell until I felt the object with my hand that I had captured an eagle, which measured seven feet two inches from tip to tip, while from head to end of tail it was three feet long. The back claws on each foot measured three inches and three-quarters, with legs as large as broomsticks. I took him under my arm, held his feet, and got him home safe and sound. On another night I brought in two large bald eagles. If you frighten an eagle after night he will always come to the ground, and can be captured with ease.

My father owned a farm and raised a large amount of corn, and had a great many horses, mules, cattle, sheep, and hogs to feed on it, so our crops were consumed at home. We had so much corn to husk and crib that we were compelled to commence very early, in order to get it stored away before cold weather. When we were all in our teens, my eldest brother nineteen, the next seventeen, and myself about fifteen, we gathered corn from early morn till late in the evening, fed the stock, ate our suppers, and prepared for a good hunt for coons, foxes, opossums, and skunks. We always took a gun, an ax, big butcher-knife, and flint and steel to make fire.

We had a polished cow's horn which we could blow as loud as the horn that overthrew the walls of Jericho. As brother Jim was a great talker, we made him chief horn-blower. He went into the yard, and bracing himself, tooted and tooted and split the air for miles, while the dogs collected around him and roared and howled. You never heard such sweet music as brother Jim and the dogs made. Shortly after his melodies began, we were in line of march, front, middle and rear rank, and soon journeyed to the woods to hunt opossums, polecats, coons, wildcats, foxes, and turkeys. Our dogs had a classic education, hunting and killing all classes of "varmints." When on a coon hunt we kept back all the dogs with us but two, Drum and Rouser. The roofs of their mouths were black, their ears long and thin, their tails very slim. If we wanted coons first, we told Jim to toot for coons, which he could do very nicely. At his sound of music, Drum and Rouser moved off in the darkness, and after some minutes Drum was sure to break the silence by yelping and roaring on the track. The bark of the dog indicated to our trained ear the kind of game he was after. If he barked slow and loud we were pretty sure he had treed a coon; if he barked quick and sharp, we booked

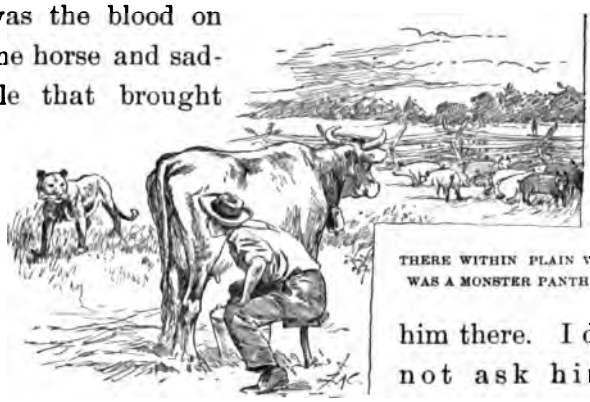
him for a fox. If he barked fast and loud we could count on a polecat. In case it was a skunk we ran to the dogs as fast as possible, and ordered Jim at the same time to blow the horn to call them off, for if they ever got the skunk's perfume on them it was so stinking strong the scent of the animals was destroyed for other game. Sometimes a young untrained dog had the temerity to take hold of a skunk and spoil the hunt, so that all that was left for us was to let the bugle sound the retreat, and go home. The skunk possesses two wonderful powers: he can stink louder and faster than any other known animal; and if you do not kill him within a few hours he will absorb all of his disgusting odors and go away; such is the power and quality placed in him by nature. I would advise you to never kill a skunk, unless you leave his body just where he falls. By so doing the stench will disappear in a very short time. In him you have one of the finest lessons of nature: he gives forth only what he absorbs from his surroundings.

The polecat is the skunk of the ground, and stinks worse than any other animal. The buzzard is the skunk of the air, with but very little improvement in his stinking powers above the skunk of the ground. His tongue is wonder-

fully constructed for cutting and tearing flesh; otherwise his head and beak are formed just as a common turkey. Thus nature has provided amply for all things by which they move, defend themselves, and live, from the mighty lions of the jungles to the ant of the ground.

About the year 1852 I killed a great number of deer. I skinned, salted, and dried the meat, supplying not only myself, but my neighbors with all they wanted. One afternoon I killed a very fine young deer, brought him home, and put him in the smokehouse. My clothes, saddle, and horse were badly stained with the blood of the animal. It being late after changing clothes, I took a bucket and went to a lot adjoining my stable to milk my cow. In the lot I had about twenty large hogs. I sat down, and was milking the cow, when all at once the hogs jumped up and ran to the farther side of the lot, sniffing the air in great terror. I looked to see the cause of their flight, and there in plain view, within thirty feet of me, stood a monster panther not less than nine or ten feet from the point of his nose to the end of his tail, and fully three feet high. I was milking in a tin bucket, which made a great deal of noise, so he did not molest either myself or the hogs, but jumped out of the

pen and ran to the timber. Then he began to roar and scream like a woman in distress. I was very fond of his music, but the farther it was away the sweeter it sounded. I am glad he didn't think enough of me to spend any more time in my company than he did. No doubt it was the blood on the horse and saddle that brought



THERE WITHIN PLAIN VIEW WAS A MONSTER PANTHER.

him there. I did not ask him, and only guessed that he came for a haunch of venison.

One day while driving home in my ox-wagon I came upon three panthers in the road,—two old beasts and a young one. I had neither rifle nor knife to defend myself, and had they attacked me they would have killed my oxen and myself. My dogs saw the dangerous brutes, and made a bold charge upon them, and they ran up a tree. No doubt they had seated themselves to feast upon my oxen. Even when they had reached

I CRACKED MY WHIP, AND THEY SPRANG OUT OF THE TREE-TOP AND RAN OFF IN THE WOODS.

safety in the tree-top, they cast fierce, hungry glances at us.

I cracked my whip, which sounded very much like a pistol, and they sprang out of the tree-top and ran off into the thick woods. I drove my oxen home in a hurry, every hair on my head feeling as stiff as a knitting-needle, and I never had any more desire to encounter panthers.

My frontier experience was valuable to me in more ways than I can ever tell. It was invaluable in my scientific researches. Before I had ever studied anatomy from books I had almost perfected the knowledge from the great book of nature. The skinning of squirrels brought me into contact with muscles, nerves, and veins. The bones, this great foundation of the wonderful house we live in, was always a study to me long before I learned the hard names given to them by the scientific world. As the skull of the horse was used at my first school as a seat for the indolent scholar, I have thought it might be typical of the good horse-sense that led me to go to the fountain-head of knowledge and there learn the lesson that drugs are dangerous to the body, and the science of medicine just what some great physicians have declared it to be,—a humbug.

But I am digressing from the purpose of this chapter, which is to give some of my adventures during my early days on the frontier. My adventures were not confined alone to panthers, deers, skunks, and coons. We had an enemy far more subtle and dangerous than either. His fang was poisonous and his bite often death. I refer to the snakes of Missouri in an early day.

I have killed thousands of them, big and little, long and short, from ten feet in length to six inches, and all colors, red, black, blue, green, copper, spotted,—dangerous and harmless. They were so abundant in the timber and prairie country in the early days that it was necessary to carry a club about the size of a common walking-stick, three or four feet long, as protection. All persons carried something in their hands to kill snakes during the warm weather. Many kinds were very poisonous. I remember a man named Smith Montgomery who was bitten on the foot in the harvest-field, while he was at work barefooted. The snake's tooth penetrated a vein which carries the blood to the heart, and he cried:

"I am bitten by a rattlesnake!" walked toward the other men, but after taking about six steps sank to the ground and was instantly

dead. The poison of the rattlesnake produces a numb feeling, which runs all through the body, and the lungs and heart cease to move as soon as the blood is conveyed to the heart and the poison gets into the large blood-vessels.

Rattlesnakes are stubborn antagonists. I have formed a ring of hay about a foot high, set it on fire, and when in full blaze all over, at the very hottest time, have thrown the rattlesnake in that ring of fire. He would fight and squirm until he was as stiff as a walking-stick, and only ceased when his body was cooked. Thus you see he is grit to the very last.

As I was traveling through some timber-land with my friend Jim Jessee, we saw in front of us a very large rattlesnake, six feet in length. I proposed to Jim to have some fun out of the gentleman. I drew my knife from my belt, cut down and trimmed up a bush, left the upper limb so as to make a fork, with which I straddled his neck, while with other sticks I opened his mouth and filled it with hartshorn (aqua ammonia); then we let him loose and stepped back to see the fun. To our great surprise he never cut a caper. The ammonia had done its work instantaneously. I tied his tail to a bush, thinking he might be only temporarily inactive. At the end of six hours I

returned to find him dead and in possession of the green flies. By that experiment I learned that ammonia would destroy the snake's deadly virus. In all cases of snake-bite, after that, I always used ammonia as an antidote, and if it was not handy I would use soda or some other alkali with equal success, but not so active. I would advise you to always have a little ammonia or soda in your pocket when going among snakes. And if your dog should go mad while out snake-hunting and bite you, apply sulphuric acid three parts water, and the virus will do you no harm, as it is alkali, and will yield to acids. I once treated a girl bitten by a rabid dog on the face, leaving two cuts two inches long, with sulphuric acid for ten days. Her face healed, and she is still alive, and though this was thirty years ago, has never shown any signs of rabies, while all the stock bitten by same dog went mad.

During the year 1847, when the United States and old Mexico were fighting like two she-tigers, I wanted to go to fight Mexicans. Being under age, my father would not consent to my going into the service. One day while riding on horseback I was boiling over with fight, when my blood was at its highest heat, and I felt that I could thrash all such fellows as Samson, John

Sullivan, Fitzsimmons, and Corbett,—I raised my head and looked in front of me about one hundred paces. I saw something lying across the road which I took to be a fence-rail or a pole about three or four inches in diameter. I gave no farther thought of it until I had traveled about the distance to where I thought I had seen it. I looked backward and forward in search of my pole, but it had disappeared, and as it was a very hot day, I began to wonder if I had been asleep and seen a pole in my dream. A few more steps brought me up to a place in the road which was very dusty, and I was dumfounded to see the track of the snake in the road.

The imprint in the soft dust was about an inch deep and something over a foot wide. On discovering it was a snake-track without mistake I knew I could get war and plenty of it without going to Mexico. I rode out in the weeds, which were about a foot high, in the direction I thought I was most likely to find him. I found Mr. Snake coiled up; coil, snake, and all would easily have filled a half-bushel. He raised his head two feet in the air, and fixed those basilisk orbs on me —about three inches across, just back of the eyes. I knew well enough if this snake was ten feet long he could jump his length. To run was

cowardice, to fight was dangerous. The thought came in my mind, How will it look in a young man who wants to fight all Mexico to back out and run from a snake? I had seen the snake, and could not tell mother it had run off and I could not find it. In desperation I took the stirrup-strap off my saddle, to which was attached a very heavy iron stirrup, and with a great amount of emotion in both legs approached the general commanding the opposite side. He had ordered music by the band, which band was twenty-nine rattles fastened to the rear rank of his whole army. I gave the command in a low whisper to strike. With a circuitous swing with strap and stirrup, which weighed about one pound and a half, I unjointed the general's neck and took his whole army prisoners. I lined it up on dress parade, and found he was three full steps long and one foot over, with twenty-nine rattles, which equal seven inches, making the snake a fraction over ten feet long. Thus ended the greatest snake fight I ever had.

As the snake is an emblem of poison, and as all drugs are poison, this conflict may be said to be the first conflict between Osteopathy and poison, in which Osteopathy came off victorious.

FIRST CONFLICT BETWEEN DRUGS AND OSTEOPATHY.

CHAPTER III.

My Father—Transferred to Missouri—Long Journey—The First Steamboat—At St. Louis—An Unscrupulous Divine—Hardships in The West—The First Methodist Preacher in Northeast Missouri—Presiding Elder—Trouble in the M. E. Church—Stand Taken by Elder Abram Still—Removal to Kansas.

As I speak of Rev. Abram Still (my father), I will notify the reader that memory alone is my guide, and by it give my generalized history. The reminiscences I find written of him by others are simply nice stories, written by persons who personally knew but little of him.

REV. ABRAM STILL.

In the spring of 1836, as I now remember, while father was a member of the Holston conference of the M. E. Church of Tennessee, he was

transferred by that body to Missouri as a missionary.

We left Tennessee from New Market, Jefferson County, with two wagons, seven horses, and eight in family, and began an overland journey of seven weeks to Macon County, Mo. We had a pleasant time, good roads, and nice traveling until we reached the low land on the Ohio-River bottoms opposite Cairo, Ill. Here we began to find some deep mud for a few miles until we reached the river. But long before we reached it, we heard the whistle of a steamboat. We all wanted to see the mouth that could pucker and whistle so squealing loud. "Oh, my! we could hear it roar just as plain as you could hear a rooster crow if he were on top your head." Just think of that! Meeting a man in the road, father asked how far it was to the river, and he said it was six or seven miles. We whipped up all the teams and pushed on, for we were determined to see that boat,—see it pucker its mouth and whistle. Our ideas of steam were very crude, and we had much company then of the kind that knew but little of steam-engines or any other kind of machinery.

We drove up to the banks of the river, and there it was, big as life, full of people, cattle,

horses, sheep, merchandise, and movers,—but they cut no figure with us. The boat was the sight; we saw it, and knew all that could be known. We had seen a real steamboat, and it was a whopper, too.

It soon steamed up the river and went out of sight, but we supposed we knew all about steamboats, and this one afforded food for conversation for many days after.

We were now ready to go to North Missouri as missionaries, and educate the heathens, and tell them all about steam.

We were taken across the river by a ferry-boat which ran by horse-power, or a treadwheel; the driver whipped his horse, shouting:

"Water up! water up!" to make them go faster.

In about one-half hour we landed in the State of Illinois, and set out through the mud and water from Cairo to St. Louis. We had to hire pilots to guide us through the mud and water of the Illinois bottoms, for by missing the road a few feet we would sink into the mire and never get out.

We crossed the State of Illinois with no bad luck, and drove up to the Mississippi River in sight of St. Louis, went on to a steam ferry-boat

that landed us on the Missouri side of that muddy stream. We concluded to stay a day or two and hunt up the stationed preacher of the M. E. Church of that place. We found him, and stayed over Sunday, as was father's custom. I believe his name was Harmon. He borrowed "Brother Still's" money, seven hundred dollars. Father took his note without security, payable in six months, and left for Macon County, Mo., with Brother Harmon's "God bless you." Mother had a little bag of money ($350), and that was our pile for the wilderness life before us for six months or longer. Brother Harmon did not pay father for eight years, then only paid the principal. By this time father learned that some preachers were not men of God, but dirty liars, just the same as other people. He was very much disappointed and disgusted to learn that a professed minister would play a confidence game

MRS. MARTHA P. STILL.

and rob him of the money given him by the Tennessee Conference to support his family in his missionary work in the wilds of North Missouri. Hard times soon began to close upon us. Money all gone, clothing worn out, and winter on us with all its fury. Our show for shoes was to tan deerskins and make moccasins, or go barefooted—deerskin pants or naked legs. Labor by the day was worth twenty-five cents, so you see money meant much work.

As I have stated in another chapter, in the beginning we had no schools, churches, nor any of the comforts of older-settled States. We had to make all our comforts or do without them for many years. But we brought *grit* with us, and went to work with a will.

Father worked with us three boys all he could in the spring, and harvest-time gave us a start in our work; then mounting his horse, started across the wild prairies to preach the Gospel to the pioneers. His missionary journeys usually lasted six weeks. During his absence, mother had to manage the farm, which she did as well as any one could. She spun, wove, cut and made clothing, butchered hogs or a beef, and managed it just as well as father, or a little better, for she was fully master of the situation.

Father was the first minister of the M. E. Church in North Missouri, and held the fort, preached and established the first churches and classes of Methodists and Methodism in all North Missouri. He stood his ground until 1844, at

STARTED ACROSS THE WILD PRAIRIE TO PREACH THE GOSPEL TO THE PIONEERS.

which time the M. E. Church was divided; those that believed the Bible justified human slavery left the old M. E. organization and organized the church known as the M. E. Church South.

Father did not believe that "human slavery was of Divine origin," and refused to go with the new church. Committees of the M. E. Church

South waited on him to induce him to go with them, but all was of no avail. He stayed with the old church, and preached that slavery was a sin, which did not suit his brethren with the pro-slavery sentiments. He attached himself to the Iowa conference of the M. E. Church, and was appointed Presiding Elder (as I now remember) to look after those Missouri Methodists who opposed slavery. His brothers who went with the new organization informed him he must join them or leave Missouri, as his anti-slavery teachings could not be tolerated; but he did not heed their warning, and after a few year's preaching in his old territory, where he had established Methodism, he was appointed as missionary to the Shawnee Indians in Kansas. This ended his fight in Missouri. The latter part of that struggle was full of bitterness, and tar and feathers were strong arguments at that time freely used, which, not being strong enough, gave place to ropes and bullets.

He was a man of strong convictions, which he maintained at all times and places. He took a bold stand for abolition, which he maintained until he saw human slavery wiped from every foot of North America, whether it was Divine or devilish, and died rejoicing that he had been per-

mitted to live to see all men in his country, whether white or black, free.

I could give much history of his life from 1844 until he moved to Kansas, such as being threatened with violence, having his cane broken by the enemies of his religious stand with the M. E. Church, in the belief that he might have a spear cane to defend himself, and much more of the wars of the heated prejudice and church disputes, but I think I have said enough for the reader to know the character of the man and the time in which he lived.

CHAPTER IV.

In Which I Take a Wife—The Infair—A Destructive Hail-Storm—At Wakarusa Mission—Bereavement—The Pro-Slavery Trouble—A Dangerous Ride—The Pro-Slavery Men Drilling—My Legislative Experience.

THE schoolboy days, the days of youthful trials and sports, passed like vanished joys, and I arrived at man's estate. I will omit my later schooling and medical training, and merely state that, like my Father who art in heaven, I thought it not good to be alone, and began to go on dress parade, to see how the girls would like the looks of a young soldier. Like Bunyan, I shouldered my arms and marked time until a loving eye was fixed on mine. Behind that eye was the form of Mary M. Vaughn, the daughter of Philamon Vaughn. She was to me beautiful, kind, active, and abounded in love and good sense. She loved God and all His ways. After a few words by Rev. Lorenzo Waugh at her mother's house on January 29th, 1849, her name was changed to Mrs. M. M. Still. The memorable event was followed by a good supper, and next day we journeyed for an infair dinner to my father's house. After

these formalities, so essential to frontier society, I took my wife to her new home, on eighty acres of land one mile from my old home. I was young and stout, worked early and late, put in sixty acres of corn and kept it clean. It was a beauty, all in silk and tassel. I was proud of it. I began to feel that I would soon have a crib filled with many thousand bushels. The morning of the Fourth of July (the day we love to celebrate) came, and I was full of joy and hope. At 3 P.M. a dark cloud arose, and at 4 showered three inches of hail over every acre of my corn, not leaving a single stalk nor a blade of fodder in all my sixty acres. Nor did it leave a bird or rabbit on my farm. All were gone. Some one consoled me and himself by the following quotation: "The Lord loveth whom He chasteneth." I had no corn, and he, whose crop was not torn to shreds like mine, would have some to sell, so after all, things, as usual, were about evened up. I taught school that fall and winter at $15 per month, and thus ended my first year of married life.

In May, 1853, my wife and I moved to the Wakarusa Mission, Kans., occupied by the Shawnee tribe. It was all Indian there. There was not much English spoken outside the mission-

school. My wife taught the pappooses that summer, while I with six yoke of oxen in a string, fastened to a twenty-inch plow, turned ninety acres of land, closing the job the last of July. Some days I broke four acres of sod. Then with my father I doctored the Indians all fall. The erysipelas, fever, flux, pneumonia, and cholera prevailed among the Indians. The Indian's treatment for cholera was not much more ridiculous than are some of the treatments of some of the so-called scientific doctors of medicine. They dug two holes in the ground, about twenty inches apart. The patient lay stretched over the two,—vomit in one hole and purge in the other, and die stretched over the two, thus prepared, with a blanket thrown over him. Here I witnessed cramps which go with cholera dislocate hips and turn legs out from the body. I sometimes had to force the hips back to get the corpse in the coffin. As curatives they gave teas made of black-root, ladies' thumb, sagatee, muck-quaw, chenee olachee. Thus they doctored and died, and went to *Illinoywa Tapamalaqua*, "the house of God."

I soon learned to speak their tongue, and gave them such drugs as white men used, cured most of the cases I met, and was well received by the

Shawnees. I was at the Shawnee mission of the M. E. Church, located forty miles west of Kansas City on the Wakarusa, now east of Lawrence, Kansas, about six miles. A treaty was made in 1854 with the Shawnees and other tribes of Indians, in which treaty the Government purchased much of the Indian lands which were declared open to white settlement. In 1855 the country was alive with home hunters, though some squatters came into the territory in 1854. After the treaty was made, people began to settle up the country. Then my wife, who had shared my misfortunes, trials, and sorrows, and had lived with me until September 29th, 1859, at which time the thread of life was cut, and she soared to that world of love and glory for which she had lived all her life, left me to care for her three children. Two of them have since gone to join her. The eldest, Rusha H., at the age of eighteen years, was married to John W. Cowgill, of Ottawa, Kansas, and at the present time is living on a farm near that place. Since our friends by legions become celestial beings, and to be with them any more in this life is hopeless, we are left to make the best of the few years left to us in this world, and seek the company of the terrestrial beings. Some are angels of mercy, love, wisdom,

and kindness, and say, Come unto me and I will help you bear the burden of life, which has been proven to me to be true in one Mary E. Turner, who on November 20th, 1860, became Mrs. Mary E. Still. She is the mother of four children living,—three boys and one girl. All are leaders in the division of the greatest war ever known on earth—the war for truth under the banner of Osteopathy.

But to return to my narrative, and in order to do so it will be necessary to briefly recount some of the history of the period.

About 1835 some of the good people began to argue that human slavery was an evil, and existed only by force of arms and injustice. That it was ungodly, unprogressive, unmanly, a shame and a disgrace to be tolerated by a people who would claim to be proud of the word "freedom," and at the same time by force of law forbid under heavy penalties any and all persons to pass the sweet cup of liberty to any of the six millions of famishing beings. Souls whom their masters taught were accountable to God equally with the white race were held in bondage. This feeling of duty to free all and let each person have an equal chance to so live this life as a part of a vast eternity, preparatory to joys immortal, which

were bought and paid for by the life and blood of the Son of God, continued to grow. Still our laws made one person lord and master, the other slave, with all that ambition could crave forever barred from his mind.

On this subject arguments arose in the thirties among the churches,—one for, and the other against, master and servant, until early in the forties an open rupture and a division of one of the strong and influential churches was the result. Previous to the thirties a fear arose in Congress that the slave by law would get freedom unless a majority of the States were admitted as slave States. And when Missouri asked to be christened a member of the States of America, much anxiety arose over the progress of freedom. Illinois was a free State, and to make Missouri free would give the balance of power in the Senate. And with the State and Church interested, an ambition existed to get and keep slavery equal in the national law-making councils, as there was doubt as to the vote of the "Territory of Missouri," when cast, whether it was free by a majority of fourteen votes or not. After much talk for and against, in about the year 1820 Missouri was awarded to slavery by a compromise to let all lands be forever free north

of 36° 30′ north latitude, and west of a line beginning at the mouth of the Kaw River and running due south to 36° 30′ north latitude, and north to the north boundary of "Nebraska"; so here began the struggle in earnest. To let Kansas come in as a slave State and Nebraska free was the bone of contention. I give this short history not for its historical worth so much as to say that in the early days of Kansas much dispute arose among the "squatters" as to whether it would be admitted as a slave State or free. The contest was bitter, and not without bloodshed. I cast my lot and vote for freedom, which meant to the pro-slavery element a "bad man," and one who would steal a lawful piece of property from its owner. As the Government recognized the right of one man to use another as lawful property, to be bought and sold as land by deed and record, they agreed that opposers of slavery were dishonest. I chose the side of freedom. I could not do otherwise, for no man can have delegated to him by statute a just right to any man's liberty, either on account of race or color. With these truths before me I entered all combats for the abolition of slavery at home and abroad, and soon had a host of bitter political enemies, which resulted in many thrilling and curious

adventures, some of which it will be proper to narrate.

Sometimes a man will take great risks, particularly in times of war, high waters, fire, and sickness. Then he will volunteer and do such things as he could not be hired to repeat for love or money. We never know what we will do until we get into a tight place. To economize time and distance often becomes very precious in hours of danger. Armies are lost by being a few minutes too late; crops fail for not being put in at the proper time; thus the importance of punctuality is very necessary at all times. During the bloody days of the Kansas war in the fifties, the man who loved freedom was hated upon the face of the earth, and the enemies of freedom thought he had no right to live, so he was hunted with shot-guns and revolvers. It was dangerous for a free-state man to be found alone, and as I was one of the freedom-loving men of the Territory of Kansas, and was practising medicine all over the country, I usually traveled roads I knew to be safe, especially during periods of the highest excitement, at which time the pro-slavery element of the country was assembled together for the purpose of war, and the free-state men collected together at one common headquarters.

Both armies armed and equipped—on the one side to extend slavery, on the other to prohibit it. During the year 1855 the territory was in a condition of civil war. Partisan bands were arrayed against each other, and skirmishes and assassinations of daily occurrence.

During this period I once found myself in a dangerous position. On returning home from one of my professional visits I suddenly found myself cut off by a creek with steep banks. The only means of crossing this stream was a log hewn on the upper side to a face of fourteen inches, with the ends imbedded in the banks. The log was a cottonwood about twenty feet long, twenty inches in diameter. The two ends were made fast in the banks on both sides of the creek. This log was used for a foot-log for the people of the neighborhood. I must cross the stream at this point to reach home or take a four-mile circuit, with many chances of being killed by the pro-slavery party, who hated me with the gall of political bitterness, which had long ceased to be a joke. Thus I took the choice with my life in my hands and my body upon the back of a trusty mule that had just been roughly shod. She pressed her nose down to the log, which was ten feet above the surface of the ice-covered

water. The ice was not over an inch thick, then two feet of water, with two feet more of mud under it, while the distance from bank to bank was sixteen feet. My mule placed first one foot and then another upon the log and boldly undertook with firm and cautious feet, and nose to the log, to transfer me to the adjacent bank. She succeeded, and in one minute's time the log and all dangers were left behind me. I was soon in the camps of my friends, about a half-mile on my way home.

When I told my mule and log story in camp I made many unbelievers. Having a great admiration for the truth, and not relishing the accusation of false statements, I requested the Captain to give me a committee of three, and I would prove that the mule had crossed it. As the log was less than a half-mile off, the Captain said: "We will resolve ourselves in a committee of a whole," and all went with me, saying that if they found I had told a lie they would put me in the creek. On reaching the place the Captain said:

"Here are marks of horseshoes all over the log, and as they correspond with the shoes on the mule's feet, Still has told the truth, and the shoe-marks are his witnesses."

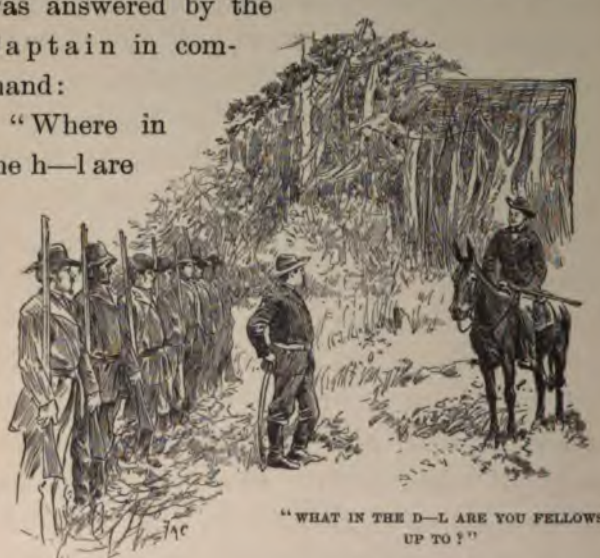
MY MULE PLACED FIRST ONE FOOT AND THEN ANOTHER ON THE LOG.

A few months after the mule and foot-log adventure I was called to visit a sick lady named Jones, about ten miles from my home, and in order to make the trip to and from short as possible I took near cuts, some of which led through the woods. On this particular occasion, by going through a thick body of timber I could save about two miles. Entering the timber, I followed a path at full gallop. All at once my mule began to slack up and threw her ears forward, walked carefully and very reluctantly, by which I knew that men were close. Knowing that the blood of the opposition was up to a fever heat, I brought my revolvers front in my belt, unslung my sharpshooter, and prepared for any emergency. Not knowing the exact position or the number of the enemy, I concluded the best plan to be safe was to prepare to be dangerous. In a minute's time I was in an open space of about one acre in the timber, in presence of a company of fifty or more pro-slavery men, my deadly enemies in politics, who had assembled in this secluded and secret place to drill for the purpose of fighting anti-slavery men within a very few days. I cannot say that my hair stood on end. Under the circumstances, I didn't consider there was any time to fool with hair, and knowing that

the bulge counts much in all engagements, I spoke with a loud, firm, and commanding voice:

"What in the d—l are you fellows up to?" I was answered by the Captain in command:

"Where in the h—l are you going?" I saw in a moment that my firmness had produced good effect, and there was no further danger.



"WHAT IN THE D—L ARE YOU FELLOWS UP TO?"

I rode up and stopped in front of the company, shook hands with the Captain, told him to give the command to me and I would drill his men, and show him how Jim Lane and John Brown did it, concluding with:

"If you don't have your men better trained,

and Jim Lane ever meets you, he will shake you up."

The Captain turned his men over to me, and I drew them up in line, put them through all the cavalry movements, tangled them up, straightened them out, and told the Captain he must drill better, so they could get out of tight places when they met us. Then I turned the company over to the original Captain Owens, who said:

"Attention, company; this is Dr. Still, the d—dest abolitionist out of h—l, who is not afraid of h—l or high water. When you are sick, go for him; he saved my wife's life in cholera, and I know him to be successful any place you are a mind to put him. In politics he is our enemy, in sickness he has proven to be our friend." And closed by saying: "Doc, go home to dinner with me, and I will go with you to see Mrs. Jones." I went with the Captain to dinner, and he made his word good by going with me. From that time until the close of the pro-slavery question in 1857 I met, passed, and repassed his men without fear or molestation.

I was chosen by the people to represent Douglas County, Kansas, in the Legislature. Among my colleagues were such men as John Speer, George Ditzler, and Hiram Appleman, all ardent

"free-state men," who loved to hate slavery, in all its forms, believing it to be opposed to all progress of men and nations.

I was chafed to know that my old State Missouri, my home for twenty years, had 150,000 acres of school lands, of which not a dollar was applied to school purposes. When I wanted schooling in my young days this money, over a million dollars, was being used to buy "mules and niggers," and I, cheated of my rights, paid for my schooling by mauling rails. As a legislator I was determined that no such tyranny should lord it over Kansas. The Legislature was for freedom by a large majority. Both houses and the territorial Governor, Reeder, were with us heart and soul.

When first elected to the Kansas Legislature, which was in 1857, the free-state men agreed to meet at Lawrence and Topeka and march to Lecompton in a body. Being in the lower district, I was with the party that met at Lawrence. Ten-thirty was the hour agreed upon, where the free-state men were to march into the town escorted by an armed guard.

We entered before the others by several minutes, and hitching our horses, scattered about the town, talking in small groups. Our conduct

A COUNCIL OF WAR.

soon aroused the apprehensions of the pro-slavery men.

When not far from the state house, I was accosted by some pro-slavery men, Judge Elmore, a man named Kato, another Brindle, and the third, Hall, with:

"Whar ar' you'ns from?"

I answered that I was from Douglas County, and Elmore asked:

"What ye here for?"

"I was sent by Jim Lane," I answered.

"What ye goin' to do?"

"Whatever Jim Lane wants done."

They began to talk quite loud, interspersing their remarks with unholy adjectives, among which "d—d abolitionist," "d—d fools," "d—d nigger-thieves" were the least complimentary.

At this time a little Yankee of about one hundred and ten pounds, from Massachusetts, named G. F. Warren, came up, took me by the arm, and said he wished to speak with me on a private matter, and hoped my friends would excuse me, as he was in a great hurry. With the assurance that I would return, I excused myself, and when we were apart from the others, asked:

"What do you want, Warren?"

want you to keep away from those fellows; afraid they will kill you."

ad on my overcoat, with pockets on the in- I opened it, showed him the two Colt's vers in the inside pockets, and told him to ı and attend to his own business, that I ed to talk to those gentlemen myself. If in ourse of our discussion I found need of his would surely call on him.

aving Warren, I went back to the pro- y men, whose numbers had been reinforced everal additionals, among them Colonel g. The Colonel wore a meat-knife, or what not accustomed to polite language would "bowie," in his belt. A glance showed me Warren was watching me with considerable ty from the corner. I took care to keep the

came insulting. I looked him in the face and said:

"The angels are coming. The Lord is on our side, and His angels will soon be with us; then you will hear the music from on high." One of the gentlemen said:

"Listen to the d—d fool; he is crazy." I answered:

"I am not crazy, Judge," then looked at my watch, which had been set the evening before to correspond with the watches of our friends. It lacked less than two minutes of the time designated. I said:

"I can almost smell the breath of the angels. I hear the rustling of their wings." To which Elmore cried:

"The d—d fool is either drunk or crazy; what is the matter with him?"

His deep-toned voice, trained to command negroes when he rawhided them, had scarce died on the air, when:

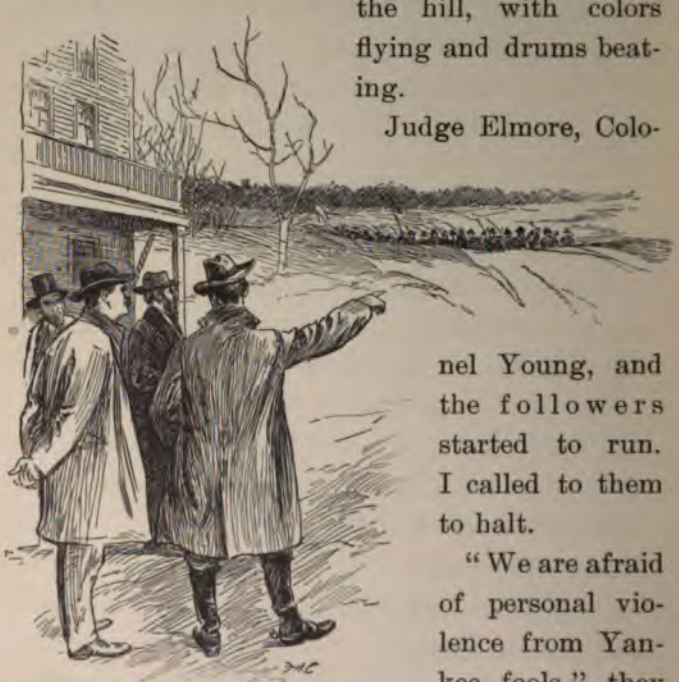
"Boom! boom! boom!" went the big bass-drum, and the fifes' shrill shriek rose on the air.

"What the h—l is that?" roared Judge Elmore.

"That is the music of the Lord's cavalry, com-

ing to help us knock the shackles from every slave."

By this time the head of Jim Lane's column, seven hundred strong, could be seen coming over the hill, with colors flying and drums beating.



BY THIS TIME THE HEAD OF JIM LANE'S COLUMN COULD BE SEEN.

Judge Elmore, Colonel Young, and the followers started to run. I called to them to halt.

"We are afraid of personal violence from Yankee fools," they answered.

"There is no danger whatever," I answered. "We are free-state men, and I will see you are protected, for I am at the head of a company, and not a

hair of your heads shall be touched." But their legs controlled their bodies, and they could not be persuaded. They ran away.

We assembled and made a temporary organization. On that night the free-state members of the assembly and some friends to the number of three hundred went to a night session of a Pro-Slavery Constitutional Convention.

The convention was assembled in a hall capable of holding about seven hundred persons. We took our seats in the rear, and though every man was armed with one and many with two revolvers, we were inclined to be peaceable if unmolested.

The pro-slavery men were very quiet, and their proceedings quite orderly. We listened to them for about thirty minutes, when a member began a tirade upon us, denominating us as the sons of feminine dogs, prefixed by an abundance of brimstone adjectives.

In a moment the cup was filled and running over. Captain Walker, of our side, leaped to his feet and yelled:

"G—d d—n you, take that back!"

I looked about and was surprised to find in addition to my own revolvers five hundred more

covering every drop of pro-slavery blood in the house, from the chairman down.

Striking his gavel on the desk, the chairman sprang to his feet, crying:

"For God's sake, don't shoot! That man is drunk and don't know what he is doing!" Captain Walker quickly retorted:

"Trot him out of there then, and do it pretty G—d d—n quick, or I will order them to fire, and keep it up until the last dirty pro-slavery cuss is dead, pitched out of the window, and in h—l. We're not here to take any such stuff."

In a second's time four men had the drunken member by the legs and arms, hurried him out and ran him off, we never knew where. Captain Walker then addressed the chairman, asking if it was true that we began this trouble.

"No, you have been gentlemen," was the answer.

"Now, Mr. Chairman, I want you to so report us. If I find that you have not so reported us over your own signature I will kill you, G—d d—n you!"

When the Legislature was assembled next morning, there was no opposition for us, and we had our own way. After the permanent organization we adjourned to meet at Lawrence.

At the close of our deliberations, March, 1858, we had territorial law that was all new, except that referring to the records of deeds and marriages, which was thankfully received, and peace followed.

I went home to follow the practice of medicine and saw lumber, which I did from 1856 to 1860, except the time spent in the Legislature. During the fall of 1860 we elected "Abraham Lincoln" to champion the coming conflict between Slavery and Freedom—not of Kansas alone, but of all North America. Then the struggle began, and lasted until he dipped his pen and wrote the golden words: "Forever free, without regard to race or color." When the war of the Rebellion was declared against the laws and authorities of the United States, I saw at once another move whose object was to extend slavery and illiteracy by a division of the Territory, which could only be an example for other States to imitate when any political party was unsuccessful in an election, and divide the country up into a "North and South" and East, Middle and West, Southern Confederacy. Then the East Middle, and West, Northern Confederacy, and thus have six empires of quarreling fools, who would ruin all our forefathers had given us under a sworn pledge to

...ical fury, and ran w
and death until over a mill
more.

CHAPTER V.

I Enlist in Company F, Ninth Cavalry Volunteers—Our Mission—At Kansas City—Pursuit of Price—The Army at Springfield—Summary Vengeance on Guerrillas—Captain Company D of the Eighteenth Kansas Militia—Major of the Twenty-First Kansas Militia—On the Missouri Frontier—Fighting Joe Shelby—Osteopathy in Danger—Burying Dead Under a Flag of Truce—The Regiment Treated to a Surprise.

In September, 1861, at Fort Leavenworth, I enlisted in the Ninth Kansas Cavalry, in Company F, T. J. Mewhinne captain. The regiment was composed mainly of Kansas men who had been christened in the baptism of fire during the pro-slavery contest. Soon after enlisting we drew our clothing and equipments.

We were men who meant business and had started out to do some very severe and successful fighting. We declared that our canteens were to catch rebel blood instead of carry water.

From Leavenworth we were ordered to Kansas City to complete our outfit, and were placed in the brigade of James H. Lane, then commissioned to organize the Western army. In a short time we received marching orders to report at

Springfield, Mo. We left Kansas City on the day that Mulligan surrendered to General Price at Lexington. Price from some cause chose to march his army south by way of Springfield.

Each night we camped on the same ground on which Price had camped the night previous, until Springfield was reached. During this march the rebel army seemed aware of the fact that pursuers were in their rear. Though we did not come in sight of the Confederates during the march, we had the satisfaction of tearing down many flags which Price had flung to the breeze. At Pleasant Hill, Greenfield' and other points the stars and bars were lowered to give place to the stars and stripes.

Many loyal hearts that had sought concealment during Price's march came forth from the woods and bushes, to fall in with us and swell our numbers, so that by the time we reached Springfield our brigade was considerably larger than when we left Kansas City. We arrived at Springfield just before General Fremont was removed from command of the Western Department.

The whole army assembled at Springfield was then given in round numbers at one hundred and twenty thousand men. The east and west sides

of a forty-acre field were protected by lines of artillery a quarter of a mile long.

We remained at Springfield until about the first of November, and were ordered back to Fort Scott, and then to different points along the Missouri border, until we finally reached Harrisonville, where we went into winter quarters. During the winter that followed we were continually harassed by bushwhackers, who not only ambushed and shot our soldiers, but loyal citizens as well. This guerrilla warfare grew to be such an annoyance that a Colorado brigade under Colonel Ford, to whom we had reported, set out to take summary vengeance on the enemy. The Colorado troops were cavalry, and in squads of from twenty to a company scoured the country from Kansas City to the Osage River. It was reported that they killed seventeen hundred in that Territory in eleven days. I counted sixty-two fresh graves in one graveyard, near Harrisonville, which were said to be the graves of rebels killed on that occasion. For some time after this there was no more trouble from guerrillas.

About the 1st of April, 1862, the Third Battalion of the Ninth Kansas was disbanded, which let me out of the service.

I went home and organized a company of Kansas militia, and about May 15th, 1862, was commissioned Captain of Company D, Eighteenth Kansas militia. I received orders to drill my men once a week, and patrol the road known as the Old Santa Fé Trail, running from Kansas City to Old Mexico. My beat extended east and west across Douglass County, Kansas. The drilling and training continued until 1862, when an order was issued to organize the Eighteenth Regiment of Kansas militia, of which I was chosen major.

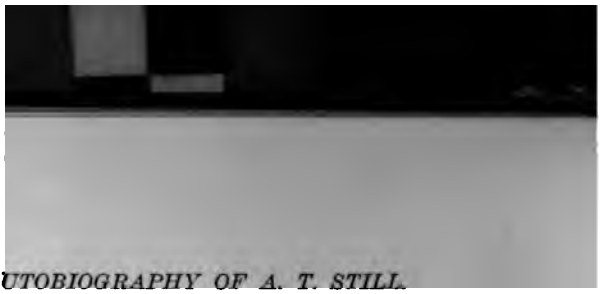
A few months later there came another order to consolidate with some other battalions, by which I was transferred to major of the Twenty-first Kansas militia. I did service in this capacity in Kansas until the autumn of 1864, when on the 10th of October General Curtis ordered us to the border-line between Missouri and Kansas to fight General Price, who was expected at Kansas City or Independence at an early day.

Militia regiments from Kansas were hurried to the border until our numbers equaled twenty-seven thousand. By the addition of General Totten we numbered thirty-five thousand. We were stationed south of Westport, forming a

line extending for ten miles. During Thursday and Friday of October 22d and 23d there was heavy fighting at Lexington and Independence.

On the morning of the twenty-fourth General Price moved west, formed his men, and opened the battle from Westport running south to the Little Blue, a distance of six miles. He took the aggressive, and we met and fought his forces, under command of Joe Selby, Quantrell, and numerous other Confederate commanders.

About four o'clock on Saturday, the twenty-fourth, the battle raged all along the line, from Westport to the Little Blue, on which ground the Twenty-first Kansas State Militia was stationed. Being east of the Kansas line, General Joe Shelby seemed to regard us as intruders, and expressed his convictions in showers of bullets. We considered this an uncivil way to treat visiting neighbors, and resented by an equally hot fire. The Twenty-first Kansas nobly held its ground while we were bathed in fire, smoke, and blood. I remembered the good old Scriptural admonition, that "it is more blessed to give than receive," and told the boys to give them the best they had; and we gave them forty-two rounds—not without a charge, but with a charge behind each one of them.



During the hottest period of the fight a musket-ball passed through the lapels of my vest, carrying away a pair of gloves I had stuck in the bosom of it. Another minie-ball passed through the back of my coat just above the buttons, making an entry and exit about six inches apart. Had the rebels known how close they were shooting at Osteopathy, perhaps they would not have been quite so careless.

During this engagement I was mounted on the same mule which had walked the log with me back in Kansas. The antics of this creature when the leaden balls came whizzing thickest about her were amusing. She seemed under the impression they were nit-flies, while I was thoroughly convinced they were bullets.

Many amusing incidents occurred during our conflict. Some of our boys fell to praying for the Lord to save them. Under the circumstances I deemed it best to suspend devotional services, and get into line to fight the rebels who were spattering us with lead, so I leaped from my mule, and planting my foot close behind some of them, I broke the spell. They closed up the front and made good soldiers throughout the remainder of the fight.

OSTEOPATHY IN DANGER.

We held the field until Price's forces withdrew, leaving fifty-two dead on the ground, and one hundred and twenty-seven horses fell into our hands. Shortly after the departure of the enemy night spread her friendly mantle over the scene, shutting out from our sight the horrors of war. Our regiment marched west two miles, then north six, east one, and went into camp near Shawneetown.

About six o'clock next morning the artillery under General Totten opened fire east of Westport and south for six or eight miles—twenty-eight pieces joining in the chorus, with a spattering of small arms, which made a sullen roar that rolled along the entire line. The fighting was severe until about eight o'clock, when General Price began his retreat south. We followed him, skirmishing all the way, until we had pursued him a distance of ninety miles, had captured twenty-eight cannon, and were only a mile or two east of Fort Scott.

At this point we decided not to escort General Price any farther, but leave him to take care of himself. Finding the Confederate General Marmaduke in bad company, we invited him to go home with us; and as we were prepared to enforce the invitation, he consented with some re-

luctance, for the general had a "hankering after the stars and bars."

After Price's forces began their retreat the firing ceased for a while, and they had gone fully twenty miles before it was again resumed.

The privilege was given the enemy to bury their dead, and soon a company of one hundred and forty of our brave foes came to my headquarters under a flag of truce, which we always respected. I ordered the captain and his men to dismount and stack their arms, which they did. I then instructed the officer in command to form his men in line before me, and stationed a guard over their arms. Addressing the captain, I asked:

"How are you off for grub?"

"Almost out, major!" he answered.

Then in a tone and manner as serious as I could assume, I said:

"I want you to listen to what I have to say for about five minutes, and not move a muscle until I get through."

Then I went on to picture the horrors of war and the extreme measures sometimes necessary. I wound up by saying the rebels had been in the habit of shooting many of our men, and notwithstanding they had come in under a flag of truce,

I intended to shoot the captain and every man with him. At this every cheek blanched and their breath came quick. Some were about to interpose, when I broke in with:

"I mean I will shoot you all in the mouth with food and coffee, as I want to convert all your sorrows into joy. Break ranks, go to the commissary, and get enough to fill up."

The captain and officers gave me a friendly grasp, and regretted that war made us, who should be by all laws of nature friends, enemies, and hoped that the angel of Peace might soon spread her white wings over our beloved land.

Those rebels certainly enjoyed that meal, and it was no doubt the first good meal the poor fellows had had for many days.

After chasing Price for ninety miles, as stated, we went into Kansas at De Soto, and on Tuesday morning, October 27th, 1864, I received orders to disband the Twenty-first Regiment and go home. I kept the order to myself, determined to try the grit of the boys and have a little fun at their expense.

Ordering the whole regiment to be drawn up in line, I made them a speech in which I said we had a very long march before us and a desperate

e at the end of it. I stated that I did not any one to undertake this arduous march or ngage in the terrible conflict who was not equal to the emergency. If any felt too faint, or weak to accompany us, or for any e felt they could not endure the hardship and ger, they would not be forced to go. All who d volunteer to go with me through any trial nger were requested to step six paces to the t.

bout one-third of the command stepped out aces and thus declared their willingness to w anywhere. Then in a tone loud enough heard by all I read the order for the dising of the regiment, told those who did not well enough to accompany us to go to the ital under the doctor's care, and to the

CHAPTER VI.

The End of the War—Rejoicing at the Dawn of Peace—New Dangers—The Evil of Drugs—Terrible Visions—A Picture Drawn—Digging in Indian Graves for Subjects—Studying from the Great Book of Nature—The Ravages of That Terrible Disease Meningitis—Prayers and Medicine—Death of Four Members of My Family—Is Medicine a Failure?

THE war ended as every thinking person must have reasoned it would end. Hate, passion, and avarice might prevail for a while, but in the end the spunky little South which fought so gallantly was compelled to yield to the determined North.

On the one side, men and money became too scarce to continue the struggle longer. A surrender, and peace was proclaimed, and human slavery ceased to be a part of the institutions of America. All gladly quit the conflict and resumed the life of the peaceful citizen. I gladly left the field of bloody contention, with all others, to resume the duties of a private citizen. I was not long in discovering we had habits, customs, and traditions no better than slavery in its worst days, and far more tyrannical. My sleep was wellnigh ruined; by day and night I saw

legions of men and women stagger to and fro, all over the land, crying for freedom from habits of drugs and drinks.

My heart trembled, my brain rested not by day nor by night, to see man made in the image of his Creator treated with such little respect and sense by men who should know better. I saw men and women dosed with drugs whose poisonous fangs showed the serpent of habit, that was as sure to eat its victim as a stone would return to the earth when cast into the air. I dreamed of the dead and dying who were and had been slaves of habit. I sought to know the cause of so much death, bondage, and distress of my race. I found the cause to be in the ignorance of our "Schools of Medicine." I found that he who gave the first persuasive dose was also an example of the same habit of dosing and drinking himself, and was a staggering form of humanity, wound hopelessly tight in the serpent's coil. In vain he cried:

"Who can free me from this serpent, who has all my liberties and joy of myself and loved ones?" In the anguish of his soul he said:

"I wish I was as free as the negro for whose freedom I faced the deadly cannon three long years."

"Oh!" says one, who is cultivating this habit of drugs and drinks, "I can quit my master any time I choose, but the nigger could not, because the law held him in slavery with rawhide whips, bloodhounds, and shot-guns, to torture him to obedience; and I am free to use drugs or quit just when I want to."

If you will chalk his back and watch him, you will soon find him about a drug-store complaining of not feeling well. He has taken a cold, and says:

"My wife belongs to church, and the meetings are held so late, and room so hot, I caught cold going home, and think I ought to take something."

Druggist says:

"Professor, I think a little Jamaica ginger and about an ounce of old rye is just what will fix you up."

"Well, I will try some, I believe; still I hate to go to church stinking of whisky."

"Chew a few cloves and cardamon seed, and they will disguise the whisky smell," says the druggist. Soon church ends its night sessions, and Professor still comes with pains in back to say:

"I was out all last night after a fox, and

caught more cold," and winks at druggist, and says: "Fix me the same you did before, and give me half a pint to take to granny."

This hypocritical pretension became more and more disgusting to me. I who had had some experience in alleviating pain found medicines a failure. Since early life I had been a student of nature's books.

In my early days in wind-swept Kansas I had devoted my attention to the study of anatomy. I became a robber in the name of science. Indian graves were desecrated and the bodies of the sleeping dead exhumed in the name of science. Yes, I grew to be one of those vultures of the scalpel, and studied the dead that the living might be benefited.

I had printed books, but went back to the great book of nature as my chief study. The poet has said that the greatest study of man is man. I believed this, and would have believed it if he had said nothing about it. The best way to study man is to dissect a few bodies.

My subjects were the bodies exhumed from the Indian graves. Day and night, like any other grave-robber, I roamed about the country, and often at moonlight and often in the day-time with shovel disinterred the dead Indian and util-

ized his body for the good of science. Some one says the end justifies the means, and I adopt this theory to satisfy the qualms of conscience. The dead Indians never objected to being object-lessons for the development of science. Their relatives knew nothing about it; and as where ignorance is bliss it is folly to be wise, and as the knowledge which I gained by this research has aided me to relieve countless thousands of suffering human beings, and snatch many from the grave, I shall not allow my equanimity of mind to be disturbed by the thoughts that I once was a grave-robber.

My science or discovery was born in Kansas under many trying circumstances. On the frontier while fighting the pro-slavery sentiment and snakes and badgers, then later on through the Civil War, and after the Civil War, until like a burst of sunshine the whole truth dawned on my mind, I was gradually approaching a science by study, research, and observation that the world is receiving.

Is the frontier a place to study science? our college-bred gentleman may ask. Henry Ward Beecher once remarked that it made very little difference how one acquired an education, whether it be in the classic shades and frescoed

halls of old Oxford or Harvard, or by the fireside in the lonely cabin on the frontier. The frontier is a good place to get the truth. There is no one there to bother you.

Beecher was then in mature years, and knew whereof he spoke. He had by the experience of a lifetime come to realize that a college education would not put good sense in a head where no brains existed.

The frontier is the great book of nature. It is the fountain-head of knowledge, and natural science is here taught from first principles. How does the scientist learn of the habits and manners of the animals which he wishes to study? By the observation of the animals. The old frontiersman knows more of the customs and habits of the wild animals than the scientist ever discovered. Agassiz with all his knowledge of natural history knows not as much of the mink and beaver as the trapper whose life business has been to catch them.

In the quiet of the frontier, surrounded by nature, I prosecuted my study of anatomy with more zeal and more satisfactory results than I had at college. With no teacher but the facts of nature, and no classmate save the badger, cayote, and my mule, I sat down to my desk on

the prairie to study over what I had learned at medical schools. With the theory firmly fixed in my mind that the "greatest study of man is man," I began with the skeleton. I improved my store in anatomical knowledge until I was quite familiar with every bone in the human body. The study of these bodies of ours has ever been fascinating to me. I love the study and have always pursued it with a zeal.

Indian after Indian was exhumed and dissected, and still I was not satisfied. A thousand experiments were made with bones, until I became quite familiar with the bony structure.

I might have advanced sooner in Osteopathy had not our Civil War interfered with the progress of my studies. We cannot say how a thing will appear until it is developed, and then we often find that the greatest good follows the greatest grief and woe, as you all know fire is the greatest test of the purity of gold. It may be good for the metal, but it is hard on the gold. Not until I had been tried by fire did I cut loose from that stupidity, drugs. Not until my heart had been torn and lacerated with grief and affliction could I fully realize the inefficacy

of drugs. Some may say that it was necessary that I should suffer in order that good might come, but I feel that my grief came through gross ignorance on the part of the medical profession.

It was in the spring of 1864; the distant thunders of the retreating war could be easily heard; but a new enemy appeared. War had been very merciful to me compared with this foe. War had left my family unharmed; but when the dark wings of spinal meningitis hovered over the land, it seemed to select my loved ones for its prey.

The doctors came and were faithful in their attendance. Day and night they nursed and cared for my sick, and administered their most trustworthy remedies, but all to no purpose. The loved ones sank lower and lower. The minister came and consoled us. Surely with the men of God to invoke divine aid, and men skilled in scientific research, my loved ones would be saved. Any one might hope that between prayers and pills the angel of death would be driven from our door. But he is a stubborn enemy, and when he has set his seal on a victim, prayers and pills will not avail.

I had great faith in the honesty of my preacher

and doctors then, and I have not lost that faith. God knows I believe they did what they thought was for the best. They never neglected their subjects, and dosed, and added to and changed doses, hoping to hit upon the defeat to the enemy; but it was of no avail.

It was when I stood gazing upon three members of my family,—two of my own children and one adopted child,—all dead from the disease spinal meningitis, that I propounded to myself the serious question, "In sickness has not God left man in a world of guessing? Guess what is the matter? What to give, and guess the result? And when dead, guess where he goes." I decided then that God was not a guessing God, but a God of truth.

And all His works, spiritual and material, are harmonious. His law of animal life was absolute. So wise a God had certainly placed the remedy within the material house in which the spirit of life dwells.

With this thought I trimmed my sail and launched my craft as an explorer. Like Columbus I found driftwood upon the surface. I noticed the course of the wind whence they came, and steered my vessel accordingly. Soon I saw the green islands of health all over the seas

of reason. Ever since then I have watched for the driftwood and course of the wind, and I have never failed to find the source whence the drifting came.

Believing that a loving, intelligent Maker of man had deposited in this body some place or through the whole system drugs in abundance to cure all infirmities, on every voyage of exploration I have been able to bring back a cargo of indisputable truths, that all the remedies necessary to health exist in the human body. They can be administered by adjusting the body in such condition that the remedies may naturally associate themselves together, hear the cries, and relieve the afflicted.

I have never failed to find all remedies in plain view on the front shelves of the store of the Infinite.

When I first started out as an explorer, there were some remedies in bottles and jars high up and low down on the shelves, not so visible as those in general demand. But by a close study, I found they would blend with all other drugs, and give the wanted relief.

Thus I have prosecuted the voyage from sea to sea, until I have discovered that nature is never without necessary remedies. I am better pre-

pared to-day, after a twenty-years' voyage and close observation, to say that God or nature is the only doctor whom man should respect. Man should study and use the drugs of his drug-store only.

CHAPTER VII.

**nventor—The Tired Arm—The Reaper and Mower—
Rake—The Steel Fingers—An Invention Lost—On
'arm—A Smart Wife—Churning—The Philosophy of
ter—Another Invention—Studying the Drive-Wheels
Jature—The Science of Osteopathy Developed.**

Osteopathy is a science built upon the prin-
hat man is a machine, I will have to draw
ttention to the fact that I began the study
chinery in 1855 and continued to 1870.
ıd millions of broad acres of wheat, oats,
e, growing, ripening, and being harvested;
ıe feeble right arm of man was the only

year seemed bringing news to the arm that you and your posterity shall ever be servants and swing the side cradle from morning until night, or go to bed hungry, with all dependent upon you.

At this time the skilled arts had thought out and manufactured a mowing-machine, with a blade or sickle about four feet long, so attached that it extended out at right angles four to six feet farther than the right wheel of the machine. It had a bar and many sections called blades, so adjusted as to fit slots made in fingers attached to the sickle for the purpose of cutting hay, native, or wild.

At about this time there was something like a reel placed upon the machine which would push the grass backward as it was falling after being cut. Then by a rake some one would throw it off in bunches on the ground.

I saw that here was much relief coming to the arm, but the labor was just as hard for the man who threw the grain off as the one who swung the scythe and cradle. It was profitable, inasmuch as one man can push the grain off as fast as two horses could travel in a swath of six feet. So I began to reason on the mowing-machine, and thought out a plan where I could make two

long steel fingers that would stay in place and catch the falling grain. They were made strong enough to hold fifty pounds without sagging. When a sufficient quantity fell upon these fingers to make a bundle, I would bear upon the lever and instantly jerk those steel fingers from under the grain and let it fall upon the ground in a bunch for the binder.

During the progress of my invention I was, as I now remember, visited by a repesentative of the Wood Mowing Machine Co., located some place in Illinois. During the next season the Wood Company sent out reapers with fingers to catch the falling grain, which was held up by machinery until grain enough accumulated to make a bundle. Then the driver let the fingers fall to the ground and passed out from under the wheat. Wood had the benefit of my idea in dollars and cents, and I had the experience. The world was at the beginning of a reaping revolution. No more swinging the old cradles and scythes. Reapers and mowers took their place. So much for the study of the machinery of the harvest-field.

Soon after the aching arm had been set at liberty through improved machinery, I proceeded to purchase a farm, horses, cattle, hogs, chickens,

and the necessary rigging to run it. We had a number of cows and a great deal of milk. My family was small, my wife was sharp, and I had to churn. I churned and banged away for hours. I would raise the lid and lick the dasher, go through all the maneuvers of churning and pounding milk by the hour. I would churn and churn and churn, and rub my arm and churn, until I concluded that churning was as hard work as harvesting with the old cradle. But the churning brought me into a study of the chemistry of milk, cream, casein, margarine, and butyric acid, until I found that each atom of butter was incased in a covering of casein, similar in form to a hen egg. Now the question was how to break the eggs and get the shells off of them. I constructed a drive-wheel eight inches in diameter to match the end of a pinion attached to the upper end of a half-inch rod, which extended from the top to the bottom of the churn.

On this rod I had an adjustable arm, with a hole through it, and a set-screw to fasten it to a rod so as to raise or lower to suit the quantity of milk in the churn. Tin tubes were fastened to the outer ends of the arm in holes, so as to dip up the milk, by these tubes, which were inclined

down for that purpose. The receiving end through which the milk passed was one inch in diameter, coming out through a half-inch hole. Thus you see the tube was made tapering from receipt to exit of the milk. With this drive-wheel, pinion, and rod that crossed into an iron socket at the end of the churn, I could easily get a motion of the cups equal to five hundred or thousand revolutions per minute. This would throw the milk and cream against the resisting wall of the churn with the velocity of three to five miles a minute.

I succeeded in breaking the egg that contained all the elements found in butter, and give the hungry children butter from this new churn in one minute and a quarter from the word go, temperature and all being favorable. Three to ten minutes was my average time spent in churning by this new invention.

This was the first time that I had learned to rejoice that I had made one of my worst enemies, the churn, the footstool of amusement. I spent some time in introducing my new invention, until the summer of 1874. This year I began a more extended study of the drive-wheels, pinions, cups, arms, and shafts of life, with their forces and supplies, framework, attachments by liga-

ments, muscles, origin, and insertion. Nerves, origin and supplies, blood supply to and from the heart, and how and where the motor-nerves received their power and motion; how the sensory nerves acted in their functions, voluntary and involuntary nerves in performing their duties, the source of supplies, and the work being done in health, in the obstructing parts, places, and principles, through which they passed to perform their part of the functions of life; all awoke a new interest in me.

I believed that something abnormal could be found some place in some of the nerve divisions which would tolerate a temporary or permanent suspension of the blood either in arteries or veins, which effect caused disease.

With this thought in view I began to ask myself, What is fever? Is it an effect, or is it a being, as commonly described by medical authors? I concluded it was only an effect, and on that line I have experimented and proven the position I then took to be a truth, wonderfully sustained by nature, responding every time in the affirmative. I have concluded after twenty-five years' close observation and experimenting that there is no such disease as fever, flux, diphtheria, typhus, typhoid, lung-fever, or any other fever classed

under the common head of fever. Rheumatism, sciatica, gout, colic, liver disease, nettle-rash, or croup, on to the end of the list of diseases, do not exist as diseases. All these separate and combined are only effects. The cause can be found and does exist in the limited and excited action of the nerves only, which control the fluids of parts or the whole of the body. It appears perfectly reasonable to any person born above the condition of an idiot, who has familiarized himself with anatomy and its working with the machinery of life, that all diseases are mere effects, the cause being a partial or complete failure of the nerves to properly conduct the fluids of life.

On this stone I have builded and sustained *Osteopathy* for twenty-five years. Day by day the evidences grow stronger and stronger that this theory is correct.

On June 22d, 1874, I flung to the breeze the banner of Osteopathy. For twenty-three years it has withstood the storms, cyclones, and blizzards of opposition. Her threads are stronger to-day than when the banner was first woven. Her colors have grown so bright that millions now begin to see and admire and seek shelter under her protecting folds from disease

and death. Mothers and fathers come by legions, and ask why this flag was not thrown to the breeze before.

It has taken many years to prepare the ground to sow the seeds of this as well as any other truth that has come to benefit man; so be patient, have faith in God and the final triumph of truth, and all will end well.

CHAPTER VIII.

An Effort to Draw the Attention of the People to Osteopathy—Failure at Baldwin, Kans.—History of Baker University—Prayers for the Man Possessed—Brother Jim's Scepticism—Faith of My Good Wife—A Wandering Osteopath—My Story in Clinton County—Treating Asthma—My Studies—A Hypnotist.

HAVING finally solved the great problem of Osteopathy, and established the science in my own mind, I determined to try my luck with what I then thought to be a new discovery. My first effort was to draw the attention of the thinking people of my home in Baldwin, Kans., to it. Baldwin is the home of the Baldwin and Baker University, which had been located there by three commissioners, appointed by the general conference of the M. E. Church between 1854 and 1856. My father, Abram Still, L. B. Dennis, and Elder Hood were the commissioners to purchase site. They advertised for offers by towns, villages, and other places, who wanted a great university, backed by and under the M. E. Church. Palmyra, afterward Baldwin, made the offer. which was accepted by the locating committee.

I lived in Palmyra at that time, took an active part in rushing the scheme on, and was appointed by the commissioners of the general conference as agent with my brother Thomas, J. B. Abbott, James Blood, and others, to select and locate a spot for the university building. We gave the church six hundred and forty acres of land, all in one body. Myself and two brothers donated four hundred and eighty acres of land for the site of Baldwin and Baker University (as it is now called). We—myself, brother, and two men named Barricklow—purchased and erected a forty horse-power steam-sawmill, and sawed all the lumber for the university and other buildings at Baldwin, as Palmyra was called after the founding of the college, and all the country for twenty miles around. I was ground agent of the work, and was five years engaged in sawing, building, and doctoring the sick through small-pox, cholera, and all the fevers, and representing the people of Douglass County in the Kansas legislature, during which time we washed and ironed the last wrinkle of human slavery out of the State, as I have told in former chapters. I was called a good doctor, a faithful legislator, a sober, sound, and loyal man, abounding with truth and justice, and a heart full of love to all. But, alas!

when I said, "God has no use for drugs in disease, and I can prove it by his works"; when I said I could twist a man one way and cure flux, fever, colds, and the diseases of the climate; shake a child and stop scarlet fever, croup, diphtheria, and cure whooping-cough in three days by a wring of its neck, and so on, all my good character was at once gone. You would have been ashamed of man or any other animal with two legs, if you had heard the prayers that were sent up by men and women to save my soul from hell. When I asked the privilege of explaining Osteopathy in the Baldwin University, the doors of the structure I had helped build were closed against me.

I stayed in Kansas, and listened and laughed, until ready to go to Missouri. I stopped with my brother, E. C. Still. He had been poor in health for a number of years, and was so reduced he could scarcely walk, and had been led to and turned loose in the pastures of hell by "allopathy," using seventy-five bottles of morphine annually. I realized that bad could be worse. I stayed three months with him, got him free from opium, and started on to Kirksville, which I supposed would be the next cussing-post. I stayed there three months, sent for wife and four

babies, who came in May, 1875. My wife was a Methodist, and could stand cussing pretty well. She said: "I will stand by you; we'll be cussed together; maybe we can get it done cheaper." She studied economy, and was as gritty as an eagle, who loves to fight for her young ones. I did not tell her that when I came to Missouri I found a letter addressed to my brother Edward, from brother James M. Still, of Eudora, Kans., stating that I was crazy, had lost my mind and supply of truth-loving manhood. I read it and thought, as the eagle stirreth up her nest, so stir away, Jim, till your head lets down some of the milk of reason into some of the starved lobes of your brain. I believed Jim's brain would ripen in time, so just let him pray, until at the end of eighteen years he said:

"Hallelujah, Drew, you are right; there is money in it, and I want to study 'Osteopathy.'" At this time Jim is a member in good standing, and doing much good in the cause. When he happens to think of it, he says:

"Osteopathy is the greatest scientific gift of God to man," and regrets that his mind was so far below high-water mark, when it was held up to the mental feast far back in the seventies. I have told much that I would have held out of

this history, but for the reason I took my pen to write the whole truth of my journey with my son and child, "Osteopathy."

I spent much time in the study of anatomy, physiology, chemistry, and mineralogy. During the winter of 1878 and 1879 I was called by telegram to my old home in Kansas to treat a member of a family whom I had doctored for ten years previous to my moving to Missouri. I treated partly by drugs, as in other days, but also gave Osteopathic treatments. She got well. From there I went to Henry County, Mo., and spent the spring and summer, where I built up a large practice in a short time. I had my office at Captain Lowe's, fifteen miles west of Clinton. Here I had excellent opportunity to notice the effects of Osteopathy in chronic diseases, for most of the cases were of the class known as chronic. My first case was pneumonia of both lungs. The patient was the wife of Captain Lowe, and was dangerously sick. I cured her, and scored one more success for Osteopathy.

While there I cured all cases of pneumonia that came under my care. Hiram Kepner came with a pair of purulent sore eyes, having ulcerated iris of both. He was almost blind; but in two months' treatment his eyes were well, and no

drugs had been used. I simply used the blood of the nutrient arteries only.

At this time a case of erysipelas was brought to me. The patient was the wife of Captain E. V. Stall, whom drugs had failed to cure. I made a thorough examination of the great system of facial arteries and veins, treated her strictly by the teachings of Osteopathy, and she was well in thirty-six hours. I have since treated a great number of cases of erysipelas by this law, and cured all.

From Henry County I went to Hannibal, and opened an office for the fall and winter. Shortly after I was established in my new quarters a man came to me with his arm in a sling. He had fallen and dislocated his elbow, and four doctors had used four ounces of chloroform on him, but failed to reduce the bones. I set it in about ten minutes without chloroform, and no machinery save my hands. My method of treatment began to attract attention, and I was asked if I could cure asthma, and I began to treat for that disease. I have never failed on a case of asthma to date, and after eighteen years' practice can say that for asthma Osteopathy is king.

Amusement often accompanies annoyances. An Irish lady came to me with great pain under

her shoulder-blade, and asked me if I could make her shoulder easy. She had asthma in a bad form, though she had only come to be treated for the pain in her shoulder. I found she had a section of the upper vertebræ out of line, and stopping the pain I set the spine and a few ribs. In about a month she came back to see me without any pain or trace of asthma. Her superstitious nature was aroused, and she asked if I had "hoodledooed her."

"Me pain is all gone from around me shoulder, and divil the bit of asthma have I felt since you trated me first."

This was my first case of asthma treated in the new way, and it started me into a new train of thought. Since I have made a careful study of the disease, and do not hesitate to repeat that Osteopathy is king of asthma.

I cannot say that the case of the Irishwoman who had charged me with hoodledooing her made any great impression on me at the time. A few months later I found a man in great distress with asthma. I got off my horse and "hoodledooed" him. I discovered that my head could open just as other clam-shells, and take in some small amounts of reason, until I had obtained enough knowledge to know the absolute cause,

"ISN'T THIS MOSTLY HYPNOTISM?" "YES, MADAM, I SET SEVENTEEN HIPS YESTERDAY."

and I was prepared to say yes when asked if I could cure asthma.

While in Hannibal a very well-dressed lady with sparkling eyes (and diamonds, too) came into my office and said she desired to investigate my method of treatment, and was very anxious to know how I cured people. She had heard that it was faith cure, Christian science, spiritualism, and a great many kinds of names. After she had warmed up with her inquiries, she said:

"I want you to tell me the honest truth; isn't this mostly hypnotism?" I said: "Yes, madam, I set seventeen hips in one day." She looked wise and skipped. I set three hips in the presence of Dr. W. O. Torrey, ex-president of the Missouri State Board of Health. He had diagnosed all three cases, and decided complete dislocation of the head of the femur from the socket. He timed me, and I reduced all three of them in four minutes and a quarter, he being the authority before and after the operations.

I will draw your attention to one more case while in Hannibal, and that is a case of painless obstetrics. It began and terminated with a painless birth of an eight-pound boy baby in something less than one hour from the first sign of

labor. This was possibly the twentieth case delivered by this method, which I consider worth all the midwifery written to date.

As I am a great admirer of short sermons, we will drop details and be dismissed.

CHAPTER IX.

My First Case of Flux—Old Methods—More Cases—Believed to be Possessed of the Devil—Prayers from Fools—A Dislocated Neck—Leaving Macon—At Kirksville—Mother Ivie—Dr. F. A. Grove—Judge Linder—Chinn's Cheering Way—Robert Harris—A Helpless Cripple—Typhoid Fever—Feeble in Health and Purse—Punching for Inebriacy—An Ointment for Drunkenness.

DURING the autumn I had an excellent opportunity to test Osteopathy on fall diseases, such as flux among children, bowel complaint, and fevers. My first case of flux was a little boy of about four summers. I was walking down the streets of Macon in company with a Colonel Eberman, when I drew his attention to fresh blood which had dripped along the street for fifty yards. A little in advance of us was a lady and two or three children slowly moving in the same direction we were going. We soon caught up with them, and discovered that her little boy, about four years old, was very sick. He had only a calico dress on, and to our wonder and surprise his legs and feet, which were bare, were covered with blood from his body down to the ground. A single glance was sufficient to convince us that

they were poor, and the Colonel and I, feeling a wave of pity in our hearts, spoke gently to the mother, and offered our aid to get her sick children home. She accepted. I picked up the little sick boy, while the Colonel took one from the mother's arms that she had carried until she was almost exhausted. I placed my hand on the back of the little fellow I carried, in the region of the lumbar, which was very warm, even hot, while the abdomen was cold.

My only thought was to help the woman and her children home, and little dreamed that I was to make a discovery that would bless future generations. While walking along I thought it strange that the back was so hot and the belly so cold; then the neck and back of his head were very warm, and the face, nose, and forehead cold. I began to reason, for I knew very little about flux, more than it killed young and old, and was worse in Kentucky in warm weather than in some other States. In all my life I had never asked myself what flux was, and no medical author that I had read had told me whether it was a being, such as symptomatology would divide up by symptoms, and put together and call the creature he had made out of guesses, flux.

I did not know how to reason on diseases, be-

cause all the authorities I had read or met in council could not get their eyes off the effects rather than cause. They met pain by anti-pain medicines, and bleeding of bowels by astringents that closed the issues from which the blood came, following such remedies to death's door, and then lined up for another battle and defeat with the same old failing remedies, and open fire all along the line on symptoms only. I wondered why doctors were so badly frightened when flux visited their own families if their remedies were to be trusted.

I knew that a person had a spinal cord, but really I knew little, if anything, of its use. I had seen in reading anatomy that at the upper portion of the body the front side of the spinal cord supplied the motor nerves, and the back side of the cord the sensory nerves, but that gave no very great clue to what to do for flux. As I began at the base of the brain, and thought by pressures and rubbings I could push some of the hot to the cold places, and in so doing I found rigid and loose places on the muscles and ligaments of the whole spine, while the lumbar was in a very congested condition. I worked for a few minutes on that philosophy, and told the mother to report next day, and if I could do anything more for

her boy I would cheerfully do so. She came early next morning with the news that her child was well. Flux was in a large per cent of the families of Macon. The reader will remember that my home at that time was still in Baldwin, Kans., and I was only visiting in Macon. The lady whose child I had cured brought many others and their sick children to me for treatment. As nearly as I can remember, I had seventeen severe cases of flux in a few days, and cured all without drugs.

Other cases of summer and fall diseases appeared in the city, and I was called to treat many, which I did with success. I soon found myself in possession of a large practice. I was not so much surprised to learn that all kinds of fevers, summer and fall diseases could be cured without drugs as to hear that a Methodist preacher had assembled my brother's wife and children for the purpose of prayers. He turned fool, or was born that way, as many hurried births have in all ages produced idiots, and the old theological blank poured out his idiotic soul to the Lord; telling him my father was a good man and a saint in heaven, while he was of the opinion that I was a hopeless sinner, and had better have the wind taken away before I got

any worse. He stirred up such a hurrah and hatred in Macon, and it ran in such a stage, that those whom he could influence believed I was crazy. Children gave me all the road, because I said I did not believe God was a whisky and opium-drug doctor; that I believed when He made man that He had put as many legs, noses, tongues, and qualities as he needed for any purpose in life for remedies and comfort. For such arguments I was called an infidel, crank, crazy, and God was advised by such theological hooting owls to kill me and save the lambs.

During this early crusade against me I was called to see a young lady said to be hopelessly ill with nervous prostration from fall heats. All hope had been abandoned, and she had been given up to die. At the end of a number of medical councils her father came to me and said:

"My daughter is very sick, and the doctors say cannot live." He then asked me to step in and look at her. He was a pleasant and appeared to be a very sensible man, so I just went to please him. I found the young lady in bed, and from the twisted way her head lay on the pillow I suspected a partial dislocation of her neck. On examination I found the atlas or first joint of her neck one-half inch too far back, so it had shut off

the vertebral artery from supplying the brain. I carefully adjusted her neck, and in four hours she was out of bed slicking up for company. Then other prayers were soon sent up to tell the Lord that I was possessed of the devil. Her pa said the devil must have fifty dollars, so he gave it to me to send to my wife and babies in Kansas, who were in need of grub, as Kansas was then eaten up by grasshoppers.

I don't think the Lord listened to such howling old fools, who would kill the cow with the carnal sword if she gave a bushel of milk with a drop of progress in it.

My father was a preacher, but no fool for popularity among the ignorant.

I was like good old Paul, who could not be in person always with sensible people, but was with them in spirit.

Long since Osteopathy has had a big welcome in Macon city. They weep and mourn because they did not know a truth from a lie, and help me build an infirmary there and make Macon the Athens of learning, instead of the rival town in an adjoining county.

I bade them adieu in 1875, went to Kirksville, found some three or four thinking people who welcomed me and my baby, Osteopathy. One

dear old mother by the name of Ivie gave me rooms and board without charge for a month. I had no money, but she was an old Baptist who said "Feed My lambs" was her religion. Long since she has been at rest, but her kind old face will never fade from my memory. A dear man named F. A. Grove, M.D., proved another friend. He was a man of principle, and finely educated. He came to me, he said, to welcome me to the town of Kirksville, then with about fifteen hundred inhabitants. He had been around the world and found that some spots grew little trees of progress. He and I were friends to his grave. He helped me much to unfold the truths of this science. Had he lived today, he would be my helper in the flesh, but while he lived he aided me to oil the wheels of progress.

When I began to prove my work by actual results in Mother Ivie's hotel, a good-hearted man of sense named Charley Chinn rented to me a full suit of rooms over his store, though he knew I had no money. Judge Linder, who knew me from a boy, came to me and said: "I will stay with you and help you for six months, for I see truth all over your philosophy." He stayed through the summer, and did well. He

had mines of silver in Arizona, and left for them. I never saw him again, but I remember his strong arm and good advice, and will love him with my last breath.

Charlie Chinn acted the man, and while I was with him, although he was a "*Campbellite*," I felt as if I was at a good old Methodist love-feast.

He always had something good to say that would cheer me up in my gloomiest hours. He would pat me on the back and say, "Shout on, brother, one day you will outride the storm." He never said, "Your rent is due, I must have my pay or possession of my rooms." He proved himself the kind of a man to tie to. I tied to him, and he got all the money I owed him, but the debt of gratitude I can never pay, unless I take the benefit of the bankrupt law, and I am opposed to that, for it never pays debts. So I will ever let the debt hang over me, paying a little at a time, and leaving the remainder for my children to settle when I am gone.

Early in my career at Kirksville I met Robert Harris, one of the best men I have seen since our banner felt the breezes. He was a mechanic, machinist, and an ex-government gunsmith. I spent hours, days, months, and years with him, —in fact all the time I could spare. When I

wanted to talk of man as a machine containing all the varied parts and principles of life in man, and the wisdom of God in His work as found, and how beautifully all worked together, he reasoned that man was the machine of all machines, and all others were only imitations of the parts and principles found in him. The ability of God was to do work to a finish. I asked my friend Mr. Harris why man was so slow to see and adopt a truth when brought to him, and I shall never forget his answer. It was not a wordy harangue of Greek, Hebrew, French, and Latin adjectives, but plain and sensible.

"Man naturally fears that which he does not understand. He does not understand life nor death, therefore he dreads to think or talk on such subjects." He ended with, "Only few men allow themselves to think outside of popular ruts." That was the phrase of all phrases which gave me comfort and support when men rejected the truth and did not accept it. Some men are by truth like a Texas steer is by corn; he dreads to go near it because he does not understand it. They say: "Don't expect too much of a man, for many cannot think till they evolute some."

After a while I found a few beginning to think,

and from 1875 the change has been beyond all dreams or realities. To-day Kirksville has a population of eight thousand, among whom none are so blind but that they can see that Osteopathy has come to dwell and bless with all other great truths throughout all ages.

Among the many interesting cases of my early experience was a little boy who had no use of his legs or hips. He was about four years old. His mother (Mrs. Truit) carried him to me for six months in her arms to be treated for his helpless limbs. On examination I found a spine imperfect in form, as I thought from my knowledge of the spine at that time. I proceeded to articulate vertebræ as best I could, during each two weeks for six months. The mother showed that grit which no one but a mother can. All summer she carried him to me, a distance of four miles through the hot timber. His father was sceptical on new ways, and never helped his wife try to restore the boy, because some old gimlet-eyed blatherskite had told him that Still was a crazy crank, and could do the boy no good. At the end of six months the family moved West, and I heard no more from the boy for ten years. Then came the news of the father's death, also that the poor little fellow had grown to a man of

one hundred and sixty pounds. He was running a farm, and supporting his angel-hearted mother as a reward for her life-and-death struggle through hot and cold to save him from a hopeless cripple.

The story was so marvelous that I could hardly have believed it had I not seen marked signs of improvement in his spine before he left.

In course of time I had work enough to feed my wife and babies and pay house-rent. All went fairly well until the fall of 1876. I had a severe spell of typhoid fever from September until June of 1877. I was very feeble and not able to work half the time. By this time I was growing very weak financially. Times set in very hard, and it was nip and tuck for my boys and I to keep even with home demands. In 1880 I went to Wadesburgh, Henry County, Mo. I began there to prove my work. I treated at Clinton, Holden, Harrisonville, and other places until about 1886. In that year I made visits to Hannibal, Palmyra, Rich Hill, Kansas City, and other places. Finally work became so plentiful I decided I must remain at some one place and let the patients come to me. So in 1887 I gave up traveling and remained in Kirksville, Adair

County, Mo., to teach and treat and build up an institution of which I shall speak later on.

I will conclude this chapter with an amusing scientific incident which occurred in Macon County.

While in Macon city, during one of the public affairs of the seventies, when a large and enthusiastic convention was about to assemble to tell the existing faults of a Republican administration and to turn the rascals out and turn more rascals in, one good, honest-looking old blacksmith smilingly approached me and said:

"Let us go in the saloon and have something to take!" He was in his shirt-sleeves, with an abdomen as large as a full moon hung to him, from which I thought he had had too much "to take." In a joking way I exposed about a half-acre of his abdomen on the public street before hundreds of people, and said:

"My dear friend, I have power on earth and in heaven. I am acquainted with the living men and angels, male and female, and your mother says for me to snatch you away from these whisky hells!" I put my hand upon his abdomen, punched, snatched, and scratched, and told the old gentleman that, "From this day on whisky will make you sick. It will make you

vomit whenever you smell of it. If you think I lie, go stick your nose in that saloon, and come back to me." In a few minutes he returned, and said that he got the smell of the beer and whisky, and he began to turn sick at the stomach. He didn't want to stay any longer for fear he would throw up. I watched his conduct for a period of seven years, at which time he died, having never tasted whisky from the time I told him I knew all about devils, life, and death, and he always thanked me for rescuing him from drunkenness. He made an effort to pass the saloons three times a day, which he had entered and spent sixty cents daily for over twenty years, according to his own statement. His wife being a Christian woman, on learning that I was the man who

I PUT MY HAND UPON HIS ABDOMEN.

saved her husband from drunkenness, whenever she met me greeted me with, "God bless Brother Still!"

I had no object in view when I pow-wowed the old gentleman, punched and twisted his abdomen, and told him of the awful ending of the sot, except a little street fun. What I considered nonsensical and foolish had the effect to make a sober man of him, and saved sixty cents each day out of his daily labor for his good wife to apply in the necessaries and comforts of life. I never told the old man nor his wife that all that pow-wow was simply a little nonsense, because I saw they both believed I was a heavenly messenger, and through me the angels had saved her husband. Some other ladies brought a doctor to me. One held to each arm, trying to beguile him into entering my brother's house. He said:

"Not much, Sally Jane; you are not going to get Still to hoodoo me, for I like my whisky too well; you can't come it!"

The doctor was so thoroughly convinced from the case that I had talked out of his whisky, that he was afraid to take the remedy, and ran off. Had the ladies warned me of their intention, I would have been prepared to run the rabbit's

foot on the doctor. From all the varied expressions of his face and eyes he fully believed if I got hold of him the love of whisky would forever depart. Suppose I had relieved this doctor of this thirst for whisky, fixed a few more, and had got something like a popular craze among the doctors to be treated for the whisky habit, how many hundred thousands would I have to punch and spank and scratch each year? I only judge that they would amount to hundreds of thousands from the fact that those whom I had met, not over ten per cent. could say they had neither bottle nor jug round their office with decoctions for their stomachs' sake.

One case of drunkenness I treated medically. I had some good old-fashioned volatile liniment in which hartshorn and sweet oil were the chief ingredients. I was walking along with a bottle of this liniment in my hand, to treat a patient for a bruise or sprain, and met an old acquaintance addicted to getting tipsy, as he called it. He was sober enough himself, but his legs were on a big bender. He told me he had a very bad headache. I assured him my liniment would cure everything, headache and all. He took off his hat in the street, and told me to pour on some, and "lots of the truck." I uncorked my

ınd began to pour it on top of his head.
d about a tablespoonful or more; it ran
ıis hair, over his forehead, and into his
He got out his handkerchief and I got
ɔoth wiping his face and eyes. He said
d was on fire, and his eyes burning out.
red water and soap and washed off the
ıt. By the time his face was washed and
ıe was very sober, and has never been
since. I would recommend to all ladies
husbands get drunk and talk too loud, to
the tops of their heads with volatile lini-
ınd not wash it off too quick. If they
t drunk again, which they are not likely
just grease them once more for their
hs' sake. This liniment will cost fifty

CHAPTER X.

Reflections on the Seventies—Choosing a Path in Life—What Life Is—Anxiety to Leave It—Child's Pluck—The Brain the Only Hope—The Widow's Trials—Brain Triumphant —The Greatest Legacy Energy.

I OFTEN think of those trying yet interesting days of the seventies and eighties. Questions like this sometimes arose: If a man can choose the road he has to travel during life, why does he get into so many that he regrets having taken? Many of these roads have the appearance of paths of pleasure, peace, and plenty before one starts. All inducements seem to stand in sight, wooing the unthinking to come on, and the novice feels that this road is the one which will lead to rest, wisdom and pastures great enough to supply all that mortal life can crave.

Days and years may come and go, seeming to show us trees loaded with ripe fruit and heaven's perfume, blending with this life and inviting us to lay down our bundles of care and feast forever. But to-morrow comes with facts written by the red ink of defeat, opens all along the whole line, attacks and cuts down the green trees of hope, to

decay in sight of the one whose hopes are blasted. Cyclones of fire pass all over the shade trees of hope, tear them up by their roots and pile them in heaps of ruin to ever remind us that the road we have traveled only leads to defeat, and that life is but a succession of failures. We are left to dwell for years under the dark cloud without even a visible star to cheer us on our tiresome journey of misery. Not even the feeble flash of a firefly tells us that such a thing as light exists. We look for friends in vain. We pray, trust, and cry, but no bread nor pillows of rest come. We throw high in the air the rockets of distress, but no mortal friend sees the signs of misery. We feel that death is the only friend left, and would gladly give it an open-armed welcome, but the cries of our children call a halt to such a thought, and the deadly drug and knife of the suicide are cast into the fire. I have long thought I might at some time be called to stop my useless life of misery and hours of lamentations.

With trembling gait my wife came to my side and said: "Look at our little boy of ten summers. He has brought us word that he has found a pay job for a month. He went alone and found the work." I listened to his little story, and when

he said he hunted and hunted all alone till he found work, like a flash of lightning I saw hope and joy perched on a stone, with all that man could hope or wish for.

I saw the brain of a man of success on a dish and a great golden plate or banner floating to the breeze. At the top of the plate I saw a picture of a man's brain—not his brother's brain, nor his doctor's brain, nor his preacher's brain, nor the brain of a general, nor was it the brains of a rich uncle, but the brain of a man who had been used to success in all things, and the words of the inscription said: "This is of no use to others, it is no better than others only in one way, he had the courage to use it and let all others alone."

I arose from my couch of despondency on which I had lain and starved for almost an age. I washed my face—not your face, nor the face of my well-to-do neighbor, but the face God gave to me. I washed my eyes and used them for myself, saw for myself and self only. I kept my eyes fixed on the stone that had the emblem of success cut in raised letters on the face of the great monument business victories, of all times and ages.

I learned the lesson and it was the most valu-

able lesson of my life, that one's brain is his only reliance. It is a judge that will give a carefully studied opinion to me. It is the judge that God sends to sit on the great throne of reason, and He has given a judge to suit the case. I felt to ask but one question: "Is God capable of selecting a judge that is fully competent to conduct the suits of all women and men, and advise how to succeed in making a good comfortable support for those who have a just claim to depend on Him? If the answer should be no, and true, then we have proven that God is not perfect in His plans, nor capable to select competent officers to preside over the various courts of life. Then we have discovered why man fails so often in business undertakings.

Another question arises: Has man treated the judge with kindly respect, and acted on his advice, or has he run after other gods and ignored his best and only friend—his own brain, which is the compass and quadrant for his vessel, that shall land him in the bosom of mother Nature who is ever full of love, success, and happiness?

Just see the legacy a poor man leaves when he dies. No money nor friends to care for his dear little helpless ragged babies, his wife and aged mother. Not even a house to shelter them from

the winter storm. No money to pay for coffin nor the winding-sheet of death. But his wife, the faithful friend, says:

"I will do all I can. We will live somehow, pa, even after you are gone. I will keep the children some way. Don't let that worry you," is her consoling words, till his heart has settled down to eternal silence.

She begins to plan and arrange to make good her promise, given during the last breaths of her dying husband. Her first effort is cleaning and renovating the little smoked hut, hovel, or house in which he died.

As she feels the pangs and hears the cries of hunger coming from the mouths of her four little helpless children, and groans and sobs of the dead man's mother, she rouses herself to superhuman energy, and on her own back bears to the rag merchant the greater part of the ragged apparel which the children could wear a few weeks longer. But hunger shows no quarters, it must be subdued in some manner or death will follow in its trail. While she carries this bundle to the merchant, knowing she would obtain but a few cents, choking sobs stifle her sighs. She utters no groans at the thought of the burden she has to bear. She does not look to friends for help;

she has tried it, and knows it is useless. She has long since learned the one important lesson, that her brain is her only store, and from it must the milk and her supplies be drawn.

Like a hero of many successful battles, she buckles around her the belt of energy, enlists in this fight. With the string of thought ties all her children together and their grandmother, then takes the other end of that string, ties it to her heart, assuring infant and the aged that she will feed, clothe, and shelter them or die in the ditch of energy, not the ditch of despair. She says:

"Ma, take care of the babies while I go out for work!" Then sallies out on the errand of mercy, not a cent in her pocket, nor a friend on the earth to whom she can look for any assistance. Not even the minister, whose Sunday hat never failed to receive contributions for the poor and missionary purposes from her own and husband's scanty earnings, deigns to come to her starving hovel.

She goes into the world willing to do anything, wash, milk cows, clean houses, work in gardens, clean slaughter-houses, or anything honorable that offers a morsel of bread for her children. All the day and half of the night she

dashes into all kinds of work, and by her untiring energy and honest labor catches the eye and confidence of some good-hearted person, who hastens to her rescue with such questions as:

"How many are depending on your labor for support?" to which she answers:

"My husband's mother and four little children."

"How old is the eldest?"

"My eldest is a girl of nine summers, the next a boy of seven, then a girl and boy of five and three years of age."

"Can grandma do anything?"

"Yes, she can piece plain quilts, patch clothing, and such work."

"Could your little girl rock a cradle and tend baby?"

"Oh, yes."

"What can you do outside of drudgery and hard labor?"

"I can do anything that the brain of woman may conceive, from the Greek verb to the sausage-grinder. I have traveled the whole journey of the classics, painting, drawing, music, poetry, and all the painter's brush will accomplish and throw upon me by the love and wealth of a once

well-to-do father, who is reduced by misfortune to want."

At this the inquirer addresses her in Greek; she answered him in Greek. He consoled her in Latin; she returned her gratitude in the same language. Though poorly clad, she performed upon his piano and played to his satisfaction every air and melody he requested. The test was to know if she was a woman of truth, and was what she said she was, and capable of filling all stations from the Greek verb to the sausage-mill.

Like a loving father he handed her a draft, which his ready hand and willing heart executed for one thousand dollars, saying:

"My dear lady, truth is my God, and merit shall be rewarded. This is my mite for the winter which you are now entering, and I hope it will do something toward keeping you and yours warm and healthy until spring shall appear, at which time I hope something far better will unfold to enable you to make a living for yourself and your dependent ones."

You can see what her brain alone had done for her. It was her friend in time of need.

Who would ask a greater legacy than the energy and confidence which God has given us?

We need just such minds, and if we use them honestly they will yield an hundredfold.

In this picture I try to illustrate the truths of real life, drawing freely on scenes which I have seen in my struggle to unfold a truth that is bound to live with all coming ages.

I have seen all the roads, cyclones, and the red ink of trouble and dark days of grief, until death contained no terrors for me. But my little child Osteopathy came to me and said:

"Dear father, you must not cry nor feel that all hope is gone, and you will be buried by the hands of charity. You fed me when I was but a babe, and I will feed you as I am the child of your brain. I feel that you have a right to a pension of plenty; you have served in this war, in all ranks from private to general, and I wish your name placed on the retired list."

CHAPTER XI.

Working Alone—Success—The Pile Doctor and Lightning-Rod Peddler—Dr. William Smith Comes to Investigate—The Lesson in Electricity—Motor and Sensory—What is Fever?—Dr. Smith a Convert—The Success of Lady Osteopaths—Especially Excellent in Obstetrics—Diseases of the Season—The Allegory of Joshua—Basic Principles—The Too-much-talk Man—Charter of the American School of Osteopathy.

I WORKED alone with my investigation until about 1892, with such help as my four sons could give, treating many kinds of diseases, and heard much talk, good and bad, for and against the new method of curing the afflicted. Paying no attention to comments, I did the work, which was all I tried to do or thought of doing. The results were far better than I had ever dreamed or reasoned I could obtain. People came in great numbers to me to be treated, and my practice yielded me quite a little sum of money. I made appointments for a week or longer in small towns. While in Nevada, Missouri, a man asked if his son could go with me and "ketch on," as he termed it. I told him it would cost him one hundred dollars to get me to be bored with him

or any other person. He said his son was wild to learn something of this method of curing disease. The young man had been traveling from place to place, treating piles with some kind of ointment he had purchased. His education was very limited, and in fact he was ignorant of the human body. I told him he must get Gray's anatomy, begin with the bones, and complete a knowledge of anatomy before he could be of any help to me. He said he thought it was a gift I had, and believed he had the same powers to heal. I told him it was a gift of hard study, of all my life, and the result of brain-work put in on standard authors of anatomy. But he was determined to study the art of healing, and I began to pound his head with Osteopathy. It was not quite as hard as a bull's, for in about twelve months I got a few ideas in his untrained mind, after which he began to travel with me. He was a blank to begin with, but in the course of time I made him a fairly good operator, and I am happy to state he is still improving. My next pupil was a lightning-rod peddler whom I had cured of asthma. He too became wild to go with me and study. He was very ignorant, but so thankful for his cure of asthma that he was willing to learn the "Great Science" if I would

take his promise to pay me one hundred dollars some time. I took his promise (still have it) and fed himself, wife, father, and mother-in-law for several months or a year. He left me after a year or two and entered a medical school, and knows but little about either system.

Like Paul, I tried all things, good and bad, till a few months passed by, when Dr. William Smith, of Edinburgh, Scotland, came to my house to talk with me and learn something of the laws of cures, by which I had and was curing diseases on which medicine in all ages had failed. The conversation was as follows:

"I presume you are the famous Dr. Still I have heard so much about all over the State of Missouri. I am a graduate of medicine of seven years in Edinburgh, Scotland. I am now selling surgical and scientific instruments for Aloe & Co., of St. Louis. I have visited about seven hundred doctors in Missouri, and I hear of you and Osteopathy everywhere I go, and since I landed in this town it is all the talk. I tried to learn something of it from the doctors here, but they could not tell me a word about it. I thought very strange of the doctors not knowing anything of a system of remedies that was being used in their own town for five or six

years, with reports all over the State of its wonderful cures in fevers, flux, measles, mumps, fits, childbirth without pain, taking off goitres, pneumonia, sore eyes, asthma; and, in fact, I have been told you can cure by this system any of the fevers or diseases of the climate. As I have supplied all the doctors of this town with surgical cutlery, they requested me to come to you and investigate your method. I thought it but honorable to tell you I was a doctor of medicine of seven years' drill in Edinburgh, Scotland. The ones who sent me told me not to tell you that I was a doctor or you would not talk to me."

I had met Dr. Smith in my dooryard close to a pole, that had two wires running from it to other poles with connecting wires switching off to my house, and others in the neighborhood.

I began to try to answer the doctor's questions of how and why I could cure diseases by this method. Looking at the pole that supported the two wires just spoken of, I said, as he was so frank as to tell me of the many years he had spent in the University of Edinburgh, and that he had seen the Queen of England, the ocean, and many things I had not, I felt that I too must be frank and tell him that I was but an ignorant man who had spent all my life in the West.

I did not wish to take any advantage of him and tell him I was a philosopher and my father was a preacher, and I was going to run for Congress, and lots more that my brothers and I would do; but determined to just be honest with him, and tell him I was ignorant, and trying to study what use those two wires were in electricity. He let out and told me he could tell me all about it, having had a practical knowledge of electricity. He explained if I would just take the trouble to follow those wires I would find the other ends in separate jars or vats, in which I would find two kinds of chemicals containing different elements, the positive and negative forces in electricity.

As soon as the engine was fired up and put in motion the opposing qualities came together with such great rapidity that endless explosion was the result as long as the engine kept up its action; concluding with:

"Thus you have the electric lights. You will find powerful fluids, acids, and all the ingredients necessary to generate electricity in the vats."

At this point of his kind explanations I asked him how many kinds of nerves were in man, to which question he kindly told me two, the motor and sensory.

"Where is man's powers of action, and where is the power generated?" He said the brain had two lobes, and was the dynamo.

"Well, where is the engine?"

"The heart is the most perfect of all engines known."

"What runs the heart, doctor?"

"I suppose the spirit of life runs it."

"Is it voluntary in its action, doctor?"

"It is involuntary and runs by life's forces."

"Perhaps some electricity helps to run the heart, don't it?"

"Well, I must say," said the doctor, "the actions and whys of animal life are not fully understood yet. There is much to be learned about life's action."

Then I asked my new friend late from Scotland and St. Louis, and much later from a doctor's office, where he had filled up with beer before he started to see the greatest humbug of all centuries, what effect a cake of soap would have on an electric battery if one should be put in the jars of fluids? The doctor snapped his black eyes and said:

"It would play h—l with it."

"Well, doctor, I have another question I would like to ask you." He kindly said:

"Certainly, I will answer any and all questions you may wish to ask if I can."

As I had learned that a cake of soap would play the dickens with an electric battery, I proceeded to ask him what effect two quarts of beer would have on the sensory and motor nerves of a man if you poured it into his stomach or electric jar? The doctor hesitated for a minute, and said:

"It would make a d—d fool of him," and then added: "Darn your ignorance of electricity."

I asked him what fever was? He said that depended on what kind of fever I wanted to know about. I asked him if there was more than one kind of fever, as I knew nothing of but one kind of heat. He went on and told me of typhoid-bilious, scarlet fever, and had a plenty of fevers, but my ignorance had been so dense as to not let me see but one kind of heat in all nature, which was the result of electricity in motion, its intensity only marking the degrees of its actions.

I gave it as my view that all kinds of nerves had centres from which all necessary nerves branched off and supplied all forces for blood vessels, muscles, and other parts of the body, and plainly told him to get out of the old ruts of

ignorance with nothing but pills and stupidity behind it. I asked him to think what effect we would get if we should cut the vasomotor nerves in two.

"Could the blood vessels act to force blood through the body and keep life in motion, or should we cut a motor nerve of a limb, could it move? If not, what would you expect if you ligate a limb so tightly as to cut off nerve supply? Would you expect that limb to be able to move? If not, would you not get a similar effect on the heart or lungs by interfering with the sensory ganglion at any point between the brain and heart? If so, why not suspend sensation and stop excitement of heart and slacken the velocity of blood that was simply obeying the mandates of electricity that had charge of the motor nerves, causing by its too great action the heat which you call fever in all diseases. Do you not address all your remedies or drugs to the nerves that control the blood and other fluids of the body?"

I gave the doctor a few hows and whys by placing my fingers on the nerves that govern the blood of the bowels and brain.

At this time he said: "You have discovered that which all philosophers have sought and

to find for two thousand years," add-

m no fool, and as a doctor of medicine I
ead all history and know such was never
before. Your town has a lot of medical
who are as dumb as asses, to be within
cks of you for five years and not know the
of the science you have unfolded here
heir noses."

now remember, the doctor's visit to me
June or July, and after spending nearly
afternoon in friendly discussion on the
he asked to come back that evening. In
ning conversation, we talked of teaching
l school that winter in anatomy, as I
my sons to get a good knowledge of the
I realized that the doctor was fully

while those who failed to complete the study are failures. I have learned that if a student is allowed to go into the clinics and operating rooms before he masters anatomy, he gets cures mixed with an imperfect knowledge of the machine he tries to adjust. I know this to be true, because I took the class after Dr. Smith had stopped, with the study of the bones of the body and muscles of the arm and leg only. I could get a few ideas in their heads when I talked about a leg or arm, but could advance them no further.

This imperfect knowledge created a desire to go into the world as cure-alls and know-alls, who want to say and write all and much more than is in Osteopathy.

I had never taught nor had I intended to teach the science, but I wanted my sons and daughter to study anatomy and receive a drill from a competent instructor, as I believed Dr. William Smith to be at that time.

Since then he has satisfied me that he is the best living anatomist on earth, his head and scalpel prove that he is as good as the best of any medical college of Europe or America. Since leaving Edinburgh, he has studied and dissected to the extent of the demands of Osteopathy for four years, which makes at least two years

further in its qualification for the purpose of remedies. Thus I feel safe in saying that Dr. Smith is to-day the wisest living anatomist on the globe, and will await the successful refutation of the assertion.

It took much cut and try to start without a dollar or friend who had any knowledge of the science I was trying to unfold, and mountains of prejudice to overcome. But I rather liked that, for the fun there was in it. I have often put my foot on the tail of my sleeping cat or pup, and pressed just hard enough to make them growl; they did the growling and I got the fun, so the growling of my opponents has been food for enjoyment.

WILLIAM SMITH, M.D., D.O.

I have left the lady portion of my classes for the last of this narrative, as there were no sloths among them, and all could speak for themselves if necessary. As justice should never forget merit, I will say that all the ladies who have been

students in the classes of my school, from its infancy to a large and well-finished college of eighty finely furnished rooms, to the perfection that is up to date and is prepared to teach all branches to a first-class collegiate Osteopathic education, with a thorough knowledge of all that is taught in medical colleges to date, have fully vindicated their gender as instructors, in the classes of the clinics, and general instruction. They have shown their skill and ability in sick-rooms, and in successfully treating and curing the diseases peculiar to the seasons of the year. They have proven their ability in obstetrics by their successes. They have universally, safely, delivered child and mother without laceration to the mother, or the use of forceps on the child; which is the cause of so many fools and idiots among children of to-day.

It is natural to suppose that the ladies will go deeper into the laws of parturition than man ever goes. They know it falls to their lot to bear all the suffering and lacerations; therefore it is reasonable to suppose, for the sake of their sex, they will continue the study of the laws of parturition to a comprehensive and practical knowledge of all the principles belonging to this branch of Osteopathy.

To me they have proven that if man is the head of the family, his claim to superiority must be in the strength of his muscles and not the brain.

The women have done well in the classes, clinics, and practice, and are as well worthy diplomas as any gentleman who ever entered the portals of the American School of Osteopathy.

I will try and give the reader some history of the luck and successes or ability of nature to repair itself when prostrated by heat, cold, fatigue, jars, strains, and many causes that add to the chances to be overcome by the extremes of each of the four seasons of the year, and illustrate the thought by the following allegory.

I am at some loss to know where to start, but as we must start somewhere, will begin with winter, which follows the fall season, the time of some of the hardest labors of the year. Men and women receive some of the worst strains of the whole year to their systems while building barns, cribs, and housing fruit, which is usually very straining on the spine and limbs. Owing to the bracing weather of the fall season, with all nerves, muscles, and parts of the body, many of those hurts and strains do not get us down at the time we receive them. So we go on, and on, and

still keep on foot, up and around till winter throws her chilling blasts on our partially disabled bodies from strains received in the preceding season. These hurts and strains have disabled our resisting forces so much that we are unable to withstand the winter storms. First there is a complaint of feeling tired, aching of bones, back and head, till we have a chill. "Pleurisy and pneumonia." Then we are off for the doctor and preacher. War on life is declared, and as a chaplain is necessary when pills, whisky, and blisters fail, we just bring the Reverend along at first, for we know that pneumonia will kill just as many or more with the doctor's help as without.

With all this knowledge of forty years' observation, I with some misgivings turned my boy, the Joshua of Osteopathy, loose, and told him to go into the fight and help that feeble woman out of misery, and restore her to her loved ones from that monster, pleuro-pneumonia.

"You, like Joshua of old, must command the sun and moon of death to stand, and they will stand, if you know how to command the army of victories."

Joshua answered: "Well, pa, I will try, and report to-morrow how Osteopathy succeeds with

pneumonia." So this little fellow ran to the lady's bedside and got Pneumonia by the arm, and said: "Why are you torturing this poor little woman?" Pneumonia grinned at Joshua, and answered:

"I will torture her as much as I please, and you can't save her from a single pain, you saucy little pup." Josh put his finger on the sensory nerves and told him to go on with his pain, if he could.

He said: "How can I give her misery if you don't let me have the nerves to do it with?" and left in disgust at Joshua's actions.

Joshua said to Pneumonia: "All things are fair in war; you had to stop and I saved the little woman." The thankful invalid said she would bake Joshua a pie when she was well enough.

Just as she made this promise a woman ran to the door and called for Dr. Joshua, saying she had four children and her father all in bed with side pleurisy. Joshua ran over with hat and coat left behind, and boxed right and left and punched until old Pleurisy fled, leaving all in the boy's hands as trophies to the flag he fought under, for winter diseases.

Oh, how he made measles, diphtheria, scarlet

fever, and all those things emigrate and quit playing the she-bear among the children!

Josh said to Diphtheria:

"I want you to stop annoying those little children, for they must go to school, so no more of your meddling with them." Old Dip said: "I will give him a dose that will tame his courage," and by ten o'clock Joshua was called twenty times to the sick. Old Dip had got the babies down, held them, and was choking them until their tongues lolled out, and said, "Let that boy put them back if he can."

By this time Joshua got his promised pie and was eating slowly, but as soon as he heard that old Dip was choking the babies he was in a moment on his bicycle, and ringing his bell at all crossings, until the battlefield was reached, where he soon had all tongues back in their mouths, and told their mas to bake them pies just like the one he swallowed, in chunks half as big as Hawaii.

Next three great big giants met Joshua, and he asked them where they were going. They said they were going to kill three little boys and two girls. Joshua said:

"Give me your names, please, for I will have to report you to the authorities."

The meanest one said, "My name is Scarlet Fever; I live on little blue-eyed, fair-skinned children."

Another savage, red-faced old veteran of thousands of successful fights said: "My name is Measles; I am a cannibal, and eat human flesh and much of it; but eat only in the spring and fall seasons. I will begin to eat young and old, negroes and all, in about two weeks."

The third said: "My name is Mumps, and I eat all ages and sexes, white and black; and we three have come to have some fun with Joshua."

Four little boys and girls with their grandpa walked in sight, each one having a nice pie, and grandpa had some boiled ham, bread, coffee, and onions for Joshua. He thanked the dear little people who had been so nearly choked to death by old "Dip," and before you could say scat! all four of the happy little creatures had their arms around Joshua's neck, and hugged and kissed him till he could hardly eat the pie and onions.

A pretty little girl said: "Dr. Joshua, do you love to eat pie?"

"Yes, dear, and if you little fellows will stand aside I will show you how quick I can eat two pies, a ham of meat, two onions, and drink four cups of coffee." Joshua began and ate four pies,

"MY NAME IS SCARLET FEVER; I LIVE ON LITTLE BLUE-EYED, FAIR-SKINNED CHILDREN."

six onions, a ham of meat, and drank sixteen more cups of coffee, at which a timid little girl said:

"Oh, my! didn't he eat them awful quick?"

To which grandpap said: "He did, but not as quick as he poked your tongue back by Osteopathy."

A little girl was suggesting more embraces and pies, when a man pushed open the door and said:

"Old Mumps is getting in some mighty bad work on Dr. Neil's son." Dr. Neil was an M.D. of great skill, and Mumps had decided to have some fun out of the Scotch doctor by seeing him poultice and dose the child. The messenger asked if Dr. Joshua was present. "Yes," the four little girls answered at the same time, and grandpa added, "This is Joshua, D.O."

"Dr. Neil wants your assistance, and sent for you to come with me to see his son." Joshua told his guests he would be back in thirty minutes.

Mounting his whizzing bicycle, he was off like a dart for a trip of a mile, saw the boy, and threw out a peck of poultices and slops, piled all over and around him, and said:

"Doctor, please stand aside until I loosen the

breaks which have stopped the lymphatics of the parotid glands"; and before the old Mumps knew what Joshua was doing, he had full possession of all the nerves, glands, and blood supply, and left the boy safe and the mumps subdued.

Old Mumps gave Joshua thirty cases, believing some of them would put him to flight, but all to no avail. He captured their flags in every fight.

After a little while Measles and Scarlet Fever said:

"We will join forces and make a combined attack on the little boys and girls, and their mothers too. Then he won't brag and eat pies. We will wait until Sunday, and seize six or eight at once. These cases will be in rich families, where they believe in medicine, and whon Dr. Josh comes the invalids will be stuffed with drugs, for old Dr. Jones don't know when to quit piling them in, and as Dr. Josh don't know anything about drugs, we will see him scratch his head."

Sunday morning came, and Joshua shaved, slicked up, and dressed to go to church, as he had promised the little fellows. All were seated, and Mumps and Measles prepared for the attack. About 9 A.M. they began to swell eyes and throats badly, scoring three cases of measles and

five of scarlet fever. An Irishman named Pat, who was on the outside of a half-pint of poor whisky, was sent to the church with orders to go up to the pulpit and request the minister to call for Dr. Joshua, and to allow nothing to hinder him from getting that doctor. Pat rushed in, pushed the sexton over two or three seats, and when he reached the pulpit the minister was at prayer. Pat whispered:

"Mr. Preacher, could you ax for Dr. Joshua for me?" The minister made no answer, which enraged Pat, who felt that it was a case of life and death, and he must have Dr. Joshua. Then Pat boxed his ears, and said: "Ye old blatherskite, did ye hear me? I want ye t' stop yere blatherin' and ax for Dr. Joshua."

Joshua was pointed out to Pat, and he took him and hurried back to where Measles and Scarlet Fever were getting in their work. He had all cases sound and well long before the minister's ears quit ringing from Pat's boxings. Measles and Scarlet Fever lost their flags again, and did not get the laugh on Joshua for his ignorance and failures, even when Measles and Scarlet Fever combined with systems full of drugs made the attack. By this time spring diseases had failed to baffle Joshua, and he was ready to

play with the little girls and enjoy the flowers of summer.

The flux began to sicken a few babies and others, and Joshua said to the mothers, do this, and that, and flux cannot kill your little ones. Having followed my son Joshua through all four seasons of the year, and never known his flag lowered in defeat, I will end the allegory at this point. He believes and fights under the flag that nature wove for man when he was placed on earth. It is the law of God given to man to heal the sick.

Basic principles must at all time precede each philosophical conclusion. Thus you have a center, and with a string you can draw a circle, inside of which all evidences of the truth you wish to establish may be found.

A truth is like a machine made for a purpose. All parts must be in place, and power applied to suit, or that machine fails to perform the service for which it is designed, and the object is lost, if this is not done; your work proves your standpoint of reason is cloudy, and so far is a failure.

In this area of reason, you have a circle that contains only supposable facts. They are still in some doubt, and wait to be tested as suitable evidences to be taken and placed on record.

You must remember you are now before the supreme court of reason, and no pettifogging will be allowed. You had better get your truth at once, or drop the hope of being a philosopher You had as well hope to be an eagle as to try to get truth established and not select all evidences belonging to the case. Put them together, steam up, apply the power of test to all parts, and leave out any part not found up to the standard sought.

Never allow your eye for a moment to be taken from the "platinum cup" which contains acids that eat out all substances that do not stand on the everlasting rocks of truth.

If this be your rock of reason, your success is assured forever, otherwise you will never fail in getting disappointed every day of your life, because of your sieve not being a good separator.

You find all men are successes or failures. Success is the stamp of truth. I will say all men who fail to place their feet on the dome of facts do so by not sieving all truth and throwing the faulty to one side. Do one thing well and let the rest alone. Did you ever see a coon climb two trees at one time? If he did he would be

like a man who had his head in many kinds of business at the same time, and fails because he cannot climb but one tree at a time.

He is not the man to put at the head of your business. He has too many ideas, and may do for you as he has for himself, prove he has failed, fall, and pull you down too.

DID YOU EVER SEE A COON CLIMB TWO TREES AT ONE TIME?

Another kind of danger stands in the background, a too-much-talk man; he talks continually and thinks but little. "Wind" and wisdom never blend. Let him alone at the start or you will repent in the end. He talks for his own self, and to you the lie will appear sooner or later. Look out for *gab*, my sons and neighbors.

I will conclude this chapter with the present charter of the American School of Osteopathy, and the records of the institution on file at Jefferson City, Mo., and with the circuit clerk of Kirksville, Adair County, Mo.

STATE OF MISSOURI. }
DEPARTMENT OF STATE. }

I, Alexander A. Lesueur, Secretary of State of the State of Missouri, hereby certify that the annexed pages contain a full, true, and complete copy of the articles of association or agreement, in writing, of "THE AMERICAN SCHOOL OF OSTEOPATHY," with the several certificates thereon filed October 30th, 1894, as the same appears on file, as the law directs, in this office.

In testimony whereof, I hereunto set my hand and affix the Great Seal of the State of Missouri. Done at office, in the City of Jefferson, this 30th day of October, A.D. 1894.

[SEAL] A. A. LESUEUR,
Secretary of State.

CONSTITUTION.

Article I.—The name and style of this corporation shall be "The American School of Osteopathy," and shall be located in the City of Kirksville, in the County of Adair, and State of Missouri.

Article II.—The officers of this corporation shall be a president and such other officers as the trustees shall from time to time deem necessary and appoint.

Article III.—The object of this corporation is to establish a College of Osteopathy, the design of which is to improve our present system of surgery, obstetrics, and treatment of diseases generally, and place the same on a more rational and scientific basis, and to impart information to the medical profession, and to grant and confer such honors and degrees as are usually granted and conferred by reputable medical colleges; to issue diplomas in testimony of the same to all students graduating from said school under the seal of the corporation, with the signature of each member of the faculty and of the president of the College.

Article IV.—That the corporate powers of said College shall be vested in a Board of Trustees, to consist of a number not less than five nor more than thirteen, and that the president of the board shall be ex-officio president of the College; which board shall have perpetual succession, with powers from time to time to fill all vacancies in their body, and that A. T. Still, Harry M. Still, Charles E. Still, Herman T. Still, Thomas A. Still, and Blanche Still shall be the first members of said board, and shall have power to increase their number as hereinbefore specified.

Article V.—That the said board of trustees and their successors, for a period of fifty years,

shall have full power and authority to appoint a faculty to teach such sciences and arts as are usually taught in medical colleges, and in addition thereto, the science of Osteopathy; to fill vacancies in the faculty; to remove the same; to declare the tenures and duties of all officers and teachers, and fix their compensation therefor; to provide a suitable building and furnish the same, and to fix the amount of tuition to be charged students, the number and length of terms students shall attend such College before graduating, the qualifications necessary to admit students into said College; to grant diplomas to all graduates who shall attain an average grade of 90 per cent. on a scale of 100 per cent. in each and every branch required to be taught and studied in the curriculum of said College. All diplomas granted shall show the grade made in each branch taught; and to make all by-laws necessary for carrying into effect the objects of this corporation not inconsistent with the laws of the State of Missouri and the constitution thereof.

A. T. STILL.
HARRY M. STILL.
BLANCHE STILL.
T. A. STILL.

STATE OF MISSOURI }
COUNTY OF ADAIR } S.S.

On the 22d day of October, 1894, before me personally appeared A. T. Still, Harry M. Still,

Blanche Still, and Thomas A. Still, to me known to be the same persons described in, and who executed the foregoing instrument, and acknowledged that they executed the same as their free act and deed.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal at my office in Kirksville, Mo., the day and year first above written. My term expires May 2d, 1895.

[SEAL] H. E. PATTERSON,
Notary Public.

Filed October 22d, 1894.

A. P. HIBBS,
Circuit Clerk.

Be it remembered that at a term of the Circuit Court of Adair County, Mo., begun and held at the court-house in the City of Kirksville, in said County, on the fourth Monday in October, 1894, being the 22d day of October, there were present Hon. Andrew Ellison, Judge of the Second Judicial Circuit of Missouri; George R. Rupe, Sheriff; A. P. Hibbs, Clerk; and James B. Dodson, Prosecuting Attorney for Adair County; and on the 4th day of said term, being the 25th day of October, 1894, the following proceedings herein were had, to wit:

A. T. Still, President, *et al.* Petition for *pro forma* decree of incorporation of the American School of Osteopathy.

Now at this day the petition of A. T. Still,

President, and Harry M. Still, Charles E. Still, Herman T. Still, and Blanche Still, trustees, coming on to be heard, which petition has been on file more than three days in this court, the matters and facts all and singular are submitted to the court; and after fully examining into the matter, and hearing all the evidence adduced by the petitioners, and an examination as well of the articles of agreements and purposes of the association, the court finds and is of the opinion that such articles of agreement and the purposes of the association come properly within the purview of Article Ten, Chapter Forty-two, Revised Statutes of the State of Missouri of 1889, entitled Benevolent, Religious, Scientific, Fraternal, Beneficial, Educational, and Miscellaneous Associations, and are not inconsistent with the constitution of laws of the United States or of this State.

Wherefore this court orders, adjudges, and decrees that the foregoing findings and judgments be entered on record by the clerk of this court, and that the petitioners be adjudged entitled to the decree as prayed in their petition incorporating them under the corporate name of the American School of Osteopathy as a college with all the powers, rights, and privileges granted to such associations by virtue of Article Ten, Chapter Forty-two, Revised Statutes of the State of Missouri, 1889.

STATE OF MISSOURI } S.S.
COUNTY OF ADAIR }

I, A. P. Hibbs, clerk of the Circuit Court in and for said County, hereby certify that the above and foregoing to be a true copy of the proceedings of our said Circuit Court on the day and year above written, as the same appears of record in my office.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and affixed the seal of said court at my office in Kirksville, this the 26th day of October, 1894.

[SEAL.] A. P. HIBBS, *Clerk.*
By W. J. ASHLOCK, D.C.

Filed and copy issued, October 30th, 1894.

A. A. LESUEUR,
Secretary of State.

CHAPTER XII.

Introduction to Lectures—Honest Criticism Invited—Not a Writer of Books—Old Remedies and Death—To Study Osteopathy—Thorough Knowledge of Anatomy Essential—Woes of a Bald-Headed Doctor—The World on Trial—Judge of the Living and the Dead—The Trial Proceeds—For Twenty Thousand Years—Struggles of Nations—Soldier Under the New Flag.

In approaching a discussion of this method of healing diseases, which, for distinction, I have named "Osteopathy," I will not ask the public to be mild in their criticisms of this, my first effort as an author. I only ask of the reader to read what I have written. Go where I send you; think where I ask you to think; mark the faulty and hold to the good. This is written for future generations, not merely the present. The men and women unborn will be the jurors. The verdict to be given by the wisdom of time has much to do with my consenting, at this date of life, to take up the rôle of author. I hope all who may read after my pen will see that I am fully convinced that God, or the mind of nature, has proven His ability to plan (if plans be necessary)

and to make or furnish laws of self, without patterns, for the myriads of forms of animated beings; and to thoroughly equip them for the duties of life, with their engines and batteries of motor force all in action. Each part is fully armed for duty, empowered to select and appropriate to itself from the great laboratory of nature such forces as are needed to enable it to discharge the duties peculiar to its office in the economy of life. In short, that the all-knowing Architect has cut and numbered each part to fit its place and discharge its duties in all buildings on animal forms while the suns, stars, moons, and comets all obey the one eternal law of life and motion. With these truths in mind I will begin my discussions and lectures. I do not think I was born and sent to your planet a "book writer," but it is perhaps better that I leave small legacy than none at all.

Ever since time found place for the human race, the love of life, of self and kind has caused that grand being containing Mind, Matter, and Motion, and given in form, "and endowed with the attributes of God," which wants to live on and on forever. It has been the labor of all minds, of all nations, tongues, and races, to successfully solve the problem of ease-getting and

life-lengthening. For this purpose explorers have fathomed the oceans, dissolved the mountains, used the living and dead of the animal, mineral, and vegetable kingdoms to find that substance which would hold life in friendly relation with visible matters, that we might live to love our loved ones; and that their forms might never fade to eternal distances beyond the power of all vision, and dwell forever in the too-far-away.

Until the birth of Osteopathy, in all combats between the known remedies and disease, death has never lost a single victory when met by the wisest generals of drugs. Not a known victory for drugs stands upon record to-day, without doubt or debate. The generals of medicine have fought valiantly, but all stack arms to the black flag, that uses man's ignorance as its best ammunition. Our M.D.'s are good men. They have fought like brave soldiers, worthy of the best steel, and should be upon the pension-rolls, with a large allowance from the congress of love for the great wounds of body and mind which they have received in endeavoring to defend the merits of their claims. None but the least grateful would object to all M.D.'s having a pension for wounds received in defending their dead gen-

erals who lay gashed all over by the vultures of destruction. In my opinion, they are totally disabled from doing any kind of manual labor, and should receive full $72 per month. Just listen to them tell of the plucky fights they have sustained against such great odds. They say: "We are not whipped, but overpowered, and will fight the same enemy again at every turn with the same old war-clubs."

The reader may think our introduction to these essays or talks rather long, but it has been many thousand years coming, and naturally must be lengthy.

At first thought a treatise on disease by a "crank" does not come to the stranger with much solemnity, but as persecuted truth catches the eye of reason, a smile appears upon the face of the cool-minded thinker, who wisely asks:

"May I have a chance to investigate?" All philosophers are pleased to have such persons come, for they so seldom appear that they never become burdensome to the thinker, but are angels' food to the mind, and found where it was least expected.

I am only able to give you an experience of less than a half-century in this science. I have explored by reading and inquiry all that has

been written on kindred subjects, hoping to get something on this great law written by the ancient philosophers, but came back as empty as I started. Quite a number of years have passed since I began to test the laws of nature's God as a system of true healing principles that would give nature a chance to recapture the ports of health. Success followed my efforts in such quick succession that I was surprised to find God at His post at all times and places. His pellets of life are always full and never fail, giving more health in less time than the most exalted ideal of the most sanguine lover of nature and nature's ability to repair any and all parts of the machinery of life could hope for. Having proven to my mind that God goes into the minutiæ of all His works, I felt it a privilege if not a duty to at least make an effort to bring this science to the front as much as I can in my day, and as I understand it at the present time.

Age after age has passed, and if this science was ever known, the historians have failed to record any part of it for the use of their successors. I feel it is a debt I owe to the nineteenth century to at least begin to fill that blank by the truths of Osteopathy which have been before all centuries of the past, asking:

"And shall I travel the lonely road of another eternity, and not be noticed by man?"

As we get our knowledge by littles, we should be willing to impart by the same measure. As the reader enters the perusal of this introduction, he must not think for a moment that he will be a skilful Osteopath when he has finished reading its pages, or that he will learn anything about the inner workings of Osteopathy. I am not writing for that purpose, but offer this as an historical wedge.

To be qualified for a profession you must have a complete training by persons who understand the science thoroughly, and know how to teach it. Like the qualified diplomats of any trade or profession, an Osteopath is not made in a day or a single year. Simply standing by and seeing work done by a competent operator will not qualify you to take the responsibilities of life in your hands. You must be thoroughly acquainted with all that is meant by anatomy—not merely familiar with the names of a few bones, muscles, nerves, veins, and arteries, but you must know them all as found in the latest standard authors. You should be familiar with at least ninety per cent. of all the human body before you enter our clinics. There you are taught the use of all of

the parts and principles you have recited while in the tiresome yet entertaining books of anatomy, dissection, and physiology, during the anxious months of the schoolroom. Now you are found worthy to enter the training-rooms as an apprentice. Once in the operating-rooms, you are in a place where printed books are known no more forever. Your own native ability, with nature's book, are all that command respect in this field of labor. Here you lay aside the long words, and use your mind in deep and silent earnestness; drink deep from the eternal fountain of reason, penetrate the forests of that law whose beauties are life and death. To know all of a bone in its entirety would close both ends of an eternity.

Solemnity takes possession of the mind, a smile of love runs over the face, the ebbs and tides of the great ocean of reason, whose depths have never been fathomed, swell to your surging brain. You eat and drink; and as you stand in silent amazement, suns appear where you never saw a star, brilliant with the rays of God's wisdom, as displayed in man, and the laws of life, eternal in days, and as true as the mind of God Himself.

Our theologians are usually much better to

God than to themselves. The trees of the forest of God stand loaded, branches bending with ripe fruit, and fat squirrels of reason in all their limbs, and the tables of nature all set for the philosopher or fool to eat. But they heed not the barking of the dogs that look up the trees and bark with eyes, ears, mouth, and tail, to attract the attention of their masters. If a man would be better to himself and get more anatomy, he would enjoy more useful knowledge, and God would be as well off and more reverenced.

If this torments you, then you will be in torment, because Osteopathy has come to stay without limit of time. It has spoken to me of the human mind as it found it. The report reads:

"We have to report, most excellent master, that we have found very much dyspepsia of the head. It has found the great masses in a very bad condition; their mental stomachs are eaten full of holes; livers beaten black and blue with the rawhides of habit, the most astounding ignorance, and the unpardonable stupidity of all ages. Osteopathy gave a trial on six heads, whose digestion was in very bad condition. After a few Osteopathic treatments all appeared to do well,

until we turned out a few drops of reason of one-thousandth dilution. We carefully noted the effect. One was a bald-headed M.D., and in a week his hair was three inches long and still growing. When we gave him a hand-glass to look at himself, he went into convulsions. After they had partially subsided he began to talk like a maniac.

"My God! my God! why forsakest Thou me? Just see what them fellers have done to my head. Got my hair three inches long, and my wife itching to pull it all out again. Lord! Lord! I want to keep as far away from Osteopathy as I can, for they make hair grow, and I will have it pulled. And they stop fevers of all kinds, bowel troubles, deliver babies, cure fits, lungs, heart, and all nervous diseases without a pain or drug. How do they do all this work without drugs?" asked the new-haired M.D. in a suppressed rage.

And we gave him another small teaspoonful of the one ten-thousandth dilution of reason, and waited to see its action. In five minutes he was cold all over, and raising his hand to his head, said:

"Write my will quick, I cannot stand that last teaspoonful! My poor head will burst!"

He would not wait for his wife to pull out his hair as in the past, but pulled it out by his own hands, drove a tack in the parietal foramen, and stopped the hair again forever. He is well now, and has no more sense than his school had five hundred years ago.

The words, "no more sense than his school had five hundred years ago," ran through my brain until it seemed I was asleep in body, and action all stopped for a long period. I began to think the day of judgment had come. Men came and formed into lines, single file by legions, some of this and all other centuries, representing a period of twenty thousand years. All had come to be judged, the living and the dead, and the recording secretary opened his great book of many centuries, and said:

"I am instructed to examine this host of men, who have been the champions of all combats that have for twenty thousand years raged between disease and health. Every victory of both sides must be recorded, and a crown will be awarded to each and every man who has under his arm the captured flag of the opposing enemy."

At this time the adjutant called aloud that an inspection was ordered, and all arms and ammunitions would be inspected. All guns that shot

backward as hard as forward would be rejected, and the general who used them would be court-martialled, and, if found guilty, would have his shoulder-straps and buttons cut off, and be sent to the asylum for mental repairs.

At this time a great burly, red-faced doctor stood at the head of the antediluvian division and was called first. The Judge Advocate said:

"State if you know how you treated bilious fever before the Flood?"

"Well, Judge, I gave copious sweats, drastic purgatives of jollipum, aloes, and tooth-powders!"

"Stop, sir," said the Judge. "What do you mean by tooth-powders?"

"Your Honor, I mean calomel, which loosens the teeth nicely. We gave that, sir, so they could not eat for a few days, sir. We believed that fever was caused by an engorgement of the stomach, so we gave them such sore mouths that they could not eat, sir."

"What school do you belong to?" asked the Judge.

"The Regulars, sir!" answered the doctor with great pride and emphasis; and the Judge, who could restrain himself no longer, said:

"Regular fools! that is what you are. Don't you know the effects of mercury are to destroy the power of the system to produce bone and teeth, and with both diseased you can never have a healthy constitution? In short, you are advocating a system that is unnatural and destructive to life, and the world would be better off without you."

And the Judge opened the doctor's packages, jars, and bottles, and found they contained the deadly poisons of all ages, which the doctor said had an honorable place among the Regulars. He asked the doctor by what authority he gave the most deadly poisons as a remedy for disease. The doctor said:

"Your Honor, tradition is the day-star of our profession."

The Judge smiled and said: "Bugler, blow the call for the major-general of the next century."

At the call a very fine steed and coach with baggage-wagon and servants formed into line for inspection. The general of drugs gave the salute of his day to the Judge, and said:

"Most excellent Inspector, according to your instruction, I am proud to form my men in line for your inspection."

The Judge then turned to the inspector. "Examine his arms and ammunition, and see if he has made any improvement on the preceding centuries in subduing diseases."

The inspector saluted and stepped forward.

"What school do you represent, doctor?" he asked.

"Your Honor, the 'Regulars,' the sons of legalized tradition."

"How do you treat bilious fever?"

"Well, sir, we give emetics and purgatives."

"What medicines do you depend on in the first stage?"

"After puking, we use our tooth-powders."

"What do you mean by tooth-powders?"

"Your Honor, that is calomel."

"What is the cause of bilious fever, doctor."

"Well, tradition has taught us it is the engorgement of the stomach."

"Why does your school use calomel?"

"Because by making the teeth and mouth very sore, the patient cannot overload the stomach."

"Adjutant, compare these two centuries, and note the progress, if any," says the Judge. Adjutant salutes, and reports to the Judge:

"No progress whatever, Judge; the first and second centuries are just the same."

By this time the Judge grows indignant, and tells his bugler to call the eighteenth century.

With all their legalized pomp they lined up for inspection, and the Judge said in a short, quick, and commanding voice: "Doctor, what school do you represent?"

"Well, Judge, I am an allopath of the Regular school. I graduated in the Eclectic, Thompsonian, and Homœopathic schools, also in Orificial Surgery."

"What is the cause and cure of bilious fevers?"

"Well, by tradition we are educated to believe the cause of bilious fever is engorgement of the stomach. However, we believe the vermiform appendix has much to do with the metastasis in the diathesis, which often forms fibroid tumors."

"Stop that stuff!" said the Judge, "or I will have you put on bread and water for ninety days for contempt at court. Who wants to hear that lingo of words? I want you to tell me how many victories can you show on the side of 'Remedies versus Disease.' You will be held strictly to victories; not suppose-so's and perhaps's, but such cases as you have known and cured by any method. You may give ten cases drugged, and ten not drugged; all about the same age, sex,

and all having the same kind of disease, of the same seasons of the year, with the same care. This court demands truth and will have it. The penalty for false statement is twenty-one years, buck-saw, and whip each seven P.M. that you have not sawed one cord of wood twice in two."

At this period the doctor said: "Will your Honor please give me until the May term of court to put in my answer?"

The Judge asked the M.D. of many diplomas why he wanted more time, and the doctor said:

"Because he was intending to take a full course of Osteopathy at Kirksville, Mo.," and the Judge smiled and said:

"Go on, old man, but I will be more rigid on you in May than now."

"Why so?" asked the doctor.

"Because Osteopathy is a true science and will solve many problems of which an M.D. has no conception."

"Well, Judge," said the doctor in a very plaintive voice, "won't you be so good as not to call me in May, and allow me to be tried two years hence?"

"Yes," replied the Judge, "but you had better

get your bucksaw, for if you fail you cannot bury that with your other failures."

The Judge dismissed the M.D. for two years with heavy bonds to appear. And the doctor was so thankful he got into his fine chariot, servants and all, and pulled for a School of Osteopathy.

The judge ordered the adjutant to have the bugler call three Osteopaths before him. At the first sound of the bugle three were present.

The Judge said: "Gents and lady, be sworn."

First doctor was called to the stand.

"Your age?"

"Thirty years."

"What school are you from?"

"The American School of Osteopathy."

"What is the cause and cure of bilious fever?"

"We find the cause of bilious fever to be, that arterial action has been increased by heat to such velocity that veins cannot return blood. Contract veins, and stop the equality of exchange between veins and arteries."

"What is fever, doctor?"

"It is that temperature above normal, caused by an increased action of electricity—the heart being the engine, and the brain the dynamo, and

the nerves the dispensers of electricity. The cure for all fevers is natural. Subdue the motor in motion and the sensory in sensation, then hands off until nature makes its ample rounds, and construction takes the place of destruction, and health is the result."

I awoke at this period, took a drink of water, a breath of fresh air, and all things were natural again. I began to feel cool, and that is all I know about it until I was in the dreamy state a second time, and I heard the words:

"Attention, worlds! Into line, ye diplomats of Osteopathy! A great and serious battle has been raging for twenty thousand years between disease and health, fought valiantly with all im plements they could bring to bear upon the enemy—sickness and death. They never went into an engagement and came out victorious, but universally lost their men and all their flags. Their crippled and badly wounded are now in the ambulances and sent to the rear, and you are ordered front, and into line immediately. Attack the enemy right, left, and center. His implements of war are Gatlings, as we would term them now; all loaded with flux, fevers, climatic, lung, and brain diseases; and in fact about ten thousand kinds of compositions are in their car-

tridges of death." To the commanding generals he said:

"Your order is to charge all batteries, forts, gunboats, magazines, and every thing and method that this undaunted enemy has brought to bear upon the human race for its destruction. You are ordered to heed not fire, water, nor the rumors of death, but to charge into the very center, with drawn sabres, fixed bayonets, and rout the old enemy with the bright steel of reason, forged by the Infinite Himself, and placed in your hands for the defense of you and yours."

The bugle sounded—the charge and the fight began. It raged hot and heavy; blood was spilt from the enemy and ran like rivers. General after general made his charge through the enemy, hot and cold, pained or painless; and disease and death raged, and in a thunderous voice cried:

"We are conquered, and will be conquered by the science which is the outgrowth of the mind of the God of all victories. We must study the tactics of Osteopathy or we will lose from now on battle after battle, for this new enemy uses no antediluvian tactics."

And I saw battle after battle, and the enemy was forced to the wall, yielded his flag, and said:

"They are the champions of natural law, and we must surrender. They have said babies must live to die when worn out by old age, and they will make their words good, as we have no ammunition by which to meet them." And I awoke and saw the diplomats of Osteopathy coming home with the scalps of Fits, Measles, Whooping-cough, and many hundreds of other scalps, from all parts of the globe, as trophies to the ammunition and generalship of those who are satisfied to trust the divine weapons at all times and in all engagements between sickness and health.

The lectures and essays of which this is the introduction were framed many thousand years ago. I found a leaf forty years ago in Kansas, and tried to read it, but could not. The handwriting was very plain and the language good, but I was suffering with the mumps of ignorance —fever was very high, and throat badly swelled on both sides. I could not swallow even a morsel from the great table that set in the center of the University of Deity, covered all over with fruits, each one equal to the finest gem. I could not enjoy them, for I was unable to swallow a solution of the greatest dilution. I was not trained to reason beyond the ropes of stale

custom—the greatest hindrance of all ages. But our nation made a move to cut the chains from its slaves, which gave a greater range to thought and speech. Previous to that time it was not a man's privilege to write and speak his opinion upon all subjects as it has been since our war closed. Thirty years of liberty have shown its benefits to the whole world. All professions have advanced more or less. Our schools have unfurled their flag at the head of the column of progress. Our theologians are broader and more tolerant. Inventive genius has revolutionized our industrial and commercial systems. Our navigation of the seas and land by steam and electricity are far beyond the dream of a Clay, Morse, Fulton, Howe, or even Lincoln, when he laid down the pen that wrote the words, "Forever free, without regard to race or color." Since the hour freedom was proclaimed, man has moved at the rate of the swiftest comets, and all nature seems more in harmony with his advancement and comfort.

A treatise generally aims to teach the reader the rules by which an experienced operator can obtain certain results in the skilful application of a scientific principle. Osteopathy cannot be imparted by books. Neither can it be taught to a

person intelligently who does not fully understand anatomy from books and dissection.

One who does not know this preparatory branch is completely lost in our operating-rooms. He does not act from reason, because he does not know enough of anatomy to reason from. Therefore a treatise attempting to tell people how to treat diseases by our methods would be worse than useless to every person who has not been carefully drilled in our clinics. It is the philosophy of Osteopathy that the operator needs; therefore it is indispensable that you know all, or you will fail badly and get no further than the quackery of "hit and miss."

We have a college for teaching and training in all the branches of Osteopathy.

The science of Osteopathy, as it stands before the world to-day, is twenty-one years old. These lectures will have much to say of its eventful life and journey to the place it now stands—defiant, offensive, and defensive, for Osteopathy has had to take both positions. It could not come to the place due it and offend no one. Old and established theories and professions claim the right to say who shall live or die, and have claimed this prerogative so long that they feel offended at the birth of any new child of progress that comes

upon the stage to ask a hearing without their permission. Then to defend would be inseparable from the growth of science, as merit is above all tribunals except God Himself.

Is a woman bound by any law to never get a new dress for fear of offending the old? If the dress has to wade through blood, I would say, Have it come, and let the old one growl. I say let the new one come, and if the old one has no merit above the new, just let it be quiet. It is not always that the old chickens are best to eat.

Suppose Mr. Gatling had gone to General Washington and asked his permission to go to the front with his batteries, and had received for an answer, "No." Then suppose Mr. Gatling had turned loose upon the General and his musty council and wiped the earth with them, saying, "If brain has no right to be respected, what do you think of bullets by the swarm?"

We are not enrolled under the banner of a theologian. We are traveling over the plains and mountains as an explorer, and will report only the truth, and never that until we find the fact standing right behind the truth as its indorser.

As an explorer we are now ready to report that much of richest bottom-land which is capable of the highest cultivation now stands open, while vast extended plains lie spread out before us, without even the tent of the squatter sovereign to be seen.

This vast country has not yet been surveyed. No corner-stones are set, the range-lines have not been run, and there is no land office opened; but upon this boundless plain we raise and throw to the breezes the banner of Osteopathy.

In close range, and directly in view of the most ordinary field-glass, stands the mountain of Reason, from which is rolling down in our presence the greatest nuggets of gold that the human mind ever saw coming down as from the very bosom of God Himself. All this fertility we believe is intended for the human race and benefit of man. With the power of production found in this soil, with the beauteous scenery and the mountain heights, in every stone you will find the exactness with which the Divine mind constructs.

I see nations climbing up and falling, and rising up and climbing again, to attain that height which would enable them to have a glimpse or an intimate acquaintance with that superstruct-

ure that stands upon the highest pinnacle which has been explored to a limited extent only. That superstructure is the master-work of God Himself, and its name is Man. Ten thousand rooms of this temple have never been explored by any human intelligence; neither can it be without a perfect knowledge of anatomy and an acquaintance of the machinery of life.

Under this banner we have enlisted. Under it we expect to march, and go into a fight that will cover more territory than was covered by Alexander, Napoleon, Grant, Lee, and Blücher; and to conquer by facts a greater enemy than has been heretofore conquered by the world's greatest generals; waging a contest of greater moment to the human race than any effort ever put forth for the establishment of a political, religious, or scientific principle.

Not like children do we expect to pay attention to the howitzers of vulgarity that are loaded to the very muzzle with the nightmare of habit, legalized ignorance, and stupidity. We will heed not the belching forth of the many guns trained on our flag, unless they are the best of steel rifles, Gatlings, mortars, ironclads, or torpedoes, all loaded or charged with the dynamite of uncompromising truth. We have no eternity to

spend in the useless effort of trying to bring men to the fountain of reason, and force them to drink that which is absolutely unpalatable to them.

While a man is bound with his habits, and is satisfied with fishing forever without getting a nibble of truth, he can, like Bunyan, bring the four corners of his old sheet together, take up his load, and toddle along. We will not debate with him if he is satisfied he is not the man we are looking for.

A word to the soldiers. This war has been raging hot and heavy for twenty-two years, and not a single soldier from privates to generals has received a wound from the enemy that has drawn one drop of blood or sent a rigor of fear up or down the back or legs. Their ammunition and greatest guns when fired in our midst have never moved a muscle nor made a widow. We laugh by note, which is our music, and we desire Congress to give us the full benefits of free trade, as we have more scalps for sale now than any one market is able to purchase.

Our secretary of war has reported to us that every soldier's wife, and the soldier himself, has more to eat and drink than ever before, even in the physical world, saying nothing of the foun-

perched on our banner. Peace a
now and forevermore.

CHAPTER XIII.

Something about Infallible Signs—Appealing to My Little Preacher—Anxiety in Waiting for an Answer—The Charges and Specifications—Divine Law of Finger and Thumb.

I WORRIED much by day and by night. I saw visions I never saw before, although I was good at seeing visions all my life. I believed in all the signs. I believed if a hen should crow, something would happen; and if the tail feathers came out first when she shed, it was a sure sign that you must sow your wheat late; and if the feathers came off her head first, you must put your wheat in very early; and I believed it was bad luck to see the new moon over the left shoulder. Oh, if I would tell you all about the signs I know of, and how grandma made ma wait till the sign was in my feet before she would wean me, and how much better I did than brother Jim who was weaned when the sign was in the head, you would be amazed.

Ma wouldn't believe such nonsense about signs, and talked mean to grandma. She said:

"I don't believe any such foolishness." She weaned brother Jim when the sign was in the head, and he has been bald ever since he was old enough to be bald. After my ma found out the good of signs, she weaned all the rest when the sign was in the feet and heel-string. She expected us to trot, and we did trot. Granny never thought of the heel-string until ma named it. I believe our feet are larger than brother Jim's; yes, and our hair is longer, too. I am what you can call a true blue, believing in signs. Wean them in the feet all the time, even if they are more highly flavored. Knowing that I was a great believer in signs, I went to my little preacher, and picked out a text to have him preach to. It was something like this: "The Dutch seek a sign, the Greasers seek wisdom, but we seek all truth and it crucified." He asked me what I meant by such talk. I told him I saw in 1874 a wee bit of light. It seemed to get as far away at first as it could, then blaze up and go out. Soon it began to get closer, and wink and blink at me, then get as big as a comet. Sometimes it would run off, and come back and sneer at me again, "Kickapoo." At this time I thought I would bring my torture to a change or an end. I said to my little preacher:

"Now, George, what do you think of the sign I told you about?" He answered:

"I believe it is the evil spirit which the devil has set to draw you into his rabbit snare. However, I will lay the case before Brother D., and see you again to-morrow morning, and see what he thinks of those signs.

The weary hours of the night dragged along one after another, slow as a Democratic Congress ever was on the sixteen-to-one question. I thought I never saw one sixty minutes sixteen hours long before. The ages spent in each hour of that night ran in the stupid vistas of the morning hours. The rooster reached his neck into the dark and "cockadoodledooed." It seemed an age before he got out "doodledoo," and five more hours before I could see George and hear from Brother D. I would not have suffered more had I been on an iceberg singing, "On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, and cast a wistful eye." I looked at the slow creeping of the pendulum of time, winding out one more hour of that endless anxiety, and prayed to hear the rooster send forth his three-o'clock moan, a duck cackle, a hen quack, a sheep bleat, a cow low, or the old man pound the floor with his boot to wake up Joe or Nancy Ann, or anything to break up those hours

whose dying axles seemed to have never been greased for a thousand ages. Still I was the prisoner of time. At last a stray dog came to my window. He was a hungry tramp, and went to the back door to get a hand-out, but it was a woful time for him. The mother of seven half-grown pups was guarding her young, and flew at him with great fury, and towseled his bangs till his head wasn't fit to be seen. He left, and the rooster roared out, "Whoop him up, doodle-doo!" I laughed myself to sleep about tramps and hand-outs. I slept like an alligator watching for young niggers till 7 A.M. I then awoke and ate a few bites. My little preacher came and said he had just received word that Brother D. was quite sick. "However, he has sent his written opinion of your case, which is very exhaustive. He wishes me to read it for you." I asked:

"George, what are those numbers in brackets on that paper: (Firstly), (Secondly), (Thirdly), (Fourthly), (Fifthly), (Sixthly), (Seventhly), (Eighthly), (Ninthly), and (Lastly)?" and he said it was the divisions by sections of Brother D.'s opinion. Then we read:

BALDWIN, July 7th, 1874.

DEAR BROTHER GEORGE: In the charges against Brother Still, in paragraph number one, I see he is charged with overbelief.

SEC. 2.—We believe Brother Still is very sacrilegious, which is the worst of all. Brother T. F. says from '55 till '74 his sack had plenty of golden X's, but it is now empty. He has only one mule left, and we believe him quite sacrilegious.

SEC. 3.—We understand he keeps up his dues on a thousand dollars in the Mutual Alliance, and that will bury the poor fallen man six feet below, which is part of the way to his great and red-hot black reward.

SEC. 4.—We will all pray to the Lord to remove him to his deserved reward, and pray loud and long. We will say publicly to all that he is guilty of high treason with his overbelief. Don't you know he said, and stamped his foot at me with skinned eyes and stuck his defiant finger in my face, that the "divine" law was good enough for him? Listen here; I heard that he said he could take the divine law between his thumb and fingers and stop flux, fever, diphtheria, mumps, scarlet fever, or any disease of the climate or globe. Lord, Lord, wilt Thou please stop him? Hast thou not made opium, calomel, quinine, jallop, gamboge, blisters, and all these medicines for man? My, my, Lord, Thou know-

est our very best paying members have large drug-stores, and Still will mash every dollar out of them if he is allowed to run wild twenty-five years longer. Kentucky might as well be sunk. All her hop industry will be dead as a nit. Why, Sister Reyma told me with her own eyes that he took a garter as big as two hens' eggs off her neck with his fingers, jist with his fingers, and she is truthful, and that stops our iodine-weed business in the South Sea Islands, and kills a big revenue, and the Government ought to catch him, for I believe in protection.

He says he can rub your neck and twist it south by southeast, and make a man and woman just as happy as if they had wine in them. He says he can put the divine wine in old bottles and make them new and jump for joy. That is bound to make France angry at us. You know France has always been very friendly to America. See what Lafayette did in our struggle. It will not do for one man to be let loose and destroy one-half of our industries, brother. You know if he goes on as he has started, that thousands of millions of kegs of beer with billions of barrels of the very oldest and best of good Irish, English, and Scotch whisky will be rolled into the sea, and not a friend to mourn its loss. If he gets that divine hook in the people's noses, they will be in the same fix that night-flies were when the arc-lights were put up, all a-buzz, and a-whiz; and I solemnly fear, brother George, that the

fish will become inebriated, and get into a war and fight, chew, spear, and kill so many of the monsters of the waters that their finnied dead will poison the air so much as to cause disease to cover the earth and kill all of us. You know three-fourths of the earth is water; then who can he cure with his thumb and fingers and his boasted divine law? He, too, will die by the stench of all the dead fish, whale, sea-cows, seals, porpoises, and such, and he has made all that with his meddlesome finger and thumb. Away with him! my pay is too small now.

My wife has to keep boarders, and what will it be if he stops so many of our industries? Where will our living come from? He has been as sour at me as a mad wolf ever since Katy was married. You know we had a few bottles of grape wine on that occasion. It was La Barriers' best wedding wine, which is rather more of the joyful than the young and aged Americans can stand. He insulted my wife and daughter the day after our wedding, and said, "You all look like you had been on a big drunk," and he said more than that too. "You had a glorious time with your wines, fiddle, and romping. Nice folks, you are." He made my wife and daughter Betty sick. They were just so sick at his mean talk that they both threw up; then he said: "Wine buzzards, ha!" I didn't like that, and told him so.

I demanded an apology of Still, and asked him

why he sneered at our wedding. He grinned at me, and said:

"I believe in signs. Elder, I believe the color of your wife and daughter's faces was a sign of something"; and he looked at me kind o' funny, and said:

"Elder, what draws your shoulders so high up? Have you any stomach trouble?"

Well, I told him I had what the doctor called "flatulency."

He said: "Elder, how long have you had that trouble?"

I said: "Excuse me for the present." He has more cheek than a hound, so he has. I did have right smart of pain in my stomach and bowels, but I wasn't going to own it to him, and get fumbled with his fingers and thumb right there, for I might just as well acknowledge it in the first place as to let him fumble me. You know, brother George, anciently much wine was used at weddings, and Christ made lots of it at once, and Paul took some for his flatulency also. Now, brother George, I think he is too hard on us. He made me as mad as a skillet of popcorn. When my wife and little Betty came home they said he was on a box talking awful big about this and that sign. Well, pa, he just sniggered and said: "There goes another sign." He was making fun of ma's teeth, and said if a woman as young as ma is had store teeth that it was a sign she

had been sick and the doctor who treated her had more calomel than sense. Then he began about his divine law and signs till I just got sick of the stuff. Now, brother George, I write a line to you personally, and ask you to keep it out of my special opinion in this case, as circumstances have more to do in this case than facts. He may be right about his divine law, but we must use a saving amount of policy as we go along. You know if we can keep him on the unpopular side, it will be best, as our meat and bread have a casting vote at this day and time; therefore let bad continue that good may come.

SEC. 5. Now, brother George, I think I have a clue, which will help us very much in handling this fallen angel, and that is this: He is a Methodist preacher's son, and some of them are mighty bad boys, and I want to post you on his methods, then you can combat him more successfully. First, he hates and fears alcohol worse than all the devils and hell combined. He is no policy man: will say just what he thinks or die in the attempt. He hates a hypocrite, a liar, a thief, a drone, a two-faced man or woman, and a lazy man. He pays all his debts and is good to the poor, makes money easily, is possibly the best anatomist now living. He knows what he says and says what he knows only. Now, you know his weak point and will have to meet him in open fields. The enriching of his mind is the blunders of fools. Well, brother George, that we

may more successfully combat the doctor (if combats be necessary), I think it good advice to get his written opinion on a few very important questions which are arranged, and I think he will kindly answer them. I am told he is very outspoken. Please ask him what he thinks of our churches, and carefully note his answer.

Doctor says: "Well, George, I have no use for the churches of the world if I take them as a whole. I think there is good and bad in all of them. I see rivers of blood running from the most of them, and more coming. I look on them as clandestine in effect, and fallen far short of the great need of the world. To be a Methodist means to hate a Campbellite, and to be a Campbellite is to hate the Baptist, and so on; and all will unite as one to fight the Roman Catholic. I believe the principle given to man is high above all churches, and it is love to all mankind, with all the soul, body, and mind as the law and gift of God to man. It is bloodless rivers of love given for man to drink in all time and eternity. My confidence is fully builded and will ever stand upon the goodness and love of God outside of all church organizations."

"What does Still think of the personal-God idea?"

"Well, I have asked him all about that."

"What did he say?"

"He said there would be less fools born, and

fewer made after birth, if people would let well enough alone, and said:

"'I believe no man ever saw God, and the greatest man now living or in the past has no mind or method by which he can grasp enough to take him beyond the field of amazement, wonder, and admiration.' And said when he was through the study of anatomy of man, and the laws that govern animal life, he would try a few thousand years in the juvenile class of the school of the infinite. At present he was willing to leave that with the knowing ones."

Well, brother George, I have to still ask you to listen to me, and not make this part public: I do not know just what to do or say. Now, this is on the square, and I hope you will receive it as such. I will tell you. I disguised myself and went to headquarters to investigate the so-called science of Osteopathy. I was met at the door by the sexton, and on asking for the discoverer of that wonderful science he conducted me to the secretary's office, where he said I would receive all the necessary information. While interviewing the secretary, a lady came in to make arrangements for a month's treatment. She had been there two weeks, and had been very much benefited. She was suffering with asthma, heart trouble, constipation, epilepsy, and cramp in both feet. While reaching for her ticket, I recognized in her my wife by the ring on her finger. My heart throbbed. I felt a choking sensation

in my throat, and fell to the floor unconscious. I was taken to one of the treatment rooms, and there brought back to consciousness by his divine law, thumb and fingers. We threw aside our masks and were conducted to his private room.

The very first thing the old doctor said when we entered was: "Hello, elder. I told my wife some strangers were coming who wanted dinner, because the rooster stood right plump in the door and crowed twice, then turned around and went to eating, and I told her that was a sign some persons were coming for dinner, and granny said that sign never failed if the rooster went to eating as soon as he crowed. You see he crowed twice, which meant sister and you. Our dog made me almost cry, he howled so pitiful twice last night. I told my wife that was a sign that never fails. We would soon get news that some of our friends were dead because the dog howled two times. Well, elder, how is everything around Baldwin?"

"All well," he said.

"How is old friend H.?"

"Why, he is dead."

"How's friend C.?"

"He is dead also."

"Now, I will tell ma not to make fun any more when our dog howls. He howled twice so pitiful, and the elder tells me friends H. and C. are both dead, and granny says them signs never fail."

SEC. 8. Well, brother George, in charge number 8, "Too much Divine," his disciples have rolled and pulled me and my wife, I declare, till I don't know what to do. I felt so well after they treated me that I just took a half-month's treatment. Had you missed my wig?

"No, you've had your hat on ever since you came back."

Well, brother George, I left it as security with the secretary for my treatment. I believe an open confession is good for the soul.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Great Vision—A Wonderful Procession—An Assembly to Benefit the Human Race—War—Defeat—Surrender—The Doctors in Council—Forceps and Laceration—The Spy on Osteopathy—A Disturbed Artery and the Result—Nature's System of Midwifery—Osteopathy Defined—Whips of Quinine to Drive Out Fever—The Corpus Callosum—Corpuscles—The Equipments as Fremont's Surgeon—How God Manifests Himself.

FROM early youth I have been visited by the visions of the night, one of which I will proceed to describe as best I can. My descriptive powers may be too short, my ability to explain by words too limited to communicate to your understanding graphically what I have seen night after night. It is the most attractive vision that has disturbed my dreams from birth till now. The house in which this panorama seemed to dwell is as wide as thought, as long as all the ages of the past. Its seats in numbers were as the sands of the sea. Its roads were paved to the uttermost parts of the earth, all centering to the one place. I seemed to be only a silent spectator. I saw legions of the finest carriages, coaches, cabs, bicycles, horsemen, footmen, and

rolling-chairs with their waiters. And all those vehicles or methods of travel were loaded to fulness with men of all ages of the remembered and great forgotten past. With glistening knives of all forms, tweezers, tenaculums, blow-pipes, and microscopes of the greatest known powers, they all alighted from their different modes of travel. They rested, feasted, and slept through the refreshing hours of the night, awoke early the following morning, ate their breakfasts, took their morning exercise, and at the sound of the bugle they all assembled together.

The chairman, a very dignified, elderly gentleman, arose and stated the object of the meeting.

"We have tried to formulate a scientific method that should live with coming ages, by which we could successfully antagonize the diseases of the earth which prey upon and destroy too great a per cent. of the human race prematurely. And I have to say from a conclusion, based upon sworn statements of all ages of all medical schools, that their foundation is wholly unscientific and unsatisfactory from the conclusions based upon the results, as found in all engagements between disease and health.

"All victories belong to that champion who has no knowledge of defeat, whose name is the

Czar of death. We have brought into requisition brigades, divisions, and nations, and met the enemy in open fields, only to lose our flags and mourn over the loss of our beloved dead." A new idea came over the congregated legions that the victories lost should be attributed to the abortive use of drugs as prescribed and used by all schools. A resolve passed over the whole congregation that we meet the enemy with "the knives of standard surgery." The battle raged and the wailing over the dead increased. Lamentations seemed to prevail and hearts sunk. An armistice was called. Another general arose with the appearance of greatness, armed himself to the fulness of all he could desire with instruments made for the purpose, and said: "I believe I can meet and conquer disease."

And the chairman rapped his gavel aloud and said:

"We must have truth, and demand that truth itself must have facts for its voucher, or it can have no place in the *finale* of the reports of this assembly, who have the tactics of all generals of renown. We are sore and tired of the words *war*, *defeat*, *surrender*, and *lamentations!* The record to this date has found no victory to chronicle for drugs, and a very limited supply for sur-

gery, and much of that was done more for remuneration than vindication of known truths. If this body of thinkers wishes to be kind and liberal to all, with but little hope of abating the relentless hand of disease, the chair will say, Proceed, doctor, and give us the facts you now think you possess. Remember, no more experimenting at the probable cost of life will be received by this committee of the world. They say in the rules adopted to govern this meeting that all theories must and shall be proven to be true or false by the propounder being forced to submit to and be treated by the tenets of his system, which he has, and claims to be truth, before he can be placed on the special roll of this council. And I give you all notice that this council never will adjourn until a system of cures be adopted, that stand based on the law that is without beginning and eternally the same.

"All speakers who represent any brotherhood of cures will be patiently listened to by this meeting. Giving them all the time that is necessary to give history, by notes and observations as to diseased persons they have met, and known to be cured, killed, or permanently injured by their methods. All doctors will be sworn before examination. Penalty for perjury is one drop of

"red capsicum" in one eye at a time, for every lie he tells about the wonderful cure he falsely reports, or the deaths he has caused by his knife or drugs.

"Proceed, doctor, you have the floor. Now we want the good and bad of systems and their truths. We want and will have it, or pepper your eyes till you find and tell the whole truth. Tell how your remedies affect the body, bones, teeth, and minds, or we will pepper your eyes to stimulate your brain. We are told by one of a later date who champions the system of 'Orificial Surgery' that the brain can be acted upon by stimulating the nerve terminals, and his theory must be vindicated or fall, after being fully tested, as given by rule first of the by-laws of this assembly, which puts all assertions to the most crucial tests, known as the fruit-of-the-tree test."

The judge said: "This meeting will now adjourn for rest and refreshments. Before you leave I will say I want to have the committee on allopathy to rest four days, and on the fifth assemble. Each man must arm himself with a fine mental sieve that nothing can penetrate but known facts. I am sworn by the people who sent me to this council of inquiry to bring, on

my return, truths, and not assertions, and know by careful analysis that the truth as rendered to them on our return be chemically pure, and in exact conformity to the known laws of nature, which can only come from the mind of the infinite. Nothing less will be received. On our report depends the length of our days, for we are dealing with a jealous and enraged people. We must be able to report to them in such manner that there will be no doubt left in their minds as to the methods of relief. I have just read a letter from our home committee, stating eighty births in Chicago, in which the forceps were used in all, and lacerations occurred in forty-three from one to more inches, all of which will have to go under chloroform for surgical operations. No one knows who or how many will die from the knife and poisonous gas.

"I tell you the cup of forbearance is about drained, and a furious explosion is bound to come, but this council can do much to ward it off. We must wake up and act or suffer.

"A report from our home secretary says he writes for information about a new theory, called 'Osteopathy,' which has delivered near five hundred mothers without a single laceration, forceps, or a drug. And not a death, no case of labor

lasting more than four hours. I tell you, men and brethren, I have had a spy in camp and on the track of Osteopathy for five years. It is most wonderfully true, and its successes are now known more or less all over the reading world; and that fact known, augments the danger we are in.

"At this time it has been legalized in many States, and is a formidable and dangerous system to meet with the weapons of tradition.

"You and I know we cannot face the truths as we are now armed, and must change, or fall or hang by the neck until we are dead and buried by the side of our condemned system that kills more than it cures."

In the year 1874 I proclaimed that a disturbed artery marked the beginning to an hour and a minute when disease began to sow its seeds of destruction in the human body. That in no case could it be done without a broken or suspended current of arterial blood, which by nature was intended to supply and nourish all nerves, ligaments, muscles, skin, bones, and the artery itself. He who wished to successfully solve the problem of disease or deformities of any kinds in all cases without exception would find one or more obstruction in some artery, or some of its branches.

At an early day this philosophy solved to me the problem of malignant growths and their removal by reproduction of the normal flow of the arterial fluids, which when done transfers the blood to the venous circulation for return and renewal after the process of renovation is completed by the lungs, excretories, and porous system. Fevers, flux, headaches, heart and lung troubles, measles, mumps, and whooping-cough, and all diseases met and treated since that time, have proven to my mind that there is no exception to this law. The rule of the artery must be absolute, universal, and unobstructed, or disease will be the result. I proclaimed then and there that all nerves depended wholly on the arterial system for their qualities, such as sensation, nutrition, and motion, even though by the law of reciprocity they furnished force, nutrition, and sensation to the artery itself, and further proclaimed that the brain of man was God's drug-store and had in it all liquids, drugs, lubricating oils, opiates, acids, and anti-acids, and every quality of drugs that the wisdom of God thought necessary for human happiness and health.

On this foundation and by its teachings I have unfolded nature's system of midwifery, which would blush and be ashamed of its ignorance for

a diplomat of this science to ever be guilty of acknowledging so much stupidity and ignorance of the laws of parturition as to take into the sick chamber of a normally formed woman the brutal forceps of death to the child, torture and laceration to the mother. When I see all over the land those pitiable objects called mothers ruined for life, I often wonder if that man who has inflicted such torture and left her in a condition to go under the surgeon's knife and deadly "ether"—a far more dangerous operation with but little hope of benefit—has the heart of a brute or the intelligence of a human.

Such are the teachings of the prevailing systems of midwifery all over the civilized world. Osteopathy says if this be civilization and skill, what would be brutality and ignorance? I smile when a young Osteopath says: "I have taken up Osteopathy at the point that I found it had stopped in the 'old doctor's hands,' and have made many new discoveries." I am proud to know that the Rip Van Winkle in him had gotten his sleep out, and found that his old gun had been by his side for twenty years. He did not learn in school what was for him, which he could have learned had he not gone off in search of the shining dollar, before he had absorbed the juice

of reason that always comes after twelve months' close drill in the philosophy of the arteries. No discovery is newer than twenty-four years of this science, as shown by any one to date. Its applications may be more thoroughly understood, but the philosophy is eternally the same.

It matters little at what point I commence, for the subject of life has no beginning and is equally interesting at all points. The reader is anxious to learn something of this science which bears a new and unfamiliar name. He wishes to know if its discoverer is possessed of intelligence and if the science itself has merit.

You wonder what Osteopathy is; you look in the medical dictionary and find as its definition "bone disease."

That is a grave mistake. It is compounded of two words, *osteon*, meaning bone, *pathos*, *pathine*, to suffer. Greek lexicographers say it is a proper name for a science founded on a knowledge of bones. So instead of "bone disease" it really means "usage."

The human body is a machine run by the unseen force called life, and that it may be run harmoniously it is necessary that there be liberty of blood, nerves, and arteries from the generating-point to destination.

Suppose in far-distant California there is a colony of people depending upon your coming in person with a load of produce to keep them from starving. You load your car with everything necessary to sustain life and start off in the right direction. So far so good. But in case you are side-tracked somewhere, and so long in reaching the desired point, your stock of provisions is spoiled; if complete starvation is not the result, at least your friends will be but poorly nourished.

So if the supply channels of the body be obstructed, and the life-giving currents do not reach their destination full freighted, then disease sets in.

What does a doctor do in such a case? As a darkey would force a disabled mule to carry him by applying the whip, so a doctor of medicine attempts to use the whips of quinine and other stimulants to drive the blood through the body. By too severe an application of the morphine whip sometimes life is driven into death.

Under like circumstances an Osteopath would remove the obstruction by application of the unerring laws of his science, and ability for doing the necessary work would follow. As a horse needs strength instead of the spur to enable him to carry a heavy load, so a man needs the free-

dom of all parts of the machinery power that comes from the perfection of his body in order to accomplish the highest work of which it is capable. After the heart receives the blood, it sends it on to the brain, possibly to take on knowledge.

When you look at a skull you think, "What a large cavity; what a quantity of brains I have!" They say Webster had "almost a half-bushel."

Of the contents of the skull, one ounce is used for thought, the remainder generates power for nerves.

God would not be forgetful enough to send the blood to the brain for wisdom and fail to have a supply there. His intelligence is immeasurable, and there is much evidence that mind is imparted to the corpuscles of the blood before it does its work.

Every corpuscle goes like a man in the army, with full instructions where to go, and with unerring precision it does its work—whether it be in the formation of a hair or the throwing of a spot of delicate tinting at certain distances on a peacock's back.

God does not find it necessary to make one of these spots of beauty at a time; He simply endows the corpuscles with mind, and in obedience to His law each one of these soldiers of life goes

like a man in the army, with full instructions as to the duty he is to perform. It travels its beaten line without interfering with the work of others. Now you say I am going to get God into trouble by making a statement, claiming that each one of the five million corpuscles contained in a single drop of blood knows just what is expected of it. Is this blasphemy? No. As the troops of General Cook obey his commands unfalteringly, so God's infantry, imbued by Him with mentality, go forth to fulfil their appointed mission in unswerving obedience.

You dare not assert that the Deity is inferior in power to a man of His own creation.

While speaking of the army, let me say that I served as a surgeon under Fremont, and I know what I am talking about when I say that a surgeon's outfit was complete when it contained calomel, quinine, whisky, opium, rags, and knife. If a patient had one foot in the grave and a half-pint of whisky in a bottle, the doctor would work as hard to get the whisky out of the bottle as to keep the foot from the grave.

Medical men administer old bourbon innocently for the sake of stimulating the stomach, and as a result in the course of time many a man finds himself a drunkard in the ditch. It is the sys-

tem that is wrong. As the child follows the advice of its mother, so the medical student heeds the teaching of his Alma Mater. From her walls he goes out instructed to give so many drops of a certain liquid to excite the nerves, and so many drops of another liquid to quiet them, and so on all the way through his path is laid out.

If after diagnosing, prognosing, and prescribing, the patient goes down, then the wine and whisky are administered to aid in rallying the weakened life forces.

If a council in the same school is called, his course is commended. In just this manner the love of strong drink is instilled in many a man, and I tell you if our national curse of drunkenness continues for a period of five hundred years, God will have to send people in a balloon to repopulate the earth, which will have degenerated under the influence of whisky from a world of beauty to a bald knob.

My father was a progressive farmer, and was always ready to lay aside an old plow if he could replace it with one better constructed for its work. All through life I have ever been ready to buy a better plow.

So when I found a way out of the big drunk

of ignorance and superstition into which we were born, the belief that God was a poor mechanic and needed the help of medicine, then I was ready to walk in the more enlightened path. I fully realize how tough the old ways were, when I remember how they used to hold my nose and spank me to get down a dose of castor-oil. Then they would ask God to bless the means used for my recovery, and I suppose this petition included both dose and blister.

Osteopathy does not look on a man as a criminal before God to be puked, purged, and made sick and crazy.

It is a science that analyzes man and finds that he partakes of Divine intelligence. It acquaints itself with all his attributes, and if the student of it does his work well, and goes out with his brain full of its teachings, instead of his pockets full of cardamom-seed, he will find by results that its principle is unerring.

God manifests Himself in matter, motion, and mind. Study well His manifestations.

CHAPTER XV.

Various Diseases—Normal and Abnormal—Nerves and Veins —How Often to Treat—Do Not Bruise the Muscles—The Battery and Engine—Beware of the Buzzards.

As the science known by the name of Osteopathy is accredited to me, I suppose I am the oldest Osteopath now on earth. I also think I have given more attention to the study of the principles of this science than all persons now living combined. Being the head of this institution, it is my duty to impart to you the facts which I have obtained by practise and observation, during twenty-five years in combating all kinds of diseases of this climate. Also my observations in obstetrics and diseases of women, diseases of children, contagions such as measles, whooping-cough, and on through the whole list, as well as the diseases of the four seasons of the year, believing that my observations will cover more than one hundred thousand in number. With this vast field of observation I think I can tell how to treat and when to treat successfully, how to treat and when to treat unsuccessfully,

just how much and how little force to apply, and what good or bad effects to expect by judicious or injudicious methods of treatment. I think I am prepared by experimental knowledge to instruct and caution the student of Osteopathy every day he may work with me in the clinics, from one to three years. There are some diseases, and very few, that will admit of two treatments a week; others once a week, and some once in two weeks. In fact, a great number of times should not be for a moment before the mind of the operator. He should be instructed to ever remember that the infinite exactness of work when obtained is what will yield the success sought, without regard to the number of times. When you know the difference between normal and abnormal you have learned the all-absorbing first question, that you must take your abnormal case to the normal, lay it down, and be satisfied to leave it. Never leave your case yourself until you have obtained such results. Thus it is far better to familiarize your eye and hand with the normal before you can approach the abnormal intelligently. We want first on your shoulders a normal head, with normal principles, then we can bring before your eyes an abnormal neck, an abnormal arm, spine, limbs, breast, and

you can reason by comparison, because you have the normal as a foundation on which to build your comparison of the abnormal.

My observations have taught me that in cases of asthma, for instance, to treat oftener than once a week or two weeks is a dangerous procedure, and betrays the ignorance of the would-be philosopher. Well posted by experience, I know whereof I speak on this subject, and if you wish to be a success in this science, I admonish you to give heed to some things which I know and I expect to exact at your hands. You should know the cause of a disease and be able to remove it. You know the course of an artery, nerve, and vein, and before you take your hands off should know that you have removed all obstructions to the nerve, vein, and artery, giving force and nourishment to the depleted locality. Use force enough to remove all obstructions; be careful that you bruise none of the delicate parts, such as glands and membranes, because an ignorant head and a heavy hand may bruise a kidney, spleen, gall-duct, omentum, or some of the lymphatics.

Remember that you are not called to bruise by force any delicate organ, which you are liable to and will do if you have no judgment and

simply go by force, and great number of treatments. One judicious and wisely applied treatment once a week is enough for any case of liver disease. I do not say by this that an ignorant paddling of the side on which the liver is located and kneading the bowels like a bull would knead a hay-stack with his horns is to be considered a treatment. An intelligent head will soon learn that a soft hand and a gentle move is the hand and head that get the desired result. When you are dealing with a diseased liver or any other part of the body, remember the highest officer in command is the artery of nourishment, which must be assisted by the nerve of motion and the vein of renovation. When these three principles are left in full control, and you know that you have done what is necessary for this purpose, then tell your patient, "One week from to-day I will examine and treat you again," at which time you will see that your work has not gotten out of shape and order by false strains or otherwise. Then you are warranted to go further with your treatment, because the surrounding tissues and delicate fibers have had a chance to be relieved from dead and inactive fluids, and have taken on some nourishment. As the case progresses you go on with more extended treat-

ment, ever having your eye fixed on the whole nutrient system, which can do but little good previous to renovation.

Any washwoman understands the truth of this statement. She first washes the dirt out of the clothes, then applies the nutritious starch like a woman with good horse sense. When you have washed the body of all its dirt, through the excretories, you are now ready for the starch of the arteries.

There are but few hours now remaining of the twenty-four years that I have devoted to the study of the machinery of human life, to know when it is in normal condition. I began with the bone framework; then its ligamentous attachments, its preparations for and attachments of muscles; all organs, vessels and divisions that take part in constructing bones, muscle, ligament, membrane, nerve, positive, negative, motor, sensory, voluntary, involuntary, nutrient, and sympathetic, whose duties are to construct and move in selection of kinds and qualities to suit. The power to place wisely and with exactness, which the architect demands under the rigors of a foreman that receives nothing but perfection in constructing a temple—to receive in workmanlike order a dwelling-place for the spirit-man in such

perfect running order that the indweller may be able to operate the machinery easily at all times, is evident.

My study during all the years just spoken of has been to know what the machine is, where all its parts are placed, their uses, supports, actions, relations—separately and united—the whole with harmonious action when driven by the power of life at the command of God, who gives power to all elements of force that exist beneath the great throne of mind and from which reason is imparted to all beings who can and do have that wonderful quality.

At this time I wish to drop further hunting for parts and details of the machinery, and place my telescope on a more elevated position for observations, in order to obtain more knowledge of the hows and whys of the workings of this product of the mind of the Infinite. I feel that twenty-five years of constant study on the parts of man, separated and combined, has prepared me fairly well to enter the higher classes as a beginner to study the active laws of life—to inquire into the hows and whys of the workings and failures of the whole being (man).

In my study I began with the bones. I associated them in attachments by adhesive liga-

ments, which bind every bone to every other bone of the body, wisely formulated for all purposes and uses for which bone and substances were constructed. They receive and operate belts, straps, pulleys, aprons, and all of the necessary forms of the softer parts of this great machine which is to be operated by the force known as animal life.

We find two large and complete systems of vessels called the channels of blood, through which to and from a great reservoir containing the fluids are known as the rivers of life, whose duty it is to convey material to all parts of the body without any omission whatever.

We trace from this great tank to another fountain of supplies which we call the machinery of nutrition. We behold the process from which crude material this sustaining and containing blood is generated, prepared, and delivered to the heart, to be sent to all divisions and receive chemical qualifications to suit the indweller.

Thus we hear the appellation the "blood of life" with exactness and perfection in all parts and principles, as the fiat and command of the great architect and builder of this machine. We must first acquaint ourselves with all its workings in the normal before we are prepared to

comprehend or think intelligently of the meaning of the word abnormal, signifying confusion and imperfection in all that is known, and meant by the words confuse, confound, derange, destroy, fail, stagnation, and death.

Having completed the study of bones, the relations of one to all others in form, how beautifully they work, how nicely they are attached, how well formed to receive attachments and insertion of all muscles and ligaments, nicely divided and spaced in such condition as to allow the blood vessels and nerves of all kinds to permeate and deliver all fluids of life and action in every minutia to the common whole, we are lost in wonder and admiration.

We are led to ask the question, "On whom or what does this engine depend for its motive force?"—by which all this skilled work seen in full motion, quietly, heroically, and with infinite exactness, hauling and delivering its nicely prepared elements to each and every station where construction must receive and blend without a murmur with the next motive force; whose duty is to keep all vessels, channels, and routes for all substances cleaned and purified by the invigorating powers of obstructed fluids, as they flow over, oil, smooth, lubricate, and water from the great

systems of aqueducts, commonly known as lymphatics, of bone, nerves, blood-vessels, stomach, bowels, heart, liver, kidneys, and every known principle or vessel that contains any of the great and wisely prepared fluids of life, from the atom of conception to the completed child at birth, youth, man, woman, animals of the earth, fowls of the air, fish of the sea, earth itself, and all stars and worlds, and the angels that hover around the "throne." All must have, and cannot act without the highest known order of force (electricity), which submits to the voluntary and involuntary commands of life and mind, by which worlds are driven and beings move.

We are now in presence of the great question, "What is the battery which drives blood to construct beings and maintain material forms to play their parts as worlds with life?" Who understands the mathematical positions of space, and maintain by so adjusting the motions and steps to keep in line and time to the music that is intended to be observed by carefully thinking of the harmony required in moving that great army of worlds, that they may never break ranks without orders, which order, disobeyed, might be a collapse and destruction of the whole universe.

Thus an exacting God has given the command: "Attention, worlds," "Into line, ye suns and planets," "Music by the band," "Forward, march," "Left! Left! Left! and never halt," for all is in motion and never halted to even give birth to a baby world. "Go on, and on," is my command, as seems to be from the very mouth and mind of God, as we would now express the thought, for motion is found in all worlds and beings.

We are conducted by thought to the power of mind with all its works and beauties, with the exacting commands of perfection. At this time we are left in the midst of an ocean of thought, with some evidences that by combining the brain with the heart we see its force and source by which the machinery of life is driven, of which we will tell you more of what we see pass before our telescopes in the far-off hidden mysteries as we grow older and wiser, if ever. From my lack of knowledge and want of wisdom as an operative engineer, I must halt and take the place of a speculative brother, gone from labor to refreshments for all the days of my life. I cannot be happy and be idle. I will use my pen and feed the coming minds the best I can. So I must say farewell as a physical engineer.

From the day of Moses until the present time, by habit and education, we have been taught to believe and depend upon drugs as the only known method of obtaining relief from pain, sickness, and death. By habit and use of drugs in sickness through so many generations, we as a people think there is no remedy outside of them, and as the mind has been so unalterably fixed on that thought for so many years during all ages of the past, people have felt it a duty, if not a necessity, to be governed by established customs. We feel when our friends are sick we must do something to relieve them. If the household remedies fail, we call in the family doctor and turn the case over to him, and he will call counsel when he feels he cannot manage the disease. Then if the patient dies, the family and friends are satisfied that all had been done for the sufferer that was possible; every known remedy and skill has been exhausted, and we must be content with the results. Death has prevailed, and we feel that we have done our duty.

I wish to say to the graduates who are about to go out in the world, that when I entered this contest I took as my foundation to build upon that the whole universe with its worlds, men, and women, fishes, fowls, and beasts, with all

their forms and principles of life, were formulated by the mind of an unerring God.

He has placed all the principles of motion, life, and all its remedies to be used in sickness inside of the human body. He has placed them somewhere in the structure if He knew how, or He has left His machinery of life at the very point wherein His skill should execute its most important work.

I have given you the reasons why I believed I was warranted in testing God's skill as a doctor, and must proceed cautiously to my duty. How to do, was the all-absorbing question of my mind. I finally concluded that I would do like unto a carpenter when he knows he has the elements to contend with and desires to cover an old house with new shingles. If he takes the shingles all off at once, he exposes all that is in the house to rain, hail, or what may be in the elements. A wise carpenter would take off a few at a time, and cover what he had exposed before proceeding further.

I knew it would not do to take the shingles of hope (medicine) off the afflicted all at once. I felt that such a move with my knowledge of cause and effect would be calamitous. Soon I met a case of flux, and being a physician, and

familiar with the remedies for such disease, such questions as these arose: What was God's remedy? Has God a drug-store? Does he use sedatives for flux? Does he use sweating-powders, such as Dover's and so forth? Does he use astringents? Does he use alcohol in any form in prostration, and if he does, what does he use it for? And why is it one dies with flux and another gets well after having used the same remedies? Would our dead patient have lived had we kept our drugs out of him? Did the convalescent have the power to resist both disease and drugs? You may answer the question, I cannot. One is dead, the other alive, and that is all I know about it; and my brother councilman expresses the same feeling, and says, "I do not know."

When all remedies seemed to fail in my first case of flux, I felt I had done my duty and no censure would follow in case of death. Myself and council had agreed that this case was bound to die.

Without any instruction or text-book to be governed by, I concluded to take one shingle off of the spinal cord and see if I could not put a new one in its place that would do better. To my great surprise I found the flux stopped at

once. That shingle contained all the opium, whiskey, and quinine that God thought necessary to cure flux. That shingle took the pain out, the fever off, and stopped the discharge from the bowels, and my confidence in drugs was very badly shaken then and there.

I soon had opportunities to treat many more cases of flux, all of which recovered without the use of any drug that was recommended by our standard authorities, which convinced me that the laws of God are trustworthy when thoroughly understood. By investigation I was led to a better understanding of the cause of flux, and that flux was an effect that could be traced to a cause in the spinal cord or other nerves, and the remedy should be addressed to cause and not the effect.

I felt proud to be able to say to the people that I could throw all the known remedies for flux out of the window, and give them a reliable and demonstrative substitute that I found on a prescription written by the hand of the Infinite.

I kept up this method of removing old and putting on new shingles until the house was entirely covered.

I have written this bit of history for the express purpose of warning all students of Osteop-

athy against the danger of breaking down when they have a difficult case, and sending for some drug doctor and asking him to do that which they cannot, because they do not know what set of nerves are disturbed by pressure, and are made to assert that what they have said about the power of nature to cure is false, or else they do not understand their business. There are some Osteopaths out in the field, trying to treat Osteopathically, and yet have a drug doctor running around with them. If one will examine their work he will find such persons feeble in Osteopathic knowledge, with less than one year in school previous to the time of offering their services to the people. You are apt to find on their cards such and such M.D.'s in our office, with a great long apology for our ignorance, and say we do thus and so to please the people.

Every drug tolerated by an Osteopath in a disease will shake the confidence of your most intelligent patients, and cause them to always take your words, skill, and ability at a great discount. I would advise you to bathe your heads long and often in the rivers of divine confidence, and pray God to take care of you with other weak-minded people, who pretend to know that which they have not studied.

Rely on your anatomy, physiology, and rub your heads, or deny the perfection of God and intelligence, and say, I am only Osteopathy in one pocket and pills in the other, and none in my head. Much more could be written on this line, but I have said enough to warn you against being a kite-tail to any system of drugs which is your most deadly enemy. A doctor will use you for what money he can get out of you. Osteopathy is now legalized in four states, and you do not have to compromise your profession nor your dignity by associating with anything. Your opportunities from the American School of Osteopathy to master the science are good, your foundation is solid. I want you to come back with heads up, and on your return I want you to say, "I have transacted my business as the institution teaches me, without the aid or assistance of any medical doctor, either before or behind me. I have proven that the laws of the Infinite are all-sufficient when properly administered."

When you are out in the field the medical doctors will sail around you like buzzards do over a sick cow, pick your eyes out, and fill their pockets from your labor, and that is all the use they have for you.

CHAPTER XVI.

A Demand for a Revolution—A Plea for an Advance in Osteopathy—Object of Osteopathy—How to Irrigate—Death Defined—How Pain is Created—The Building of the Thigh-Bone—The Solvent Powers of Life—The Destruction of Pain—The Object of Moving Bones and Muscles.

An absolute demand for revolution is before us at this day and time, for there is a demand for a progressive step in the line of treating disease. We have been satisfied by the results obtained, and became strictly dominated by form each day, repeating what we have done. Our hands are far ahead of the position that should be regulated by thought.

For a number of days I have been haunted by the feeling that we are in danger of getting in a rut unworthy of higher consideration than should fall to mere imitation. Let us not be governed to-day by what we did yesterday, nor to-morrow by what we do to-day, for day by day we must show progress. In early days we made hundreds of moves of muscles and parts of the system. Some we cured and some we did not. Which did the good and which the harm, we could not

tell; still we allowed ourselves to be proud of the great per cent of cures that we obtained under this system of hit-and-miss.

At the head of our column we carry a flag of progress, and should honor it with greater results by better applications of the principles of Osteopathy. We must avoid the dust of habit. We must so adjust our telescopes that we may set our compass to run to stars of greater magnitude, that shine from the breast of the exacting Infinite. He Himself cannot succeed without a close observance of the laws of success, which are uncompromising and absolute. If so, we should never move a bone, muscle, ligament, or nerve with a view of healing the afflicted, but move at such time and place as uncompromising demands order and enforce. To make the sick well is no duty of the operator, but to adjust a part or whole of the system that the rivers of life may flow in and irrigate the famishing fields. We should stop and consider at the point of irrigation how often the mains should be opened to supply the ditches, how long the sun of life should shine upon that crop, to do its duties of nourishing and vitalizing them according to individual demands. I have said to heal the sick is a duty that belongs to another division of Ope-

rators, and not to hewers of timber, nor muscles of force, but to the rivers of life only. To irrigate too much is as detrimental as too little or not at all. How much? is the all-important question to solve. The kind and quantity must be supplied at the right time and place only. If this fluid be in the brain, open the rivers and they will expel all driftwood and unkindly substances, and proceed at once to the duties of their division, which is life with all its harmony. That division is law and life itself.

Cause and effect are perpetual. Cause may not be as large in the beginning in some cases as others, but time adds to the effect until the effect overbalances cause, and the end is death. Death is the completed work of development of the sum total of effect to a finished work of nature.

I only ask of the reader to carefully note the different and continued change in effect as additional elements enter the contest and give effect the ascendancy.

Two or more elements added may cause pain. One may be acid; add fibrin and you may get adhesion; add sugar, and you may have gall and ease in place of pain, simply by the vital or gall principles found at the origin of the gall-producing nerves in the brain. Therefore when we are

suffering from the effect of delays in cardiac nerves to forward blood in sufficient quantities to supply cervix, we have as cause of such pain simply too feeble motion to start blood to an action of its latent vitality. Thus you have quantity and quality minus motion to the degree of heat by which magnetism can begin the work of vital repairs, or association of the principles of the crude elements of nature, and construct a suitable superstructure in which life can only dwell.

When perfect harmony is not found in forms and function, then we lack speed in the magnetic motion, and get by such inaction an electric action which only enters to conduct the actions of compounding the elements of active destruction by electricity as generated by the motor nerves of death. In this you have death by electricity with all its active powers, self-armed from the laboratory of nature, which is both the action of life by magnetism and death by the eternal motor power of all worlds and atoms.

As we are not willing to attribute to Deity anything but perfection, and would be highly offended at any one who would even hint at such ideas, we must see that our acts are in line with our words. Not only in a general phraseology

that His works prove His perfection, but we must see and know that His work of animal is partly a failure before we are justified in our conclusion to assist His man to subdue even a fever by the use of a drug of any kind.

We should be very careful not to allow our actions to place us on the disk of the brilliant sun of indisputable contradiction. Contradictions in man are bad enough, and occasionally we prove some cross lines in his stories by his acts and deeds. Who could, even if he should try, prove a trace of failure or neglect in the completeness of the work of God, in any part of that masterpiece of architecture, man, when finished by His hand in His own likeness and image, and by Himself pronounced very good? Is He a judge? What is His opinion worth? Would He call an incomplete job even good, or be so deceptive as to say very good, and know it was not truth? Does not a man of reason see he must find failure in the machinery of man before he is justified to give suggestions of amendments to the works to the Architect who designed the machine and set it in running order?

I have something to tell you of the wonderful process of building which mentally I have seen going on. Now, do not credit me with too much

excitement or weakness of mind, O ye philosophers, astronomers, divines, teachers, and lawmakers! but follow me for a few minutes while I draw your minds out to such extent that you can both see and hear the remarkable work I am to report.

The commander of my store of wisdom has for once called a halt, as I view one of the most mysterious and beautiful sights of my life—the working of the Grand Architect and His subordinates on a bone—human in kind, a femur by name.

Draw your mental microscope, raise it to its greatest power as you read the specifications for this unique building. Now the order is given by the Commanding General to His subordinates.

"Attention! officers, infantry, and cavalry!" Fall into line, ye workmen, and proceed to execute with mathematical precision every block and every stringer, uniting with minute exactness. Let your work be correct, faultless, for the specifications require a construction so carefully done that though the Infinite Mind became for a time a sub-committeeman to examine your work, it would be found that you have fulfilled the requirements of the specification demanding

the building of a thigh-bone, perfect in all its material and mental parts.

Ever remember that the word "perfect" means no more and no less than the fiat of God that His work has been concluded with absolute exactness.

Behold with me the division commanders, each in place, bearing the insignia of his rank; the Commanding General speaks positively to the ordnance department: "Fill and keep the magazine of force and motion supplied with that which is chemically pure and needful to the building up of this wonderful structure, which is only part of the superstructure commonly called man."

All orders are given in silence and obeyed without a murmur.

Every subordinate comes with that which is necessary for construction, and the masons (corpuscles) of this work go forth with pleasure to execute the design of their superior, knowing their work will be carefully examined and their lives will pay the forfeit in case of failure to fulfil all requirements.

The Commanding General says to each subordinate: "Carry your burden and deposit it in workmanlike style." The well-trained army proceeds

with the atoms as selected by the Divine inspector, and no more care is expended in the selection than is expected to be shown in depositing them in and on the wall according to the place by previous instruction.

The order has gone forth, each workman obeys the command; thousands upon thousands, millions and millions hear and obey this fiat:

"Go and labor day and night, night and day, until this part is completed, inspected, and received."

A part of the constructing force is engaged in repairing all waste and losses that occur during the years of mortal life. Nor do they forget the command of cleanliness, which is the reverse of construction to carry away all worn-out fragments of this wonderful part of the machine. While they are adjusting it to its natural place in the bone, other divisions and commands are fulfilling the order of a like femur to be its helpmate.

Being now held in place to the body and accepted as finished, they wait with anxiety another higher order. Arise, move, and forever house and care for the great indweller, the spirit of man, the essence and secret of God and the unsolved problem of eternity.

BUST OF A. T. STILL.

The solvent powers of life dissolve all fluids and solids from blood to bone. The powers of lymph are not known. A quantity of blood may be thrown from a ruptured vein or artery and form a large tumefaction of the parts, causing a temporary suspension of the vital forces thereunto belonging. Without a previous provision to remove this accumulation, nature will be forced to come to a halt and behold the ruins. By reason we arrive at the conclusion that the duties of nature are perpetual labor through the vast cycles of eternity, conducted by the skilful plans of that principle of mind commonly known as God, which has the power to transpose and transform all substances, uniting them in such proportions and endowing them with such qualities and additions as will make perfect work.

To dissolve bones by the sole penetrating force or action of an acid, with equally compounded forces commonly known as alkalies, proceed to the duties of dissolving albuminous and fibrinous substances.

On this foundation we are warranted to conclude that nature at will can and does produce their solvents which may be necessary to melt down deposits of fiber, bone, or any fluid or solid

found in the human body. If we grant this law we must acknowledge an infinite and perfect power to plan and execute its designs, compounding and creating any and all kinds of chemical substances to dissolve to the lowest order of fluids, which approach very closely the gaseous conditions of solids, previous to applying the renovating forces which must come in due time and carry away all dead, useless, and obstructing deposits, previous to inviting the corpuscles of construction to take possession.

Direct and reconstruct blood-vessels, nerves, muscles, membranes, ligaments, skin, and bone with all their forms, that life may have peaceful and harmonious possession, and enter anew the field of action and proceed to execute its work without the interference of the inharmonies just disposed of. Anxious nature stands fully armed and equipped, and more than willing to execute all duties devolving upon her, knowing at the same time that obedience to those exacting laws is all that is known or accredited to them as success.

The least rebellious or unwilling servant may be the beginning of the downfall of the whole army.

Let your eyes be a microscope of the greatest

known power. Let your mind penetrate to the remotest period of thought by the telescope of reason. See the busy mind of God rejoicing at the beautiful work of his machinery, cutting and designing forms for fowls of the air and fish of the sea. Thus we are admonished to allow no opportunity to pass by of remembering the great injuction, "Despise not the day of small things." I am—I was without beginning of days or end of time—eternally the same law. My greatest stones from foundation to dome are atoms in all superstructures wherein life prevails. Animals, fish, and fowls, angels and worlds, are atoms of which you are composed. They are the associated millions which complete worlds of the greatest magnitude, without which the eye that beholdeth the same could not behold their beauties. Therefore be kind in thought to the atoms of life, or in death you will be borne to the grave by the beasts of burden who carry nothing to the tombs but the bodies of heedless stupidity, the mourners being the asses who cry and bray over the loss of their dear brother.

What is the object of moving bones, muscles, and ligaments, which are suspending the powers of the nerves and so on? A very common answer is, to loosen up all spaces through which

nerves, veins, and arteries convey elements of life and motion. If that be your answer, then you have fallen far short of an answer that is based on a knowledge of the basic principles of life in beings, its methods of preparing to repair some part, organ, limb, or the whole system. If an over-accumulation should appear and obstruct the process of life to annoy the normal harmony to such measure as to produce unrest or disease, would you or I be satisfied to know we had simply given the sufferer a good shaking up, had pulled the arms and legs, feet, hands, back, thumbs, and fingers, taken a cob or a rough hand and kneaded the chest, limbs, and abdomen, as we have done and do so many times a day or week? No, we would renovate first by lymph, giving it time to do its work of atomizing all crudities first. Then we can expect to see the effect of growing processes as a natural result. Let us reason with a faith that nature does know how to get blood away from the blackened eyes of the pugilist. The blood is spilt from broken veins in spaces around. It is out of veins and arteries both. Now, if you notice, nature throws in lymph and other fluids; you soon see blood change from a black clot to a fluid condition, and grow thinner each day until all has

disappeared, and the face and skin go back to their normal condition and appearance. If you can and do reason, you must know that nature has a solvent of all pluses that appear as lumps or thickened places on muscles, skin, or glands. The same law in stiff joints and the deposits around muscles, tendons, and ligaments. Then we change a position of a bone muscle or ligament to give freedom of fluids with the purpose, first, to dissolve and carry away all detained matter and hindering substances, that nature can build anew the depleted surroundings. Beginning with lymph and finishing with fibrin and albumin, nature prepares and bridges each step, and never fails to show success at the end of each effort. We must know, if we would succeed as healers, that normal does not simply mean to place bones in a normal position, that muscles and ligaments may play in their allotted places and can act with freedom at all times. But beyond all this lies a still greater question to solve, which is how and when to apply the chemicals of life as nature designs they shall be. If life be aided in the process of renovating all hindrances to health, just what power to apply to call forth lymph, fibrin, albumin, uric acid, muriatic, or any fluid from the great chemical

ory of man's machinery, that has within
ll qualities, and never fails to have some
grand show-up, when wisely called on to
rom the outer skin to the center of the
ll of man and life in all nature.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Vermiform Appendix—Operating for Appendicitis—Expelling Power of the Vermiform Appendix—Care Exercised in Making Assertions—The Human Machinery—Which Best, God's Machine or Man's?—The Germ—The Astronomer and New Worlds—The Knife of Wisdom—The Law of Affinity—The Heart of Man and the Trunk of a Tree—The Heart is King of All.

AT the present time more than at any other period since the birth of Christ, the medical and surgical world have centralized their minds for the purpose of relieving locally inside, below the kidney of the male or female, excruciating pain, which appears in both sexes in the region above described.

From some cause possibly justifiable, it has been decided to open the human body and explore the region just below the right kidney in search of the cause of this trouble. Such explorations have been made upon the dead first. Small seeds and other substances have been found in the vermiform appendix, which is a hollow tube over an inch in length. These discoveries, as found in the dead subject, have led to explorations in the same location in the living. In

some of the cases, though very few, seeds and other substances have been found in the vermiform appendix, supposed to be the cause of local or general inflammation of the appendix. Some have been successfully removed, and permanent relief followed the operation. These explorations and successes in finding substances in the vermiform appendix, their removal, and successful recovery in some cases, have led to what may properly be termed a hasty system of diagnosis, and it has become very prevalent, and resorted to by the physicians of many schools, under the impression that the vermiform appendix is of no known use, and that the human being is just as well off without it.

Therefore it is resolved, that, as nothing positive is known of the trouble in the location above described, it is guessed that it is a disease of the vermiform appendix. Therefore they etherize and dissect down for the purpose of exploring, to ascertain if the guess is right or wrong. In the diagnosis this is a well-defined case of appendicitis; the surgeon's knife is driven through the quivering flesh with great eagerness in search of the vermiform appendix. The bowels are rolled over and around in search of the appendix. Sometimes some substances are found in it; but

often, to the chagrin of the exploring physician, it is found to be in a perfectly healthy and natural condition, and so seldom is it found impact with seeds or any substance whatever that as a general rule it is a useless and dangerous experiment. The per cent of deaths caused by the knife and ether, and the permanently crippled, will justify the assertion that it would be far better for the human race if they lived and died in ignorance of appendicitis. A few general cases might die from that cause; but if the knife were the only known remedy, it were better that one should occasionally die than to continue this system, at least until the world recognizes a relief which is absolutely safe, without the loss of a drop of blood, that has for its foundation and philosophy a fact based upon the longitudinal contractile ability of the appendix itself, which is able to eject by its natural forces any substances that may by an unnatural move be forced into the appendix. To a philosopher such questions as this must arise: Has the appendix at its entrance a sphincter muscle similar in action to that of the rectum? Has it the power to contract and dilate?—contract and shorten in its length and eject all substances when the nerves are in a normal condition? And where

is the nerve that failed to execute the expulsion of any substance that may enter the cavity of the appendix? Has God been so forgetful as to leave the appendix in such condition as to receive foreign bodies without preparing it by contraction or otherwise to throw out such substances? If He has, He surely forgot part of His work. So reason has concluded for me, and on that line I have proceeded to operate without pain or misery to the patient, and given permanent relief in seventy-five per cent of all cases who have come to me. With the former diagnosis of doctors and surgeons that appendicitis was the malady, and the choice of relief was the knife or death, or possibly both, many such cases have come for Osteopathic treatment, and examination has revealed that in every case there has been previous injury to some set of spinal nerves caused by jars, strains, or falls. Every case of appendicitis, gall or renal stones can be traced to some such cause.

We should use much caution in our assertions that nature had made its work so complete in animal forms and furnished them with such wisely prepared principles that they could produce and administer remedies to suit, and not leave the body to find them. Should we so con-

clude and find by experiments that man is so arranged, and wisely furnished by Deity as to ferret out disease, purify and keep the temple of life in ease and health, we must use great care when we assert such to be undeniably true up to the present. The opposite opinion has had full sway for twenty centuries at least, and man has by habit, long usage, and ignorance so adjusted his mind to submit to customs of the great past that he will try to reason and bring his mind to such altitude of thought of the greatness and wisdom of the Infinite, that he may become insane or fall back in a stupor, and exist only as a living mental blank in the great ocean of life, where beings dwell without minds to govern their actions. It would be a great calamity to have all the untrained minds shocked so seriously as to cause them to lose the mite of reason they now have, and be sent back once more to dwell in Darwin's protoplasm. I tell you there is danger, and we must be careful and show the people small stars, and but one at a time, till they can begin to reason and realize that God has done all that the wisest can attribute to Him.

If we acknowledge the intelligence of a God, we have placed ourselves in a position that we are called upon by all that is great, good, and

intelligent to investigate all the facts in the works to ascertain if they are worthy the belief in an Omnipotent. Make no assertion previous to investigation. If it be the machinery of life, justice would say a careful and thorough investigation is unavoidable, because we have now on trial the mechanical works of the mind of the Infinite, and we are oath-bound to tell the truth, and nothing but the truth. To become qualified jurors in this case we must remember the apprenticeship, the days of which have been that of a constant worker, through all eternity to date. And if time and experience have anything toward perfection in knowledge and operative skill, God has had it all.

Could we afford to say, I think for a moment that the God and mind of all skill did not know and do His work to the full measure of perfection? First, do you not think His foundation is not only good, but very good? Beneath the whole superstructure, man, can you suggest a change in locality for the head, neck, spine, limbs? Could you add or subtract a single bone, nerve, vein, or artery that you know would be any improvement on the original? If not, can you add and get beneficial results? Could you put machinery in there that would make better

blood, or any other fluid necessary to life? Can you improve on the general covering (or skin) or any other part of the body. With all your wisdom can you improve on His hair-making machine? Any improvement on the secretions? lymphatics? any organ, gland, or muscle? Do you not see at once you have not the mental ability to conceive the laws of construction, much less the mental power to conceive and construct a complete machine and endow it with the principles of mind and motion; of the voluntary, involuntary, motor, sensory, nutrient, and sympathetic nerve system. Have you ever found under the most crucial examination a single flaw as shown by the most powerful microscope? Has chemistry ever detected a failure in the normal process in preparing the fluids of life? Has it ever found imperfection in the fluid itself or any part or principle of the whole economy of life? If those fluids are different in quality and kind, who is warranted to come forward and destroy the harmonious process of life by the addition of any noxious or innocent drug?

With the beginning of civilization the minds of skilled mechanics have never ceased for a day to think how to formulate and beautify His gems. The diamond has been cut in all known forms

for the purpose of receiving light in such manner that by transposing and multiplying the rays the stone will exhibit brilliantly all seven of the known colors, with their modulations to give beauty, and attract attention from the philosopher to those who live to admire the beautiful only. The astronomer's soul is made to leap with joy when he sees all the beauties of heaven which he has sought and found in unmeasured space. He sees the revolving satellites, playing around their mother planets, with all their brilliancy and activity, each one carrying the lighted candle of the marriage feast. And with the least move of this gem, like his telescope, his eye comes in contact with new worlds dead and alive; with the comets dancing to the heavenly music, gracefully bowing, and bidding adieu for a longer or shorter period, at which time they will return and partake of the festivities of another dance.

The bones and teeth of animals have all kindly received His skill to give them beauty. We should ever reverence and respect those whose minds and hands are active no more for their great success in exhibiting the works of nature.

At this time I wish to call your attention to another class of thinkers who antedate Abra-

ham. They, too, have formulated from crude nature a greater gem than all diamonds, sapphires, rubies, and gems of all stones. This gem, like all great philosophers of either sex, prefers seclusion to publicity, never coming on the stage of action save in answer to demand. It combines beauty, innocence, and death. When in one position it exhibits nothing to your mind but death and destruction. But like a kind reasoner, it is lovable in form and beautiful to behold. It has the power to control its passions, and never comes upon the field of death and destruction until the last moment of forbearance is consumed. Then it comes forth and executes its deadly mission. That it may be a gem of great purity and usefulness, the mineralogist and chemist have exhausted their store of knowledge, and passed over to the skilled mechanic this once crude metal, known as steel, to formulate the blades of a knife, with its useful jaws to clamp the blade, with spring to hold in position when shut, is the emblem of innocence. To hold them open is the token of death or usefulness. When its labor is done, and a person sees it in its folded innocence, he says, My friend. No gem stands higher than this one legacy given to us by our forefathers, unless it be the brains of the Os-

teopath, whose mind is the knife to sever the cords of ignorance which bind the public to drugs.

When we assert we are prepared to discuss the ability of nature through the arteries and nerve system to construct the various parts of the machinery used in constructing the animal body of any kind, we assert a truth. We have said that we have made ourselves acquainted with all the parts or principles necessary to receive the living forces, with ample room to carry on the works under the fiat of Divine perfection, as united or separate laboratories in whose departments all chemicals are prepared and proportioned, as coming off from the balance-scales of the Infinite. Previous to their association a higher law, commonly called affinity, begins to accomplish its unerring work of preparing the fluids and assigning their delivery to the charge of each distributing officer, whose wisdom comes from the university of Deity Itself with that charge, "Let not your right hand know what your left hand doeth," but obey and follow the figures and laws as laid out upon the trestle-board of the grand Architect of all forms and buildings wherein life dwells. We should ever bear in mind that as the twenty-six letters of the alphabet, when prop-

erly placed, can be so associated as to represent all languages and tongues, thoughts and conclusions of all the people, of all the eternities of the past, and all to come, and that in the human book of life there are possibly twenty-six thousand letters to be comprehended with all their associations of words or letters, which represent a principle as definitely as associations of any two or more letters of the English alphabet can represent a sound or name. Each of them represents a chemical or soul quality of a distinct division of the great laboratory of nature. For instance, take four characters, and call together four substances, and unite them by the law of blending individualized principles together, by the law of affinity, and form another principle in compounds commonly known as acid. The addition of one more chemical and you have sugar. You have by the addition of the life principle formed another substance from a life chamber; you have separated, dequalified, and returned each one to the place from whence it came, with all the qualities and the same quantity it contained when it left the individual cell, for the purpose of making by association the one being of which it formed a part, which has been just separated and each part returned to its

place without loss of weight or change of principles.

Let us compare the heart of a man to the trunk of a tree. By custom, we say the root of a tree, which conveys to the mind the part that is in the ground. When we speak of the heart of a tree we generally aim to express the center. When we open the tree we find a dark spot which runs all through the trunk of the tree, surrounded by many rings of wooden growth, one of which appears each year. As we descend into the earth, keeping this common center, we are led to a place from whence all roots diverge, and the tree with its trunk and all its limbs ascends from this common center. Would not a philosopher conclude that this is the true heart which sends forth its branches both above and below the surface of the earth? If this be the heart of the tree, and the root, limbs, and trunk are its products, are we not constrained by the same law of reason to attribute to the animal heart the center of life with all the attributes thereunto belonging? And in comparison conclude that all above the heart are trunk, limbs, and fruit, and all below are the roots and nutrient system of animal life, on which root and branch have to depend for sustenance. The dif-

ference between the two is that nutrition is received at the bottom of the tree, and carried upward to all its branches, producing fruits of all kinds.

In man, nutrition is received at the upper part of the body, and, like unto the tree, proceeds to perform the duties of construction. When completed he exhibits fruits below the heart or root of constructiveness which is known as the offspring of such beings. I have given you two beings, one vegetable the other animal, in order to present a comparison of results, although different in form and kinds, believing the heart of all things to be the immediate actor and creator of all forms, without which center of vitality no part can be constructed, sustained, and kept in existence. Each branch must have stock and interest in this center, constantly receiving nourishment, and reporting progress of construction and vital supply, without which failure is absolute in all cases when extended to all roots and branches of animal life; or death is the effect of universal failure, and equally so with any division of the human superstructure. The harmony of life must come in its fullest, and perform all duties thereunto belonging from the atoms of the finest nerve to the congregated sum total of

hole animal body, or death will be the
Thus we are admonished to remember
he atom is the beginning and ending of
forms, and their wants must be supplied
truction ceases to control, and destruction
s the possessor, with full power to close all
ons of life through the atoms, corpus-
d all other fluids, until the final edict of
s recorded in the heart, and from there to
limbs and trunks of all animals and vege-
The heart is undoubtedly the "king of
rd of all"—the first in command, the
yield. Its statements have never been
ned. When it moves, you know. When
, you see the end.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Lecture in the College Hall, Monday, January 14th, 1895—Introduction—God is God—The Osteopath an Electrician—Diphtheria—Bright's Disease—An Illustration—The Age of Osteopathy—The Children of Life and Death.

GOOD-morning; I am from Virginia, and shall introduce myself by saying, How are you? I am not very well myself, but in spite of that little drawback will talk to you for a short time. As I said, I'm from Virginia, but I came West at an early day, and am practically a Western man.

My father was a minister, in one sense a missionary, and I've said prayers one-half mile long (as long as the longest chapter in the Bible), said those prayers as I walked between the plow-handles that a lapse of memory in that direction might not result in a strapping from my father. Those were the days of small things. My father's salary the first year was the munificent sum of $6. Think of it, ye Beechers and Talmages, with your costly tabernacles and your salaries rising high in the thousands!

Our schools were of a crude Western nature,

and one paper to a family was a big thing. While I was at school in Tennessee, the editor of the Holston *Journal*, a paper in which my father was interested, came to our house one evening, bearing every appearance of a man physically tired out, and exclaimed:

"Well, after laboring all day we have succeeded in getting out one hundred and sixty papers" (four pages 16x20 inches).

To-day, such is the rapidity with which our great printing-presses operate, that with ease about 680,000 copies are struck off in a day. But so accustomed are we to the magnitude of the results obtained in this day that we fail to appreciate the greatness of our age.

Nothing looks large to us now. In the past a spoonful of castor-oil assumed enormous proportions; to-day it does not, for it is seldom seen, and is in use only among the stupid.

But I will not assail the medical doctors. Some of them have come and placed themselves among us, and when a man sweats in agony over a lost cause (even fears being kicked out of the lunatic asylum) it would be ungenerous to dwell on his defeat.

Between you and me, as far as the lunatic asy-

lum is concerned, I would as soon go to a sausage mill as to one.

Homeopathy has reduced the dose in drugs, and in the same ratio has allopathy found it possible to get along with less of those deadly articles. Every step that drops even one grain of drugs develops mind that sees more Deity, and less drugs.

It has been said to me: "If you should die now, your children would have much to be proud of." But I say, if I die now, put an extra shovel of dirt on my grave for the things I have failed to accomplish, but if I die in eighteen months from now, cast off the added amount for the new discoveries I hope to make in this science by that time.

This is an informal school taught at my request for your benefit. If you make one subject complete, it will take all your brains. This subject is, Man, know thyself; if you do it in five years you will do better than I did in thirty-five. Years ago I dug one skeleton after another out of the sand-heaps of the Indian burial grounds and studied them until I was familiar with the use and structure of every bone in the human system. From this I went on to the study of muscles, ligaments, tissues, arteries, etc. It has

been my life-work, and yet there are things for me to learn. You are admitted to the school now as an accommodation because we did not know that this building would be ready for occupancy at the promised time. You see one little lie always calls for more to cover it up.

Do not think your payment of five hundred dollars will make me happy; such is not the case. I would far rather have a much-needed rest than all your money; but since you are here, I will teach you all I can. You will enter upon new fields of learning, but do not think for a moment that after your two or three months of class work you will be shoved into the operating rooms. That is a procedure in which I have been bitten. Before entering the operating rooms you must make a grade of 90, on a scale of 100, in anatomy. To admit you there sooner would be to connive your ruin, to make you marvelous, to send you out in the world to make money, to make you think that Solomon's head would be too small to fill your hat.

Motion begins in the human fœtus at about four and one-half months after conception. Activity of the Osteopath begins at about the same date.

After one year in school, you will arrive at the

stage where, without proper guidance, you are likely to take a hammer to a looking-glass. At the end of eighteen months, provided you have gone out into the world, you reach the point where you are anxious to see "Pap."

In two years you just learn that steam blows up, but do not know how to control it.

It is a privilege for you to begin now, and not my desire. Take heed that you improve your present opportunity for gaining the bread of Osteopathic knowledge from headquarters. You may be called on to dispense it in Europe, Asia, and other distant points of the globe. See to it that your supply is of the right kind. An Osteopath asks no favors of drugs. If you go out to your patient accompanied by a physician and allow him to suggest various medicines, then you have disgraced your diploma.

Either God is God, or He is not. Osteopathy is God's law, and whoever can improve on God's law is superior to God Himself. Osteopathy opens your eyes to see and see clearly; it covers all phases of disease and is the law that keeps life in motion.

As an electrician controls electric currents, so an Osteopath controls life currents and revives suspended forces.

To turn on the blaze of an incandescent light, would you make a hypodermic injection into the wire? Would you give a dose of belladonna or apply cocaine? A thousand times no, yet such procedure would be no more ridiculous than pouring those things into man, who is but a machine. If you take the course wisely, study to understand bones, muscles, ligaments, nerves, blood supply, and everything pertaining to the human engine, and if your work be well done, you will have it under perfect control. You will find when diphtheria is raging and its victims dying, at the rate of one hundred and fourteen per day—as was the case at Red Wing, where my son is located—that by playing along the lines of sensation, motion, and nutrition, if you do not play ignorantly, you will win the reward due your intelligence, and lose not a single case. You will also meet that terror to the ordinary physician—Bright's disease. Let me make an illustration along that line, by comparing the progressions in kidney disease to the different stages of milk. Place milk in a pan, it is simply milk and represents the kidneys in natural working order; leave the milk a little longer, until it is old, then it corresponds to diabetes; leave it until it rots, and you have Bright's disease.

Even here you will not experience defeat, for with your accurate knowledge of the human machinery you will not only know, but meet all its requirements; and so it will be all along the line of surgery, obstetrics, and general diseases. If success does not attend your efforts, it is not the fault of this science, whose working is exact, but of yourself.

You who make this your life work will go out into the world as representatives of the only exact method of healing. You will be recognized as graduates of a legally incorporated school, and will never know the ridicule, the obloquy, the contempt that was heaped on myself when I first tried to make known this beautiful truth.

No preacher will pray for you, as one possessed of a devil; no innocent children will fly from your presence in fear of one spoken of as a lunatic. No, your fate will not be my fate, for my untiring efforts placed this science and its exponents upon a footing to command the respect and admiration of the world.

Osteopathy to-day in a greater or less degree is the subject for discussion in all North America, in all English-speaking nations, and all nations that speak their own tongue as intelligent people. When Europe thinks she has discovered a new

remedy for disease—say of the lungs, brain, or any other part of the human body—all North America knows it just as quick as science and electricity can bring the news to us. When North America has made a discovery the European nations know all about its merits because we are of their blood. To be an Englishman, German, Scotchman, Frenchman, or of any other educated nation is to expect intellectual progress. It may be that the whole masses are not Galileos, Washingtons, nor Lincolns, but now and then a Fulton, a Clay, a Grant, an Edison arises, or some unchained mind moves against tradition, with unerring philosophy.

It is our fortune at this time to raise our heads above the muddy water far enough to have a glimpse of the law that we choose to call the Divine law. That law we use in healing. We have traced it by reason, by philosophy, under the microscope, in the light and in the dark; and we hear a response. That response is so intelligent, its answer is so correct that a man is forced to believe there is knowledge behind it. We have houses much larger than this all over the civilized world. People congregate there every seventh day in the week for some purpose. Ask them why they assemble there every Sabbath,

and their answer is: "To speak of, or give a token of respect to, the Creator of all things, or that intelligence commonly known as God."

Now since I have given you the size of Osteopathy at the present day on the globe, I will give you a contrast. If I am a speaker at all I want to prove it by comparison. I want to show you just how large Osteopathy was in the world twenty-two years ago. One man, who has the reputation of being the finest mechanic possibly in the whole State of Missouri, said to me then: "I wish you would go and see my wife." I went with the gentleman. I felt very timid, because I didn't know how little sense he had, nor how much. I had seen a glimpse of what I considered the very candle of God Himself, lighted and sustained by the oil of reason.

The speaker said: "Now, Mr. Harris, if you will arise I will show this people just the size of Osteopathy then." (Mr. Harris appeared on the platform). If you examine this man, and are a philosopher, you will see in him a mechanic. And if you are a doubting Thomas, just take your old shot-gun to him, and he will put it in order and prove his skill. This is the gentleman who first said, "Plant that truth right here." He was Osteopathy's first advocate in Kirksville.

I said, after a long conversation with him: "Mr. Harris, let me ask you one question: Why is it, in your judgment, that people are so loth to believe a truth?" He said: "Dr. Still, in my opinion a man dreads that which he does not comprehend." That was his answer twenty-two years ago, and that is the reason Osteopathy is not accepted by the masses and is not adopted by every man and woman of intelligence to-day. A man dreads to give up his old boots for fear the new ones will pinch his feet. We have gone from generation to generation imitating the habits of our ancestors.

I am as independent as a wolf when he knows the dog got the strychnine. The reason why I am independent is that when I see the deltoid or any other muscle in position and working in conformity to the laws, I feel able through Osteopathy to look at Saturn as a small corpuscle of blood in the body of the great universe. When I look at the earth, and the moon, and take the solar system, I find that the directing Mind has numbered every corpuscle in the solar system, and each one of them comes on time—no mistakes.

Whenever you see a man who is afraid of a comet, you find a man who is ignorant on that

very point. Do you suppose God Himself is going to allow one of His planets to get drunk and butt its brains out against this earth? Hasn't He counted the space for every planet to sail in? Are we following the old Grecian ideas of two thousand years ago—that the sun is making noodle soup out of comets for supper? I want to tell you that I worship a respectable, intelligent, and mathematical God. He knows whether the earth is going too fast or not. He didn't ask your papers to publish that He had better push the earth a little faster to let that comet go by. None of His children disobey, get drunk, or lose their minds. I make this assertion from the confidence I have in the absolute mathematical power of the Universal Architect. I have the same confidence in His exactness and ability to make, arm, and equip the human machine so it will run from the cradle to the grave. He armed and equipped it with everything necessary for the whole journey of life to a man threescore and ten years.

The minister has often said: "And it pleased God to take the dear child." It didn't do any such thing. It pleases God when He makes the child that it dies in the service for which He made him. When He creates a man He doesn't

create him to fertilize the ground while still a babe. He brings him into existence to live on and on, and endows him with sense plentiful enough to suffice for all his demands, and he is expected to use it.

We take up Osteopathy. How old is it? Give me the age of God and I will give you the age of Osteopathy. It is the law of mind, matter, and motion.

When four of my family were attacked with that dread disease, *cerebro-spinal meningitis*, I called in a number of the most learned medical doctors of the land, gave them full power to fight the enemy as they chose; to use any and every means to capture the enemy's flag and put him to flight. When the doctors gave the command to "charge," I looked to see the disease run up the white flag, but the smoke was dense, and the cannons ceased to fire on both sides. When the smoke cleared away, the enemy had all our flags, and all the children captives; the doctors joined the procession of mourners, and said: "Death is the rule, recovery the exception."

At the close of that memorable combat between sickness and health, life and death, I gave the generals of drugs a belt of my purest love. If men ever fought honestly and earnestly, till

all fell in the ditches, I believe they did. They wept not as Alexander, who had conquered and had no more to do; but they had met an enemy whose steel was far superior to their own. With me they wept, and said: "We have no steel worthy of this or any great or small engagements."

From that hour until the present, I have seen the ability of nature to do her work, if we do our part in conformity with the laws of life.

Since we stacked arms to the relentless weapons of disease, a new thought has been my companion for years, by day and night, and after this manner: That disease is the culmination of effect, and its cause lies in the choice of birth. If to be a child of misery, it sought conception from the womb of the sensory nerves; if to be of great stupidity, its conception and birth must be of the motor nerves. The first child is neuralgia of all forms, and cries with pain. The second child is paralysis of all forms; it is stupidity and death. To produce death of either child, you must disgorge the womb before motion develops the child to maturity; if not it may be a deadly enemy to life and motion. All of which you diplomats of Osteopathy know full well how to do, and give nature the ascendancy.

CHAPTER XIX.

Lecture of A. T. Still, at Infirmary, January 20, 1895—Why He Invited the Colored People to the Infirmary—Memorial Hall—Quinine and Fibroid Tumors—Dover Powders, Calomel and Castor Oil—Not a Christian Scientist—Not a Mesmerist—Oxygen and Health—To Patients—The Object of Osteopathy—Seventy-five Per Cent of All Cases Benefited—Fifty Per Cent Cured.

I HAVE invited you here because among you there are men who helped to build this house. I wish more had come to stand under the shelter of the roof they helped make. Doubtless those who are absent had in mind only the dollars to be received for their labor and gave no thought to the mission of the building erected. This is the great Still house—to instil sobriety instead of drunkenness, to instil principles instead of guesswork.

Last Thursday dedicatory exercises were held in this house. It was filled to overflowing, and a larger regiment of people returned to their homes unable to gain admittance than I ever met on field of battle.

The room you now occupy is Memorial Hall—

as named in honor of my son Fred, whose portrait you see on the wall. He was a bright, intelligent boy, a boy known to you all, one who would not wear a ring upon his finger, considering the skin which God had placed there a rarer jewel than money could purchase.

He had hoped to carry the banner of Osteopathy far into the future, but as the result of an accident his health was impaired and he left us in answer to nature's summons.

You see these paintings, this flag of our nation —a flag of silken texture and expensive trimmings—these are donations from friends, and show the kindly feeling of the people toward us.

Since the days of Æsculapius the delusion has flourished that man must swallow medicine to rid himself of disease. The people substituted their judgment for God's intelligence, and in so doing created drunkards and lunatics.

The great Inventor of the universe, by the union of mind and matter, has constructed the most wonderful of all machines—man—and Osteopathy demonstrates fully that he is capable of running it without the aid of whisky, opium, or kindred poisons.

Since the introduction of quinine about sixty years ago, fibroid tumors have increased at an

alarming rate, which would lead one to believe that this deadly substance enters into the system and causes the formation of an excrescence fed by the blood-vessels. When arteries fail to feed it any longer, it begins to exude blood into the abdomen.

What then? The medical world says it must be removed by the surgeon's knife. The result is, a great percentage of such cases die.

Osteopathy—a drugless science—finds the uterogenital nerves made tight by the fastening of certain segments. It proceeds to reverse the order of things, starts the nerves into action, which renovates or carries off impurities preparatory to reconstruction.

Take your choice between the two: a system that produces tumors and one that destroys them.

In the days of slavery, when you colored people had simple plantation remedies such as horse-mint-tea, in cases of sickness you recovered. Death was a rare visitor among your race. Now you play the fool like your white brothers, take strong medicine and die like rats.

Quit your pills and learn from Osteopathy the principle that governs you. Learn that you are a machine, your heart an engine, your lungs a

fanning machine and a sieve, your brain with its two lobes an electric battery.

When the cerebellum sets this dynamo in motion, oxygen is carried through the system and vitalizes the blood, the abdomen, the eye, and the entire man. Nature put this battery in you to keep the blood healthy and salts it with oxygen.

You do not use more than an ounce of brain for thought, the remainder is used in vital forces. Use this ounce of brain to free yourself from the bondage of the old medical laws.

My father was a physician, and I followed in his footsteps and was considered very successful in the treatment of cholera, smallpox, and like diseases. When that terrible disease meningitis was slaying its victims by the thousands, all schools of medicine united in their efforts to conquer it, but without avail. It entered my family, and in spite of all that medical skill could do, death claimed four victims and our home was made desolate.

Then in my grief the thought came to me that instead of asking God to bless the means being used, it were far better to search for the right means, knowing if they were once found the result would be sure.

I began to study man, and I found no flaw in

God's work. The Intelligence of Deity is unquestionable; His law unalterable. On this law is the science of Osteopathy founded, and after struggling for years under the most adverse circumstances, it stands to-day triumphant.

If I were at present called on to give medicine, I would be as much afraid of Dover's powders as a darkey is of a skeleton.

If I should give calomel, I would do it with my eyes shut, and I would want to keep them shut for nine days, so uncertain would I be as to results.

If because I denounce drugs you call me a Christian Scientist, go home and take half a glass of castor oil and purge yourself of such notions.

If you consider me a mesmerist, a big dose of pills may carry the thought away.

I am simply trying to teach you what you are; to get you to realize your right to health, and when you see the cures wrought here, after all other means have failed, you can but know that the foundation of my work is laid on nature's rock.

What is the nature of the cases that come to us? Do you remember Lazarus? If so, you will remember that his food was crumbs, and

well-mumbled crumbs at that. Well, we are like Lazarus in that respect; we get the leavings of the medical world, their incurable cases.

We get men whose stomachs have been tanks for the receiving of acid, iron, and mercury—mercury which transforms their livers into cinnabar and makes them rheumatic barometers, sensitive to every weather change.

This same mercury in certain forms is a great friend to the dentist, for when taken into the system it hunts for chalky substances, seizes upon the teeth and oftentimes causes the girl of seventeen to substitute china store teeth for pearly white incisors, bicuspids, and molars, that nature meant to last a lifetime.

I have a pup at home, and when he disobeys my laws I apply a switch to him as a reminder of his shortcomings. So nature applies to you the switch of pain when her mandates are disregarded, and when you feel the smarting of the switch do not pour drugs into your stomachs, but let a skilful engineer adjust your human machine, so that every part works in accordance with nature's requirements.

Think of yourself as an electric battery. Electricity seems to have the power to explode or distribute oxygen, from which we receive the

vitalizing benefits. When it plays freely all through your system, you feel well. Shut it off in one place and congestion may result; in this case a medical doctor, by dosing you with drugs, would increase this congestion until it resulted in decay. He is like the Frenchman who lets his duck rot that it may boil the sooner. Not so with an Osteopath. He removes the obstruction, lets the life-giving current have full play, and the man is restored to health.

The one is man's way and is uncertain, the other is God's method and is infallible. Choose this day whom you will serve.

Now let us commence low down and reason up, for a while. How many observing persons ever saw a sick goose on water, though the water be dirty? If the goose can get such food as is neccessary to sustain life, his doctor, which is water, and the elements which belong to his species, will always keep him well. A dead goose, swan, pelican, loon, or any aquatic fowl, is seldom if ever found dead on the surface of lakes or water resorts, unless his death comes from violence.

Our oldest pioneers will tell you that sickness among hogs was unknown in the early settlements of the country. The hogs were turned

loose in nature's field to eat, drink, grow, and be happy. When sick from overeating or any other cause, they were supposed to have sense enough to go to the creek or some wet place and plunge into it and stay there until their fever disappeared, and they were well again.

No hunter's knife ever pierced the skin of a sick buck, bear, wolf, or panther, unless he found on removing his hide marks of previous bodily injury, not of his choice.

We believe the reason of this great absence of disease among animals and fowls of all kinds was a strict adherence to the laws under which they were placed by nature. When they were tired they would rest, when hungry they would eat, and lived in strict obedience to all the indications of their wants.

We believe man is no exception to this rule. One of the greatest reasons we believe can be traced to man's disregard to those great facts, and on this he does not show as much sense as a goose.

CHAPTER XX.

Lecture Delivered in Memorial Hall, March 12, 1895—A Mature Woman—What is Man?—The Unknowable—Life Is a Mystery—The Pace We Go—The Machinery to Work With.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—I am here to-night at your request, to answer before the court that tries a man and gives a just decision—where each man is a juror and decides for himself, where each lady sits as jurist—whose conclusions are filed away for herself, family, and her friends. A woman can live an active life for forty-five or fifty years. Then she is looked upon as a mature woman, from whom her neighbors seek counsel. She will go to church, to state-houses, political and national holiday gatherings for the purpose of picking up a few crumbs of knowledge, to bring back and impart to her children, grandchildren, her husband, neighbors, and friends.

Allow me, in the introduction of the subject of Osteopathy, to tell you I am proud all over. I don't know why nature or nature's God opened

one of my eyes to see a small corner of His work. Over twenty years I have stood in the courts of God as an attorney. I have questioned and cross-questioned, and directed my questions positively on all parts of this subject that I desired to investigate. The questions that I asked myself were about the following: "Have I a mind capable of comprehending or solving by my force of philosophy the great question 'What is man?'" You remember that I spoke then as a man whose mouth would not be closed through fear. That question "What is man?" covers all the questions embraced in the universe—all questions, none left, "Who is God?" "What is life?" "What is death?" "What is sound?" "What is love?" "What is hatred?" Any individual one of these wonders can be found in that great combination, Man. Is anything left? Nothing. Do you find any principle in heaven, on earth, in mind, in matter or motion, that is not represented by kind and quality in man's make-up? You find the representation of the planets of heaven in man. You find the action of those heavenly bodies represented in yours. You find in miniature mind controlling the power of motion. You find in reason that it is the result of a conclusion backed by the ability known as the

power of knowledge. And when the machine was constructed it was given the power of locomotion, self-preservation, all the passions of all the beasts of the field, and all the aspirations of God Himself in kind. All these qualities you find in man. The same qualities you find in a more refined condition in woman, she being the sensitive part of the whole make-up of the human race. She is a finer principle than man. She is sensory, man motor. He is motor, she is intellectual.

Let me suggest that in the human make-up, we find the motor nerves driving the blood from the heart by the arteries throughout the body to all extremities, and returning it through the veins. Therefore when you find in the make-up of man the motor, or the father principle, you will also find the other or mother part, in the return of the blood to the heart, where it is sent out again for the battle of life.

I am talking to you as though you were Osteopaths of many years' experience, and who, having placed your hand on the side of Christ and found the scar, have no further doubts. I am placed in a rather embarrassing position, and hesitate whether to throw a bombshell at you or to just simply fire a smaller ball; or like the Baptist

preacher, fire a shotgun and hit more places. But you needn't look for a howitzer from me to-night.

When I looked up the subject and tried to acquaint myself with the works of God, or the unknowable as some call Him, Jehovah as another class say, or as the Shawnee Indian calls Him, the great *Illnoywa Tapamala-qua*, which signifies the life and mind of the living God, I wanted some part that my mind could comprehend. I began to study what part I should take up first to investigate the truths of nature, and place them down as scientific facts. Where will I begin? That is the question. What will I take? How is the best way? I found that one of my hands was enough for me all the days of my life. Take the hand of a man, the heart, the lung, or the whole combination, and it runs to the unknowable. I wanted to be one of the Knowables.

The first discovery I made was this: every single individual stroke of God came to me as the unknowable. The stroke of death—what do you know about this? I know nothing, therefore it is unknowable. I began to study and experiment. By accident I got started. I removed growths from the human neck, called goitre. The goitre disappeared in a few hours.

The philosophy to me was doubtful or unknowable. A great deal of it is yet. I tried flux. It stopped. I thought I commanded it to stop. I made a certain move and it stopped itself, and that law is absolutely unknowable to me yet. I found headache. What is headache? That was also to me unknowable. I found fevers; I found the reverse of that. I did not know what it was. I will give you an example. You take hold of this incandescent light as it now stands at about 80°, and as I turn the battery on you have then about 160°. You turn it off and it is dead. We have the motor principle, or the positive, coming forward and bringing the elements necessary to life. We will destroy that—the positive—and let the mother principle take charge of it. What does she do? She clears up the rubbish in the house every morning, when the man goes out. She takes the dirt out in less time than her husband brings it in. So the temperature is brought back to its original 80, a change of 80°. How that result is obtained leaves me again in the unknowables.

What is electricity? I don't know anything about it. I can only show you what it will do. In the human make-up you have one of the most absolute and thoroughly constructed systems,

wired from the very ground you stand on to the top of your head. Every department has its wires and telegraph-poles, and it has millions of them over your body, each and every one being just where they should be—one for the heart, one for the eye, one for the quilts that cover the eye. Old Mother Nature says, "Spread a quilt there," and down goes your eyelid. There is your quilt. You see in there the mother standing. You see the philosophy of the father and mother principles of the veins and arteries, by their actions and results. When we take up principles, we get down to nature. It is ever willing and self-caring, self-feeding and self-protecting. One would say: "What does all this signify? Why are you making such a fuss? Why are you talking about those divine laws? Are you going to baptize us? Are you going to pass the hat around?"

We have made a mistake and kept it up for a thousand years, according to history. We have tried to meet and ward off effects which we call disease by the effect of something we do not comprehend. When we are sick we take poisons, and plenty of them; the kind and quality that are deadly in their tendency; and not only that, but they are durable. It is said that a dose of

sulphur taken to-day is found by analysis in the body sixty days afterward. How long do their effects last? They may stay sixty or seventy years. When I was a boy I had some poison put in my arm, which they called virus. How long has that been in my body? It has been there through several sieges of smallpox; therefore the effect is endless. When I was about fourteen years old I was salivated. I took several doses of calomel. It loosened my teeth. To-day I am using part of a set of store teeth, because I lived in a day and generation when people had no more intelligence than to make cinnabar of my jaw-bone.

Most of you are strangers, and a great many would like for me to get down to the minutiæ. What is your Osteopathy good for? It has proven itself good to stop croup. In measles and in flux it never fails. When a patient is dead we don't treat him. Take it in any reasonable time, in case of flux, and it has proven itself absolutely certain. It has not lost a case of diphtheria when it commenced within a few hours of its beginning. It has never lost a case of whooping-cough. Neither has it wrestled with it over three days. Is that of any account to you people who sit up eight or ten weeks watching your

children whoop and cough? It has absolute control over the nervous system, of the lungs, and if there is no pocket or cavity made in them, I believe the law is absolute, because it opens the veins, carrying the refuse away, and the arteries build it up again, and your cough stops.

Headache—that is very little bother to you people that have it two or three days at a time. Who but an Osteopath can tell you what headache is? Mr. Dunglison, will you please explain to the people what headache is? "Headache is a peculiar condition, either with cold or hot temperature of the head, with an increased or diminished flow of blood. I would suggest a copious vomit." Here is your definition of headache by Dunglison. And how much wiser are you for it? Go to an Osteopath: "What makes the brain hurt?" He will answer you: "What makes a pig squeal, a calf bawl, a child cry when it is hungry?" You have a cold condition of the head. The cerebral arteries are not supplying the brain with nutriment. Therefore it gets very hungry, and miserably hungry too. When the veins assisted by the motor nerves, or those that convey blood in its circulation, become obstructed, pain follows, which is the effect—headache.

Dr. Sullivan, you have been a plumber for many years; suppose you would find at some point the water was not conducted to the next wash-bowl. You would say there was break or dent in the pipe, wouldn't you? How would you like it if I were to call you up and say: "Sullivan, what is the matter with the pipe? it don't let the water pass through. I can't get any water out of it." Would you say, while you stood with the dignity of a doctor: "There is something peculiarly wrong. It is probably organic disease of the heart. However, I think that an injection of morphine possibly would be of some benefit." That is about the sense you are answered with when you pay your money to a doctor for advice.

The finer the plumber, the better he is prepared to judge of his business. So it is with an Osteopath. Let me ask you another question, Dr. Sullivan: "Is not Osteopathy a system parallel, yet high above, but on the same principle as the plumber's work?"

"Yes, sir."

Nature's God, in constructing that house, proved Himself to be the finest plumber known by any person or philosopher. What do you think of it? Are the wires all in place and ready

to do their duty? I know what your answer will be. You will say: If you will look, you will find every nerve there; you will find nerves, veins, and arteries between each and every rib, between each bone of the back. You will find that every bone in the human body has a bump to hold up some muscle. You will find every muscle provided with veins, arteries, and nerves. You will find there cause for a man to reason, that when they are in their normal position a normal God has declared it is in proper condition for health.

I have been called a crank. Who cares for such names as that? I have been called an ungodly fellow. Who cares for that? I can give you two names where you give me one. I am a long-tongued Scotchman, born with an Irishman's mouth, and I think I have something of an average eye for observation. I have observed for thirty years the workings of a long-protected system of stupendous, unpardonable ignorance, criminal ignorance, called allopathy, homeopathy, eclecticism, all of them using drugs without exception. Why are they criminal? When I was absent from home one of my children was attacked with fever. An allopath came in with medicine. He believed in tonics, sedatives, and many other little things. What does the eclectic

do? He believes in his purgatives, his sweats, his pukes, and his burns; he believes in his hypodermic syringe. He uses it, and so does the homeopath.

The allopath comes in and says: "I believe in both of them, only a little more heroically. Being the highest of the trinity of experimenters, I want to tell you that I mean all of that, with no qualifications. I mean it unreservedly!"

When I came back my twelve-year-old boy was taking quinine and whisky. I asked:

"What have you in your hand?"

"Oh, a little quinine."

"What is in that bottle?"

"A little whisky; I am going to make a little quinine whisky."

How long does it take a boy to learn that whisky tastes better without the quinine? Who started that shower of water from the mother's eyes? That criminal who prescribed that first drink. I call it criminal in any man. You can get drunk and call it holy if you want to.

Here comes up colic. A young fellow goes to see his girl. He is too lazy to make the fire for his mother to fill him up once a week, and he goes out and his Polly fills him up with pie and cake. He comes home with colic; goes to the

pill-doctor, and he pops the syringe into the region of the solar-gastric nerve;—should I have said pneumogastric? That makes him easy. He fills up with crab-apples next time, and he needs another hypodermic. The first thing you know he uses his own syringe: you see them out in San Francisco, and all over America.

"Come along, Tom; let's go and punch our arms."

They are not going to be worked in that way any more, and pay for it. Those hypodermic syringes are almost as common as grasshoppers when you go East or West. What are we tending to? I saw some dogs fifty years ago, and I never forgot them. They were above a mill-dam, and the water was running very fast, and their tails kept going down, down, down. A man said, "Look at those d—d dogs." Well, I thought if they were not d—d they soon would be, and it was but a second until they were over the dam, and were dead dogs. That shows if they try to swim across the current so close to the dam, something happens to the dogs; something happens to your boy; something happens to your husband.

An Osteopath walks out single-handed and alone. And what does he place his confidence

in? First, on his confidence in the intelligence and immutability of God Himself. That the strokes of the smoothing-planes of God, the steam boilers constructed by the Divine Being and placed in man here, when unobstructed, act in harmony. What is harmony but health? It takes perfect harmony of every nerve, vein, and artery in all parts of the body. Every muscle that moves has something to make it go. Instance, what is it that constructs the heart that pushes the blood to all parts of the body? Why, an Osteopath will tell you it is the work of coronary arteries, which he must know before he treats your heart.

When I look upon the work of nature it doesn't work for a dollar and a half a day; it works for results only. God's pay for labor and time is truth, and truth only. If it takes Him a million years to make a stone as large as a bean, the time and labor are freely given and the work honestly done. No persuasion whatever will cause that mechanic to swerve from the line of exactness in any case. Therefore I can trust the principles that I believe are found in the human body. I find what is necessary for the health, comfort, and happiness of man, the passions, and all else. Nothing is needed but plain,

ordinary nourishment. We find all the machinery, qualities, and principles that the Divine Mind intended should be in man. Therefore, let me work with that body, from the brain to the foot. It is all finished work, and is trustworthy in all its parts.

CHAPTER XXI.

Osteopathy as a Science—I Got So Mad I Bawled—The Triumph of Freedom—Reproached for Opposing the Teachings of My Father—Osteopathy and Reverence of God—The Telegraphy of Life—The Circulation—Preparing the Blood—Sickness Defined—The Electric Light and Osteopathy—A Scholarship from the University of Nature—Professor Peacock and a Lesson from His Tail.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—I cannot express myself as an orator; timidity came to me at birth, or maybe it was waiting for me a week beforehand. It is easy for me to use such big words as "I will" or "I won't," and I do not hesitate to say I will demonstrate that Osteopathy is a science. The purpose of these meetings is to give you an insight into its meaning. The average person can't tell whether it is an earthquake, a cyclone, or a comet. Even the Governor * of the great State of Missouri thinks it a special "gift or secret." We know it is a science founded on truth—a science which any man of average intelligence, who will studiously apply himself, can learn. It is a science of the

* The Governor referred to was Governor Stone, who vetoed the first Osteopathy bill.

law which can control fever, flux, measles, and diphtheria. It never goes into the line of battle to meet those foes under a flag of truce, but defiantly waves the black flag.

In this work we must depend upon the absolute law of Deity for results. If you object to that, all right; you may take guesswork, if you choose, I will not lose my hold on Deity. If you want to see the result of guesswork, look at our graveyards, full of babies, little children, young mothers, and men who failed to reach the prime of life. I can tell you God never meant to fertilize the earth in such manner. It is the ignorance of man which produces such results.

I remember that in the harvest-fields out in wind-swept Kansas, while the men wore shirts, most of them with holes in them, one day a Dutchman sat down against a tree to rest, and something crawled through one of the holes. The Dutchman pulled it out of his bosom, asking: "What's dat? Will it bite?" About that time I found something in my bosom. It was Osteopathy. I pulled it out into view and asked as the Dutchman did of the snake: "Will it bite?" The answer came: "No, I want to give to mothers the comforts due them. I want to give ease and quiet to children so that they can

fulfil the law of nature and develop from an atom to a full-grown being. And in this one form you will find all that heaven and earth contain, fully represented, mind, matter, and motion, blended by the wisdom of Deity.

My neighbors said of this strange thing I showed them, "Nonsense; you are crazy," until I grew ashamed to hold God's works to view even in the freedom-claiming State of Kansas. And when they spoke so slightly of this science which is backed by God, like the Dutchman when his wife died, "I got so mad I bawled."

The nineteenth century triumphed over slavery, but who appreciates true freedom?—for it appears there is one wise man to ninety-nine fools among the people. When I tried to explain that the brain acted as a common battery, they thought these secrets belonged to God, and reproached me for opposing the teachings of my father, who, during his life, had been a good physician, using pills, purges, plasters, and all the poisons he had been taught were essential to the curing of disease. He lived up to the best light he had, but a fuller and brighter light has broken on us from the intelligence of God much better than the old guesswork. I hope to give all my life to the study of these human engines,

these combines of mind and matter, and whenever I find a new truth I shall trumpet it to the world.

I want the character of my discoveries to be such that when an inquirer asks whose writing is upon the pages of Osteopathy, the answer may be, Truth. "They bear the truths of the Architect of the universe."

It has been said to me: "Are you not afraid of losing your soul running after this new idea, this strange philosophy?"

I have no fear that following a law made by God will lead me from Him. Every advance step taken in Osteopathy leads one to greater veneration of the divine Ruler of the universe.

I do not want to go back to God with less knowledge than when I was born. I want my footprints to make an impress on the fields of reason. I have no desire to be a cat, which walks so lightly that it never creates a disturbance. I want my footprints to be plainly seen by all readers. I want to be myself, not "them," not "you," not "Washington," but just myself; well plowed and cultivated. I expect to continue searching into the construction of this engine where I find so much to interest me—in the brain of man, with its two lobes, cerebellum,

medulla oblongata, spinal cord, and various sets of nerves, branching off, completing the machinery which controls the telegraphy of life.

In the heart I find chambers where blood is stored to pass through the arteries of the entire system, and when done returns through the veins to the heart in an impoverished condition, to receive nourishment from the chyles which pass through the ducts to renew the blood.

Each vein has many water-buckets. God provides water-buckets and water for the veins. The lymphatics furnish water supplies, and thin the Jersey milk of the chyle, getting it ready for the pulmonary arteries.

Sickness is caused by the stopping of some supply of fluid or quality of life.

In case of paralysis you go from one doctor to another to find one who can throw the current of life on the spinal cord. He fails with drug remedies, and finally you find a man who touches the button and turns on the light. So in case of diphtheria; you want a man that understands the machinery of man. He conquers the disease by knowing how to apply the principles of this science along the lines of sensation, motion, and nutrition. He cures your child; then you are happy, and give vent to your joys. An Oste-

opath is taught that nature is to be trusted to the end.

The principle of the electric-light is the same as Osteopathy. It has two batteries composed of opposite chemicals; bring them together by action, and an explosion of light is produced.

The same principle shows how a bird keeps warm—its heart-beats are quick. The snowbird has about three hundred and sixty beats per minute, while the elephant has only about one in three minutes, and the whale still less.

Why is the wind-bag or lung placed in the breast? Is it to explode oxygen and sustain life and keep you warm? If the machine is in a healthy state, would you narcotize it until the battery cannot act?

Oxygen is sent through the entire body and throws a bombshell into the camp of death. But some refuse to accept the new and better way. They want the same old whisky-and-drug course.

All right, no gun can shoot stronger than its construction warrants, and they can do no better.

People have to be educated; they are like rats in a trap. Their doctor may be a good man, but he is practically helpless under the system he advocates. He lets his wife die, lets his child die,

that he would give worlds to save, dies himself because he travels away from God's school of instruction.

An Osteopath is only a human engineer, who should understand all the laws governing his engine and thereby master disease.

When asthma comes and destroys life, the pulmonary nerves thicken and get stupid, the nerves lose control, and inharmony is the result. Turn on vitality as God directs, and don't make your patient drunk.

In case of flux, when the bowels are on fire with pain, an Osteopath presses the button of ease, and in a few minutes the agony is over and the child is hungry.

Shame on the knife that cuts a woman like a Christmas hog. Almost one-half the women of to-day bear a knife-mark, and I tell you, God's intelligence is reproached by it.

An Osteopath stands firm in the belief that God knew what to arm the world with, and follows His principles. And he who so far forgets God's teachings as to use drugs, forfeits the respect of this school and its teachings.

God is the Father of Osteopathy, and I am not ashamed of the child of His mind.

I purchased a scholarship in the university of

nature, for which I have paid a very high price, and got my receipt in full.

I had only heard of the ability of the President. I was told that He possessed a great store of knowledge—in short, knew all things. As a skilled mechanic, imperfection in forms of all parts was a word that He did not comprehend, because His works never possessed a flaw nor fault in form.

From the construction of worlds, with their laws of life and motion, with any imperfection to compare and see the difference, if any, between perfection and imperfection, would it not be reasonable to suppose that He was not at all acquainted by the comparison of His own works of the meaning of the word imperfection? With this caution and knowledge given to me, I have entered the college.

I was ordered by the dean of the faculty to follow the sexton, and make the acquaintance of the professors of all the departments of this great school of learning. It was nine o'clock in the morning when I began to follow the sexton from room to room. I was introduced to a most beautiful professor by the name of Peacock, which signifies the skilled work and paintings of the departments of color. Professor Peacock says:

"You will go through all other rooms in which every animal, fish, and fowl occupy chairs as professors. Each one of them has a knowledge of the minutiæ of all forms, origin, and insertion of every piece or principle belonging to his department. He begins and completes the whole body, paints, spots, stripes, and beautifies to the highest desire of nature, from the fowls of the air, the fishes of the sea, the beasts of the field, to the crowning effort of God Himself, which is given in the form of man: beautiful in shape, containing all the machinery in the existence of life, the attributes of God, mind and reason, so harmoniously blended that not a flaw nor fault can be found in any room when inspected by God Himself.

And when you shall have received an introduction to all the professors of this great work wherein form is given and life is put in possession as the indweller and commander of that division of life only, you will comprehend its wonders.

Then you will report to me at this room, and I will begin with crude material, place your feet on the ladder of progress, and hold you there until you reach the top round. You will master chemistry, a department in which matter is

qualified to be put into the hands of the skilled mechanics, who observe and execute the duties of giving form to every piece found in the constructed beings, preparatory to handing it over to the skilled painter. You should follow him through all rooms in which these chemicals of color are prepared, to learn how to apply and paint according to the specifications found as written by the hand and mind of Deity.

You must and shall dwell here until you are master of all the arts as indicated in my form and appearance, as you now see me.

I am an open book of nature that you must study.

No partial knowledge will suffice. Your diploma must have the seal of acceptance and approval of the Architect who exacts perfection in knowledge, and prove it by your work.

You must paint and display on my body all known colors, spots, stripes, and beautify as you can see and read, plainly written by the hand of the Architect just spoken of, or dwell here through all eternity with peacocks. If God stayed to finish, and did leave this patron of beauty and wisdom, why do not you learn all about the parts and principles herein found?

We see previous to forming a feather in the

peacock's tail, a rounded-up set of muscles, veins, nerves, and arteries—preparatory to forming a being called the feather, coming out of the back of any fowl. This preparation is large or small according to the duties it has to perform. It has to form a spindle, which requires the nerves of force to push it out of the skin of the bird. To all appearance it simply pushes out a pencil-like spindle. From the gland or matrix of this being in formation by this process, soon this spindle is out many inches or less from the body. Here we begin to see the formed end of the feather with all its beauties, in colors selected to suit. As the feather pushes farther out we see a spot—black, green, blue, or white. When this spot is formed as the feather still extends from the body, we see another color blending and beautifying so much of the feather, and we see no more of the black deposited.

It is reasonable to suppose that the nerve that furnishes the black color and has ceased to keep up the black painting is broken off or become disabled in some way, and never throws out any more during the whole formation of the feather, but keeps up its beautiful coloring of both sides to blend with and beautify the spot just left, clear on to the completion and ripening of the feather.

CHAPTER XXII.

Address in Memorial Hall, June 22d, 1895—All Patterns Found in Man—Attributes of Deity Found in Man—No Flaw in the Construction—Lesson from a Sawmill—Never was Flux—Abuse of Osteopathy—Some Notes of Warning—Efforts to Seduce Incompetent Students to Practice—Danger from Incompetents—Danger of Going Out Too Soon.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—Twenty-two years ago to-day noon I was shot—not in the heart, but in the dome of reason. That dome was in a very poor condition to be penetrated by an arrow charged with the principles of philosophy. Since that eventful day I have sacredly remembered and kept it—not all the time before as intelligent nor as great an audience as this. Part of the time I withdrew from the presence of man to meditate upon that event, upon that day, wherein I saw by the force of reason that the word "God" signified perfection in all things and in all places. I began at that day to carefully investigate with the microscope of mind to prove an assertion that is often made in your presence, that the perfection of Deity can be proven by His works.

I resolved that I would take up the subject, and ascertain by investigation whether that assertion was true or not; whether it could be proven as stated by the gray-headed sages of the pulpit, that the works of God would prove His perfection. (Not all the roads that men travel are smooth.) We never have a positive but that we have a negative. I am convinced as far as I comprehend, and I cannot assert beyond that, that the works of God do prove His perfection in all places, at all times, and under all circumstances. I drew a line of debtor and creditor. On the one side I placed the works of God, on the other the acts of man, who is the handiwork of God, the intelligent association of mind, matter, and spirit, the child of God, who is the Author and Builder of all worlds and all things therein. All patterns for the mechanic to imitate in all his inventions are found in man. You remember that all patterns are borrowed from this one being—be it God, be it devil, or be it man—who is the originator of all things. All patterns for all things are imitations of what is found in the constructed being, man. We see in man, as we comprehend it, the attributes of Deity. We see the result of the action of mind, therefore a representation of the Mind of all minds. We

find in the solar system motion, without which no universe can exist. The very thought of mind itself presupposes action. The motions of all the planets of the universe indicate and approve action and force. Those planets pass and repass, to the hour and minute; pass before you and other globes, indicating to a man of reason the ability of the Mind to mathematically calculate the length of every piece used in the whole universe, and to arm and equip it with a velocity that is exactly true, and that will run to the thousandth part of a second. Should one-quarter of a second's time be lost in the velocity of Jupiter, what might be the result? Increase the electric force of the whole system and fever will be the result in the whole planetary and solar system. If Jupiter in his rounds should lose one-quarter of a second's time on his circuit, what effect would it have on the whole planetary system? You would see such planets as Mercury, Venus, and the earth dancing a jig of confusion. Then if we had a medical doctor turned loose there, he would give a whopping big dose of morphine. Just on that ground exactly is where he is incompetent to comprehend the revolutions and the time exacted by the divine Moon-maker. We find the same thing exactly in the

solar system of man. Suppose the heart fails to make its time. A confusion is started by a retention of the blood at the base of the brain—perhaps the base of the heart, or the base of the bowels, or the base of the foot, or the side or top of any division of the body—and you may expect until Jupiter takes his regular time, gets in line with that star, you will have to go to the Hot Springs to get warmed up.

A great many of you have come here to-night, and what for? A very few have come here to see what nonsense is going on. Between your eyes there are too many miles of reason to call any mathematical fact a humbug. Some heads are not governed with the milestones of reason. You must not be too hard upon those whose eyes take in so little of a mile; but allow them the privilege of calling you a philosopher or a fool, because to them one is just as well understood as the other.

My grandmother was a Dutchwoman. She told me she believed in signs, by which she regulated the setting of hens, killing chickens, and butchering hogs. When you see one of those little heads that know it all, with a little book under his arm, an almanac or something of the sort, claiming in a week or ten days to be a great

Osteopath, remember what I tell you: That child was weaned when the sign was in the feet; thus he wants to trot. The next place the sign was in the abdomen, and his aspirations are to eat, and he is ready to go into the world and make a boast that he is an Osteopath, and that he comprehends all of the science, and more too. He is ready to go before the world, and with false statements lie just enough to get more money than he can get by straightforward, honest dealing before his fellow-men. We have such births here, having worked at dentistry, selling drugs, or other vocations, and developed in a few days ready to go out into the world and raise his flag of "Osteopathy."

Twenty-two years ago I took up the matter solemnly and seriously. Since that time I have not lost a wakeful hour without my mind being engaged with the construction of man, to see if I could detect one single flaw or defect in it—either under the microscope, or with the anatomist's knife, or the rules of philosophy of my own or the minds of others. I have never yet been able to detect the least shadow of confusion. The Jupiter of life is absolutely and mathematically correct. My investigation has been for the honest purpose of ascertaining whether, when the

great God of the universe constructed man, there was one single defect in His work that has been detected by all the combined intelligence of the sons and daughters of man from the birth of man to the present time. I had to give the wholesale credit mark, and make the vote unanimous for God, and if you cannot make it unanimous, do as some of the Republicans did in St. Louis: a few of you go out. If you can't swallow it, go out and stay out.

Why did I become interested in this great question of the intelligence of God? His ability to give us the seasons, cold and hot, wet and dry, the different kinds of fowls and animals, the fish of the seas and running waters? The reason why I investigated this was: I believed that man was wofully and wonderfully benighted, from the fact that when he was sick he guessed what was the matter, and guessed he would go for a doctor. Then guessing commenced in earnest. The doctor guessed what was the matter; he guessed what he would give him; he guessed when to return; guessed that he would get well, or guessed he would die. He entered the grand chamber of guessing then and there, and when the last breath was drawn the guesswork was not through with until the preacher

guessed where he would go. I said to myself that God knew more than I did, and more than Mr. Mikael, or Dick Roberts, or all the men I could think of; more than General Jackson or Jeff Davis, Abe Lincoln, or even Horace Greeley. I concluded that if He did know all things, He has certainly placed that machinery on the track of life, armed and equipped, with boilers full, plenty of oil, and all the bearings of the running-gear of the whole engine in good condition. I began to look at man. What did I find? I found myself in the presence of an engine—the greatest engine that mind could conceive of. Having spent seven or eight years with a stationary engine, acquainting myself with all its parts from boiler to saw, I began to investigate man as an engine. In running my saw I found that, if I squeezed it, the blade would wobble. I found that hum was gone, having passed to a warbling sound. It was hardly a warble, because when a saw gets hot and begins to wobble the pressure is very light, and it wobbles just before it warbles. I discovered that the harmonious hum of the saw was produced when it was running exactly as it should, keeping line. I found the same wobbling in man, and it was that which drew my attention, so that

I inquired what was the matter with the saw of life. It was out of line, and the friction against the timber produced the heat and what they call buckling. It wobbled to one side like a blubber under a pancake. That wobble will spoil your saw and stop its work. How many blubbers did I find in the human engine? I found the blubber of erysipelas, of flux, of diphtheria. It is the bursting of the bubble by the wobbling saw which indicates the saw of life is out of line and the carriage off the track. I defy the oldest sages of philosophy to show me the difference between flux and no flux; to show me the time when flux was not there. He must take the number of hours in which this milk soured and began to curdle. It first commenced its changing process at a stationary condition, under a suitable temperature. The milk sours in a common pan, just as the blood would sour in the pans of the bowels or the mesentery arteries, veins, or muscles. Therefore you have simply an effect, and you call that a particular disease: it is effect only. Ninety-nine times out of one hundred that same machine has a wobbling saw; it has left the line; it is not tracking on the course of life as by nature given, and things are not harmonious.

Why should I prosecute this for years? Because I could count as much as an old mathematician in simple addition at least. I could make a mark for Tom Smith, died under the doctor's treatment; and Jim Smith, also dead, and John Henry Smith, likewise dead. However, I omitted to say that the father and mother were both dead of flux. I began to see, during the Civil War, in that part of the States of Missouri and Kansas where the doctors were shut out, the children did not die. I began to reason as to why it was so. Our ministers say the birds are provided for, and I just thought if God took care of them He took care of those children too. There is the same ability there to sustain them through the summer and winter. Nature has provided for a great many emergencies. When a mule has worked all day, and the muscles of his spine are pulled out like a shoestring, what does he do? He finds a good place to roll, kicks up his heels, kicks another mule or two, and has gone through his Osteopath manipulation. He shows a little sense. An old hen when she gets what you call microbes in her feathers, does what? She gets out her microscope and looks through, and concludes they are microbes; then she hunts up a dust-heap, and leaves them there.

Watch the hog. He knows more than his master; when he gets the fever he goes into the mud and stays there until the fever leaves. Some years ago a man had the cholera, and his friends concluded they would help the old man cover himself up in the sand and let him die. They went off up the river and left him, and the next morning he was with them and ready for his breakfast. They left him to die, but he got well.

I have a very kindly feeling for this day. On the 22d day of June, 1874, at ten o'clock, was the first time I ever saw the gravy of liberty, and I have been sopping my bread in it ever since, and, like eating olives, it was a little difficult at first, but now they all want olives. The whole of North America is beginning to say: "I will take some olives, if you please." The Irishman took some, but said: "Begobs, who spoiled the plums?" Our students, our early diplomats who have gone out from here, have withstood the howitzers in every engagement, and come out victorious. That poor little Ammerman, who is about as big as a little piece of chewing-gum after the Sunday services are over, went down into Kentucky, and swung a little Osteopathic flag to the breeze there. They brought the laws of that great

State to bear upon the little banty of less than a year's experience. His works followed him into the court, and the grand jury of the great State of Kentucky says "Not guilty."

One of my poor, feeble-minded sons, who has been a follower of mine, went up to Minnesota. He was arrested; for what? For not seeing diphtheria where there was none. There is a law there that quarantines against diphtheria, measles, scarlet fever, etc. Well, my boy is just like his father; he knows so little that he is not afraid of it. He has more grit than brains, I suppose. I was told by Senator Nelson, of that State, that he went into twenty-eight houses in one day, and the next day took down all of those cardboards.

KEEP OUT!

BY ORDER OF

THE STATE BOARD OF HEALTH.

—o—

CONTAGIOUS DIPHTHERIA.

It looked as if there were dressmakers in every house until you took a closer observation. They

were put up by order of the state board of health or state board of ignorance, to keep the people from spreading diphtheria. There were hundreds of them in that little town of Red Wing. Senator Nelson said he went into those houses with my son Charles (who is a diplomat of Osteopathy). The children's tongues were sticking out of their mouths, their throats were red; but he said Charles never lost a case. He also told me, previous to that time one hundred and fourteen children died in that vicinity with diphtheria in one day, but that Osteopathy did not lose a single case during that winter. And for saving the lives of those children my son was arrested and brought before the court. What was the result? The fathers and mothers came out by the hundreds, and the prosecuting doctors and attorneys concluded to "git." Those Swedes and Norwegians said if Still was found guilty they would hang the doctors. The people declared that from center to circumference of Minnesota, Osteopathy should live. They also came over from Wisconsin *en masse* with their firearms to set at liberty that boy the very instant he was put in jail for violating the laws by saving children's lives. They declared that the people were the law, and the statute the tool. The statute is

a money-making provision, and when the people arise they are the law of the country. In Louisville, Kentucky, the people are the law; in the State of Missouri the people are the law; also in Kansas; and in many parts of the United States. Americans will not have their liberties abridged. Neither are they going to take the doctor of their choice through the kitchen any more.

Twenty-two years ago I had to crawl in through the kitchen to see a child that had the croup. The child's uncle, John Tibbs, of Macon city, sent me a telegram to come and see his brother's child, that was dying with croup. They had had a consultation of five or six doctors, who decided the child could not live. One of them was a good old English doctor who got drunk occasionally, and he said the child would soon be in the "harms of the Great Hi Ham." The child's uncle and Mr. McCaw met me at the depot, took me to the house, and succeeded in taking me through the kitchen; wouldn't let me go in through the front way for fear we would meet some of the doctors coming out. In five minutes' time the child began to breathe easy and play about the house. Since that time there has been an Osteopathic home at that place. Since that time Osteopathy has become known

throughout the whole State, and the intelligent man has confidence in it. The philosopher also has confidence in its ability to cure. The fathers and mothers call in the Osteopaths and pay for their service now.

One objection to Osteopathy is that it may make thieves and scoundrels. Some men come here for a little while and go away and say, "I have been in Kirksville; I am an Osteopath," and so on. They steal from the people wherever they can until found out. They are drunken scoundrels, the very trash of your town. So far it is dangerous. The medical doctors have said it was dangerous, because with a few cures in a neighborhood, Osteopathy is liable to become the grandest system of robbery in the world. Men will stand up and curse this science to the very last, and then get on the train, go off three or four hundred miles, and say they are from the city of Jerusalem, commonly called Kirksville; that they are right from the rivers of life, and thoroughly understand this science. They are men who never did anything but curse it as the lowest conception of foolishness and ignorance. Another dangerous point I want you to guard against is, that as soon as our students begin to know a little something of Osteopathy, some

one will come and offer to pay their expenses to foreign parts if they will go. They propose to pay them well if they will go and practise Osteopathy, when they are no more fit than a donkey is to go in a jewelry-shop. Men come and ask me what to do for sore throat, and so on, and say they will pay so much for it. They tell our young students that they have plenty of money, and will pay their expenses and two hundred dollars a month if they will go with them. This is a great temptation to a young man who has not had fifteen cents with which to buy his girl chewing-gum. Some of them know of their condition, and hang round among the patients and strangers, and make them tempting offers, saying: "Don't you go to the old doctor; he is jealous of us." They keep this up until they are off with him, and away they go, like any other deceivers.

Having followed this science for twenty-two years, I am fully convinced that the God of nature has done His work completely. I am satisfied that a revolution stands before you to-day—a healing revolution, a revolution in the human mind that will result in the study of anatomy in our district schools and colleges. It is one of the most important studies for all the schools.

When I commenced this study I took the human bones and handled them week in and week out, month in and month out, and never laid them down while I was awake for twelve months. There is a great danger to the student of Osteopathy, that he may conclude he ought to be out as quick as some hostler or some fellow that has been round here for a little while, and is out stealing from the people to-day. You ask when you come here how long it takes a man to become competent to go into a community and withstand the howitzers that will be thrown at him. We tell you, from long experience in this science, that it will require twice twelve months. I can take you up as a herd of sheep, comb you and grease you, and send you out in the market, and the best judge can't tell whether you are good or bad sheep; but I will not do it. You ask me for truth, I will give it you. If you send your son or daughter here, you do not want them to go out incompetent.

A number of those who have been with us a year go out, and some do some good. Previous to the time we got our institution so we could handle it, we did the best we could: just like the preacher's wife who borrowed cloth to patch her husband's shirt—she did the best she could;

and she stayed home because she had no shoes, which was the best she could do. We have reached the time now that we can do better.

Two years ago, when I commenced this building, fifty by ninety feet hall, ten rooms, etc., the people said: "What is that old fool doing down there, putting up a house of that size? He is crazy." Do you know the condition that fellow is in now? He finds that he needs another building forty by sixty feet and ten more rooms in order to accommodate the people. Do you see how the work has grown? One person speaks to another, and another, and reports what is being done. That is all the advertising we have had. We print our journal to answer your questions concerning the science.

For twenty-two years I have been looking at the parts of the human engine, and I find it is a most wonderfully constructed engine, with the intelligence of mind and the spirit of God from the crown of the head to the soles of the feet. I believe that is God's medical drug-store, and that all cures of nature are in the body.

If I were to take up this subject and discuss it as a philosophy, no one hot night would be sufficient for an introduction to it. I do not think I could tell it in six months or six years. It

is as inexhaustible as the works of the whole universe.

If I live twelve months longer I expect to reverently respect the twenty-second day of June, 1897, the anniversary of Osteopathy.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Address at Memorial Hall, June 4th, 1896—Debtor and Creditor—Intermittent Fever—Danger of Depopulation—A Doctor's Prescription for Fever—Electrical Machine in the Brain—Injury to Spinal Cord Paralysis—Effects of Medicine—What an Osteopath Must Know—The Seriousness of Studying Osteopathy—Courses of Study—Definition of Flux—Spread of Osteopathy—Style of Cases—Specific Cases.

I HAVE examined the encyclopedias and histories, but have never found anything in them about Osteopathy. Twenty-two years ago this month I realized for the first time that the word "God" meant perfection in every particular. Previous to that I thought He was imperfection, all but a little, and that the imperfection could be filled out by drugs. I saw that ignorance and drugs were contradictory to every principle of philosophy as a healing principle, the so-called science of medicine being a principle without a foundation. I then commenced to see how I would go about it. What is your subject? what are you talking and thinking about? I am thinking about that intelligently constructed, self-adjusting, self-firing, and self-propelling

machine called the human engine. That is what I am talking about, what I am trying with my ability to reason about. I commence and say on the debtor side: "You are a failure, so far as fever is concerned, because a majority vote has said, "You are a failure, O Lord!" Don't get excited, any of you people, because I say this. I will call a witness which is a very strong one to prove it. When a man is burning up with fever the actions of the people say of God:

"You are a failure, and we must give him quinine, lobelia, hypodermic syringe, and all such." The cuts and the "trys" and the drugs of all Africa are brought to put that fire out. Here is a burning process going on. This man has been out in the rain; reaction sets up, his temperature rises, it continues, and you call it fever. It stops a while, and then comes on again. What do you call that? Intermittent fever. After a while it continues without intermission; we have then fixed and established fever. "Now, Lord, there is your machine, get him out if you can. If you cannot, down goes an ipecac, and there is a failure put against you. Your character as an inventor is at stake before the intellectual and thinking world."

And God says to the philosopher: "Examine

and see if you don't find a button there that can govern cold and heat?" We all agree that heat is electricity in motion: the greater the velocity the higher the temperature. When we examine, if we find in the make-up of this machine, which is offered to you as a machine of perfection, that it has the power within itself to create heat, and not the power to destroy it, you have found an imperfection in the machine, which proves an imperfection in the Maker. The man who uses drugs and hypodermic syringe says you do not know your business. Take some of these things home with you. This is the first school which ever raised the flag on the globe, as far as history says, that God is Truth, and this can be proven. I can take His works and prove His perfection; and he who takes his good old whisky and drugs, and says God is Perfection, is a liar. He who has lung fever, pneumonia, flux, or any fever, and drinks his whisky, denies the whole idea of the perfection of God. He slaps it in the face, and not only that, but in effect says, God is a failure.

I have been called a fanatic. Why? Because I have asserted that the divine mind had plenty of intelligence and a great deal to spare; and you have been taking some of it in to make a prac-

tical and sensible use of it for yourself and families. Without that confidence in the powers found in that machine, what will your old earth be doing? She will be courting the moon that revolves around it, without a living human soul on it, in a few thousand years. Our digitalis, our whisky, our opium, and other foolish things that are called remedies, are fast driving from the face of the earth the human family. Two hundred and eighty thousand morphine sots in the city of New York ten years ago. Chloral hydrates world without end. Nearly seventy thousand have had their arms punched by Keeley to knock out — what? The whisky habit.

Dr. Smith, I wish you would come up here. This is Dr. Smith, our professor in anatomy and physiology. I want to know if you do not believe, from your own observation, that the so-called science of medicine, with its stimulants and its other poisons, is doing more harm than good?

"Undoubtedly."

She is filling the insane asylums, loading the gallows, and supplying the Keeley Institutes with their thousands annually. That is what your school is doing.

Dr. Smith: "I am not of that school now, doctor; I am of your school."

Where does this thing start? A man goes down to the creek after some fish, and somebody tells him to take a jug of whisky along for fear he might get wet.

He catches a few catfish. He hasn't many of them, but is going to make it up on that whisky. After a while he has what we call fever. The doctor says: "You need a dose of calomel; however, I would suggest that you follow it up with a few sharp doses of quinine, and it would not be amiss to take a little whisky." That is our medical science. The result is drunkenness, insanity, death, showers of tears from families entitled to that man's intelligent services.

Realizing our condition, I set about to learn whether the God of the whole universe had been foolish enough to construct a machine and throw it into space without rudders or brakes to stop it when going downhill, or without any claws to hold it when it goes up; or without any remedy placed in that machine called "perfection." The Book says, "And the Lord said, Let us make man." I suppose there must have been a council, and it must have been a mighty poor council which made a man that wouldn't work.

Let us examine man, and the Maker of man, and see if we can find where He made a failure; and until that is done keep your ipecac, with its music, in your pocket.

Some people think Osteopathy is a system of massage, others that it is a "faith cure." I have no "faith" myself, I only want the truth to stand on. Another class think it is a kind of magnetic pow-wow. It is none of these, but is based upon a scientific principle. If these electric lights are based upon a scientific principle, it must be borrowed capital. From what machine was it borrowed? I think we can find that the first thought in regard to that machine came from looking over the human brain, finding there two lobes containing sensation and motion. That when those two lobes were brought together we found the positive and negative parts of electricity. On that principle Dr. Morse began his researches and gave us the first principle of telegraphy. Other eminent electricians have followed up the same thought. They have also discovered that the batteries supplying the electricity must be of opposite elements. They must be brought together, the parts contained in the opposing poles. Where does the electrician get these principles? They are suggested by the

human brain with its two lobes. He finds the electricity conducted throughout the whole system. If the spinal cord is destroyed, motion comes to a standstill. Now, suppose we would call these lights in the center of the room the spinal cord. By turning off the lights, we represent to a reasoning man a stroke of paralysis. An Osteopath who is not too anxious to go out before he knows anything, suggests a principle, a reason, a foundation on which to build. I will demonstrate to you that the spinal cord supplies all other parts. It is that which supplies life to the whole machine.

(Demonstrations with electric lights. Lights in the center turned off.)

While these lights are off, suppose you try to make them burn by digging around the corner of the house, pouring things into the chimneys or any other available place. Would that help matters? Would an intelligent electrician that knew the A B C's of his business expect to renew the lights by any such process? If I had a son, and he was thirty-five years old, and didn't know more than that in adjusting the human engine, I would have a guardian appointed for him, and tell him to use the hypodermic syringe on both sides of his head. There is only one

principle by which that paralysis can be cured, and that is to open up from the battery the electric wires on which it will travel, which are now obstructed. An Osteopath says he can do that, and there it is. (Lights turned on.)

Where is the philosopher who will stand up and show so little sense at this age of electricity as to come in here and say this is the most stupendous humbug on the face of the earth? The right hand of God of the universe is with us, and we are sending the light more and more over the world. I expect when I am gone that I will come back every week or so to see what Osteopathy is doing. I want to see if it is run off of the face of the earth. In the earlier ages the people didn't know anything of medicine, and they lived a long time. The less they knew of it, the more good food they ate and the longer they lived.

Our work here is to overcome the effects of medicine. Nine-tenths of the cases that come here, while they are wrenched and strained in many places in the body, have to be treated first by turning on the nerves of the excretory organs of the system, for the purpose of cleaning up the dirty house in which we find the human soul dwelling. What do we find? We find the liver

not acting properly, we find some lung affected, we find stones in the gall-bladder. We go a little farther down to the renal nerves, veins, and arteries, to those of the kidneys. They are out of order. We go down to the water-bladder, and there find some specimens. Specimens of what? Of the thoughtless stupidity of man, who, by taking medicine, has converted the liver into a bank of cinnabar. A few doses of calomel, and out go the teeth. Any person in the audience has the privilege of raising his hand and saying I am wrong, if I state anything that is not correct. I am fighting for God, and am going to hit them square in the face. While I am here I expect to tell the straight, unvarnished truth. In order for a man to comprehend, he must do something. The patient can comprehend he has something to do, to know whether he has the backache or not. He can comprehend enough to know he has the backache one hour, and next he does not have it, which knowledge makes him happy. An Osteopath must know the shape and position of every bone in the body, as well as that part to which every ligament and muscle is attached. He must know the blood and the nerve supply. He must comprehend the human system as an anatomist, and also from a

physiological standpoint. He must understand the form of the body and the workings of it. That is a short way to tell what an Osteopath must know. Of course you can have a little knowledge of Osteopathy and do some things, but not know how it is done. Before you can go out in the world and fight the fight, you must master human anatomy and physical laws. Dr. Smith has been teaching anatomy for four years, and if he were out half a mile from here I would say that his qualifications are surpassed by nothing I have met with in my travels over America. He can tell you anything you want to know about anatomy or physiology, and give you the authority for it. He has stuck to it; and he knows it. It is not because he is smarter than other men, but he has stuck to it until he knows the construction of the human machine and its workings. I do not believe any man knows all about it; there is plenty for any one to learn. If a man comes here to take a course in this science, it is a serious matter unless he is a trickster, and comes here with the intention of getting a little knowledge and then skipping out to fool a lot of people. But if he means to stand by it and get all the good there is in it, it is a serious matter, and should be considered as seriously as the sub-

ject of picking out a girl for a wife, or as seriously as he would say his prayers if he were going to be hung. If he goes at it in this way he will not go far until he learns there are ten thousand chambers in the human body that have never been intelligently explored. He can jump over a great deal if he wants to. A man can learn his A B C's and the winding up of the Greek verb. He has jumped. Just so in studying anatomy a man can jump; and when he comes out here, and tells you that he thoroughly understands all of this science of Osteopathy, even a respectable quantity, in less than two years, he jumps a little.

We have been placed in a peculiar position. So many people are suffering, and there is nothing at home but drugs and blisters, and they are begging for our juveniles. They will make them enticing offers, and ask us to let them go. Previous to the commencement of this class we tried to accommodate the people as best we could. But I tell you the philosopher is born after twenty-four months; no nine months' gestation will give you an Osteopath. It must be after a gestation of two years, and then they are only beginners. Even here, where, as Professor Blitz, of London, England, says, we have the greatest

clinical advantages on the face of the earth, the greatest facilities for comprehending anatomy—even though that is the case at the end of two years, our very best and most competent operators would like for me to carry the load, as the young man who gives dad the heaviest end of the log, because the skin on his shoulder is tough.

We control all of the fevers of this or any other climate, all of the contagious diseases, such as mumps, chicken-pox, scarlet fever, measles, diphtheria, or whooping-cough; also flux, constipation, diseases of the kidneys and of the spine. We deal with the brain, the liver, lungs, and the heart. In short, every division of the whole human body, with all its parts.

I can take a young man in here for a little while and make an imitator of him, and send him out so he can handle diphtheria or croup in seven cases out of ten; and he can handle some headaches. What is the condition? He is like my polly. "Polly wants a cracker," and don't know what he is saying or doing. You ask him where the glosso-pharyngeal nerve is, and he will say he don't remember; he will look in his book for it. We want you to thoroughly understand anatomy so that it will come to you as quick as "*ouches!*" to a Dutchman's mouth

when he gets his finger hurt. It ought to be second nature. It should be as indelibly fixed as passing the hat is on the minister's mind, a duty not to be omitted before he closes.

Since the school was incorporated we have established such rules as we think necessary to the attainment of a thorough knowledge of anatomy. First, you have anatomy, and that is a great book. After you have mastered it you take physiology, which is just twice as much as anatomy. Then we have what we call symptomatology. We take up the different symptoms or a combination of symptoms. One indicates toothache, another something else. Suppose there has been a stoppage of blood supply of the stomach, what is the result? What we call cancer. Another symptom would indicate pneumonia. What is pneumonia? You take an Osteopath that knows his business thoroughly, and he can give you the diagnosis and never use a single term of the old schools. Take scrofula, consumption, eczema, every one of them. There is a broken current, an unfriendly relation existing between the capillaries of the veins and arteries.

What is flux? An abortive effort of the artery to feed the vein. The vein contracts and

the artery spills the blood at the nearest place, passes through the bowels, and death results. The doctor gives his quinine, kino, his gourd-seed tea, and other poisons, and adds his mustard-plasters. The child dies. It is a Baptist child, and they bring it to Brother Morgan, and he says: "Whereas, it pleased God to take that child."

I don't believe Brother Morgan would say that. He would say: "I believe this death is through the ignorance of the doctor; that child should have lived and worked, as that was the will of God."

I came here to-night to tell you that the science of Osteopathy, as little as is known of it now, bids fair in a very few years to penetrate the minds of the philosophers of the whole earth, whether they speak English or not. To day it is known not only by the English nations of the world, but it is known in Germany, it is known in France. Possibly not so well known as the cyclone in St. Louis, but, like that cyclone, commencing there and working all over the country, this cyclone will show itself in the legislatures inside of a very few years. Intelligent men, competent to investigate a science, and honest enough to tell the truth when they have inves-

tigated, cannot fail to see the results of Osteopathy. They see Osteopathy coming home with the scalps of measles, mumps, flux, diphtheria, scarlet fever, whooping-cough, and croup under its arm. The philosopher has discovered that nature has the ability to construct a machine that is trustworthy under all climates. Here is a man living at New Orleans. It does not take much for him to breathe down there; he breathes once in a while and gets along all right. He goes farther north and finds himself at 72° or 73° north latitude. What does he find? He breathes faster, his lungs are stronger, and the heart dispenses a larger quantity of electricity. That throws the electric current much faster, and it keeps him warmer in the colder weather. Pick the man up and drop him in New Orleans, and you would have to put him in water to keep him cool. He would be warmer because his lungs are increasing the action of electricity. I picked up a chicken to-day that had not a feather on its back. (It was just ready for the preacher.) What was the motion of that chicken's heart? It must have been 180, maybe 280. Why was the heart running at such a velocity as that? To keep that chicken warm until the feathers came out. At every stroke of the Master

Architect of the universe, you will see the proof of intelligence, and His work is absolute.

I wish to speak of the ability of our operators to judge as to your case. They have studied anatomy and physiology to completion; then they were placed in the operating-rooms, after having passed through the training in the clinics. They are skilled operators, and know by experience when they are turning a button or on off, and have handled fifteen or twenty thousand cases, about the number of patients who visit here annually. If there is anything one of them does not comprehend, it goes direct to the next one above; and if they all get puzzled, they come and ask me, and I go to guessing. When you come here, go in there and call out an investigation before the operators, and talk to them as though you considered they had some intelligence and some sense, and don't stand there and say you want the "old doctor." The old doctor is not going to do this work if you pick up and go home. When a man has worked and built up a science like this, and has spent twenty years in doing it, if he has failed to impart that knowledge he should quit. I have men here who know their business, and I simply ask you to treat them with respect until they shall have

examined your case. Once in a while there is a very dangerous case, where a person is between life and death, and they come to me about it, and I look at it. I can't set every toe, elbow, or joint of the twenty thousand who annually come here. When you are talking to a graduate of this school, you are talking to a man who knows a great deal about the body, and his conclusions are correct. There are some who think they know more about our business after they have been in the house five minutes than those who have been here five years. I am within a few days of sixty-eight, and I shall put in the rest of my days preaching here. I am glad to meet you on the street and have a friendly chat, but when you want to talk about your case, go and see the secretary. I believe I can teach this science to others, or I should quit it. I dragged ten years' miserable existence working too hard when there was no use of it. I have put in tens of thousands of dollars here to demonstrate to you that I can teach it, and that men do know it. I do not go over the town at the birth of every child. The people send for one of the operators, expect results, and they get them. I don't want people tapping on the window for me to stop and examine them after such

men as Dr. Hildreth or Dr. Patterson or others have passed on their cases. I am willing to stop on the porches and talk with you, and have a good time, but I don't want to examine you. I know you can have it done better here. You come here an old skeleton with but little meat on it, and sneak in as if you were ashamed to come. You are ashamed to come, and many of you don't let your husbands know it. That is your side of it. What have you had? You have had the surgeon's knife lacerate your body, and some leading nerve of the body cut out. You come here and expect of us, what? To make a man or woman out of you after you have been slashed up as if you had had a fight in Russia with three wild boars. The ham-strings are cut; can you make a leg out of it? Can you make an arm when the sub-clavian artery is cut? Nine out of ten who come here for treatment have tried everything else. They say they are hopeless; but I don't believe a word of that, or they would not come here. Many have been operated upon. They have goitre and have been treated by the knife, the thyroid artery cut, the hypodermic syringe, acids, and poisons used. We don't want that kind of a case because the arteries that supply the parts have been de-

stroyed. We have less material to work with than we want. You come here loaded with digitalis, what for? Why, on account of heart trouble. What do we find? We find a heart probably longer than it ought to be, or too wide. I caution my operators in such cases not to deal with that set of nerves so as to throw too great force on the heart, but let it on easy. I say to them:

"Boys, don't flatter any man, woman, or child who comes here. Tell them there is some hope. Two to four weeks will show what chance there is for them. I don't want the patients to say, 'Dr. Landes would not give me any assurance about it.'" He is not going to do it and stay with me. Dr. Patterson, or Dr. Charley, my son, will not give you any flattery. If they can give you a ray of hope they will do so. You come here with what you call aneurism of any great vessel leading to the heart. Suppose Dr. Charley examines that heart; he hears a rasping sound. He asks you who said it was aneurism. You answer, Dr. Neely, or else say Dr. Mudge, or Fudge, of St. Louis, or some other place. There is the rasping, roaring sound. You can easily hear it. Aneurism—what is that? Dr. Charley Still, what do you find there? He says

to the patient, "When did you first notice that?" "A horse scared by a pig threw me off, and then my heart made the noise." "How long afterward?" "Two minutes."

Dr. Smith, how long does it take to make aneurism on an artery? Answer: "Weeks or months." And his heart made that noise in two minutes after being thrown from his horse. I myself was thrown from a horse and got a jolt, and that set my heart tooting, and they told me it was valvular disturbance. That noise indicates that the phrenic nerve and some muscles are not acting right, and every time the bow or artery is drawn across it makes that noise. They go back to Kentucky cured of so-called aneurism.

I think it is useless to talk further, as the night is hot, and it takes a great deal of patience to be patient such an evening as this, so I will bid you good-night.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Lecture April 25th, 1895—Not an Infidel—Again That Wonderful Machine—What Business Sagacity Teaches Us—The Blacksmith and Watchmaker—Object of the School—Want No Moderate Osteopaths—Medicine and Twelve Thousand Poisons—A Case of Aphonia.

WEDNESDAY mornings we make it a rule to talk in this hall on Osteopathy. To those persons who have been here for some time, perhaps these talks, like some sermons, may act as narcotic and induce slumber; but the strangers present may desire to know what Osteopathy is. The same question is asked, What is medicine? what is homeopathy? I take great pleasure in telling you what I know about it. Before I pass to that subject, allow me to say, some persons think I am an infidel, some a hypnotist, or a mesmerist, or something of that kind or nature. Disabuse your minds of all such stuff as that once and forever.

An observation upon our surroundings this morning, of budding trees, growing grass, opening flowers, too plainly tells that Intelligence guided and directed and controlled this wonder-

ful creation of all animate and inanimate things. Deity, the greatest of all creators, made this mighty universe with such exactness, beauty, and harmony that no mechanical ingenuity possessed by man can equal the mechanism of that first great creation. Botany, astronomy, zoölogy, philosophy, anatomy, all natural sciences, reveal to man these higher, nobler, grander laws and their absolute perfection. Viewed through the most powerful microscope or otherwise, no defects can be found in the works of Deity.

The mechanism is perfect, the material used is good, the supply sufficient, the antidotes for all frictions, jars, or discords are found to exist in sufficient quantities to the materials selected; and the process through which they pass, after the machine is put in motion and properly adjusted, to maintain active, vigorous life, is marvelous. Man, the most complex, intricate, and delicately contructed machine of all creation, is the one with which the Osteopath must become familiar. Business sagacity and sense teach us that in all departments of art, science, philosophy, or mechanics you must have skilled and experienced operators. Would you think of taking your gold watch when out of repair to a skilled blacksmith, or to a silversmith? Cer-

tainly to the latter—why? Because he is the man educated and skilled in adjusting this delicately constructed machine. He knows its construction, the function each wheel-pivot or bearing must perform in order that your watch will with accuracy register the time. Even then you would not leave your watch with every one who displays a placard, "Watches Repaired." The skilled blacksmith can do his work in his line. He can make a horseshoe to perfection. He uses vice, bellows, anvil, and hammer; so does the silversmith. The materials differ in the quantity used by each more perhaps than quality, the great difference being in the delicacy of the machinery, and the weakness of its parts to the susceptibility of any foreign substance introduced into the machinery of the watch to produce irregular motion, obstruction, wear, decay, and finally death. The blacksmith can set the tire on a wagon or carriage wheel, place it upon the spindle properly adjusted, and it is ready to roll. The point I wish to have you bear in mind is this, that to be an Osteopath you must study and know the exact construction of the human body, the exact location of every bone, nerve, fiber, muscle, and organ, the origin, the course and flow of all the fluids of the body, the rela-

tion of each to the other, and the functions it is to perform in perpetuating life and health. In addition you must have the skill and ability to enable you to detect the exact location of any and all obstructions to the regular movements of this grand machinery of life.

Not only must you be able to locate the obstruction, but you must have the skill to remove it. You must be able to wield the sledge-hammer of the blacksmith, as well as the most delicate drill of the silversmith. The aim of this school is to furnish to the world skilled Osteopaths. Our ability to do that is beyond question. A few very ordinary Osteopaths are springing up here and there, who in time will demonstrate their failures as all incompetents must.

I am saddened at the thought of the impositions thus palmed off on the public, and the association of the word Osteopathy with the names of pretenders. The consoling thought is that their days are numbered.

The Hoosier, when he meets another, says, "How are you?" The reply invariably is, "Moderate." We want no moderate Osteopaths. We want and must have all Osteopaths who, when they find pneumonia, flux,

scarlet fever, diphtheria, know the exact location and cause of the trouble, and how to remove it. He must not be a blacksmith only, and only able to hit large bones and muscles with a heavy hammer, but he must be able to use the most delicate instruments of the silversmith in adjusting the deranged, displaced bones, nerves, muscles, and remove all obstructions, and thereby set the machinery of life moving. To do this is to be an Osteopath.

You who are here to-day have only to use the sense of sight to satisfy you whether I speak truly or not. Medicine, as shown by dispensatories, has called to aid about twelve thousand different kinds in its efforts to heal diseases. With all these, the most intelligent of the profession are not satisfied with the results. This long list of poisons is an attempt to prove God made a failure in providing a law by which disease might be reached and arrested by a thorough knowledge of that law. I believe God made no mistake. I believe man made the mistake when he undertook to inject poisonous substances into the human system as a remedy for disease, instead of applying the laws of creation to that end. Here is where Osteopathy and medicine part company. When I touch the

DR. STILL DEMONSTRATING HIS LECTURE.

keys on this piano, the effect of the stroke is to produce a sound; when in tune the combination of notes produces harmony; the same law is found to exist in the vocal chords.

I see in the audience a lady that came here a few days ago suffering from aphonia, who had been in that condition for ten weeks, whose voice can now be heard all over the house. (At the doctor's request, the lady spoke in a distinct, audible tone.) This is a restoration of voice brought about by simply adjusting the vocal organs. Deity created the organs, and also the law of their adjustment when out of order; neither did He mistake in the creation, nor in the law.

Regarding the evil effects produced by the free use of drugs, much can be said, yea, volumes could be written to trace the injuries produced by the use of calomel alone. This morning I will mention only one or two. About sixty years ago quinine was first used, and then very sparingly; but soon, on account of its supposed efficacy in malarial fever, it became the great panacea as a febrifuge. Not only the size of the doses was increased, but the frequency in the doses also. Prior to that time fibroid tumors were scarce. To-day I verily believe the greater number of fibroid tumors we find in people are produced

e large quantity of quinine used, together with belladonna and other poisonous sub-

These excrescences, the foundation for vas laid by one generation of doctors, this generation with an ample opportunity ıse of the surgeon's knife. The attempted of them by the knife usually removes ent to that other land, about the time or is removed from the body.

ved husbands and friends reverentially the minister relate that in God's provi- ıe sister had been called to her eternal ır beyond moving worlds and burning By way of consolation to the bereaved , he quotes the Scriptural text, with an ım attached: "Whom the Lord loveth He eth" (with another wife).

CHAPTER XXV.

Address to Students and Diplomats, May 7th, 1894—Osteopathy Adheres to the Laws of Nature—Affidavits of Medical Doctors—Osteopathy Can Accomplish All Things—All or Nothing—Stand by the Old Flag.

AT the beginning of your Osteopathic duties you have the satisfaction of knowing that you are about to enter the practice of a science. By a systematic adherence to its never-failing laws, you will prove an honor to yourself and a benefactor to mankind. You should ever remember that Osteopathy is confined to the immutable laws of nature, and an unerring Deity who is its Author. As such, it only remains for the Osteopath to conform to these laws, and his efforts in this life will not only be crowned with success, but made rich with thanks of his fellow-man. You are indeed to be congratulated upon the splendid grades attained at the close of the recent examinations.

The American School of Osteopathy stands to-day with all the evidences of success. It

has reached this attitude in spite of the schemes invented by designing men to connect our science with antiquated ignorance and modern stupidity, to force us to accept relationship with allopathic drugs, homeopathic pills, electric shocks, medicated sweat-tubs, and orificial surgery. We are proud of the fact that our science is giving more relief to suffering humanity when properly applied, than all the sciences known to human sympathy combined. We pride ourselves on the truth that we are daily giving to suffering humanity health and comfort, peace and happiness, relief from pain, with good-will toward men.

This is the sole object of our school, and we should strive to maintain it in its stainless purity. No system of allopathy, with its fatal drugs, should ever be permitted to enter our doors. No homeopathic practice, with its sugar-coated pills, must be allowed to stain or pollute our name. No orificial surgery, with its tortures and disappointments to the afflicted, can possibly find an abiding-place in the mind of the true, tried, and qualified Osteopath. Osteopathy asks not the aid of anything else. It can "paddle its own canoe" and

perform its work within itself when understood. All it asks is a thorough knowledge of the unerring laws that govern its guidance, and the rest is yours.

Eminent physicians and surgeons of the "old school," who have obtained considerable prominence in their respective localities, and who were former instructors in this institution of learning, have cheerfully given us affidavits as an evidence of the high regard in which they hold the science of Osteopathy. To them, as their sworn statement shows, Osteopathy stands pre-eminently above all things else. They do not link it with various other devices for the relief of suffering humanity, but make it the all-absorbing and permanent science of the age. So with pleasure I submit you the following sworn statement:

KIRKSVILLE, MO., January 13th, 1893.

I am a fully qualified physician and surgeon, registered to practice. I have an intimate acquaintance with the methods of treating diseases known as Osteopathy, in which no drugs are used.

I solemnly and sincerely swear that I believe and know the above system to be in advance of

wn to the general medical profes-
atment of disease.

ANDREW P. DAVIS, M.D.,
Mo., Ill., Colo., Cal., and Texas.

WILLIAM SMITH,
nd Surgeon, Registered in Scot-
lo.

F. S. DAVIS, M.D.,
Registered in Texas.

and sworn to before me this four-
January, A.D. 1893. My commis-
eptember 5th, 1895.

WILLIAM T. PORTER,
Notary Public.

seen the position that Osteopathy

of your chosen profession. Remember that all power is of no avail unless guided by the laws of the unerring Deity, to whose unchangeable laws we must conform if we hope to win the battle of life. Osteopathy should be the lighthouse on which your eye must be continually fixed. In its study you will find room for every thought, a place for every idea, and comfort for every fear. New and difficult cases will be presented to you for adjustment, but stick to Osteopathy. Do not warp your intellect or stain the good name of this school by straying after strange gods. Always bear in mind that Osteopathy will do the work if properly applied, that all else is unnatural, unreasonable, and is therefore wrong, and should not be entertained by the student or diplomat who has the brain to grasp in all its fulness the most advanced and progressive science of the nineteenth century.

If Osteopathy is not complete within itself, it is nothing. It walks hand in hand with nothing but nature's laws, and for this reason alone it marks the most significant progress in the history of scientific research, and is as plainly understood by the natural mind as the gild at even-tide that decks the golden West. Hear me again! You are the only true and brave soldiers in the great

freedom, battling for the liberation of bodies. On your conscientious work will thanks of man. Live up to the great Osteopathy, and let not the weary one ne wayside. Lift in sympathy and love ring brother from out the depths of dis- drugs. Let your light so shine before t the world will know you are an Oste- re and simple, and that no prouder title w a human name. Stand by the "old Osteopathy, on whose fluttering folds are ed in letters of glittering gold: "One ne Lord, one faith, and one baptism."

CHAPTER XXVI.

Address on Twenty-first Anniversary of the Discovery of Osteopathy, June 22d, 1895—King Alcohol—Fitting Out Man for the Journey of Life—The Lever that Controls Fever—The Great Wisdom Knows No Failure—Why "Osteopathy" Was Chosen for This Science—Gall-Stones and Cure.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—I believe this is the usual manner of beginning a speech. I am of such a timid nature I hardly know how to commence my talk, and will preface it by taking a drink (of water), as I am very dry.

"I am very dry" is a phrase as old as "Hark from the tomb the doleful sound!" and many men have sung that lullaby.

How often we hear, "I am mighty dry, my teeth are sore, my gums are swelled, my joints ache," and so on, *ad infinitum*. These painful effects have been brought about by the use of gamboge, aloes, castor-oil, and kindred angels of recovery. Such angels stood around us often in the past; and among them was one not always in open view of the neighbors—one which usually dwelt in the cellar, a short-necked angel called king—King Alcohol.

God protect us from the guardianship of such angels!

They are stationed around us by the doctors. For physicians, as men, I have due respect, and give them the right hand of fellowship. They belong to my race, have the same general make-up—two eyes, two hands, two feet—and to go back on them, or to refuse to meet them, would be to plead the baby act.

We have no intention of conducting ourselves in that way. We are armed with the unerring javelin of truth, and ready to meet all opponents, adherents of medical theories as well as all others.

I have no desire to make war on the doctors themselves, but against their fallacious theories. What does medicine do for you? By temporarily allaying a disease it often begets a worse thing and fills the system with poison. In administering it the physician is never sure of results, and can only stand helplessly by, and await developments, trying another remedy when one fails.

They battle with death over the bedside of their own loved ones, and cry out in anguish of heart: "God give me intelligence and skill to save the angels of my fireside! Lord, help me!"

But so long as their methods are not founded

on unerring laws, so long will their hands be tied, and they cannot combat successfully either death or disease. I do not claim to be the author of this science of Osteopathy. No human hand framed its laws; I ask no greater honor than to have discovered it.

Its teachings have convinced me that the Architect of the universe was wise enough to construct man so he could travel from the Maine of birth to the California of the grave unaided by drugs. In 1849, during the gold fever, when men traveled the long route overland, what did they do at the outset of their journey?

They made all due preparations in the way of provisions, strong wagons with three-inch tires, ox-bolts, covers, and everything fit to meet the storms of the plains, and neither did they forget their snake medicine. Without these cool arrangements and necessary conveniences they would have ended their trip close home, and their desired object would have been unattained.

God, when He starts man out on the journey of life, fits him out with even greater care than this.

Nothing is forgotten—heart, brains, muscles, ligaments, nerves, bones, veins, arteries, every-

thing necessary to the successful running of this human machine. But it seems man sometimes doubts that God has loaded his wagon with all needful things, and so sets up numerous drug-stores to help out in the matter. We have about seven in this city, and they all have plenty to do, and will have until the laws of life are more perfectly understood.

Man wants to take the reins of the universe into his own hands. He says in case of fever he must assist nature by administering ipecac and other febrifuges. But by doing this he is accusing God of incapacity. You may be sure the Divine intelligence failed not to put into the machine of man a lever by which to control fever. The Lord never runs out of material; He constructs lawyers, musicians, mechanics, artists, and all the useful men, while I suppose fools are made out of the leavings.

In the past I stood and watched four physicians, the best the medical schools could furnish, battle with all their skill against the dread disease of cerebro-spinal meningitis in my family. I found prayers, tears, and medicine all unavailing. The war between life and death was a fierce one, but at the close of it three lifeless bodies lay in my desolate home.

In my grief the thought came to me that Deity did not give life simply for the purpose of so soon destroying it—such a Deity would be nothing short of a murderer. I was convinced there was something surer and stronger with which to fight sickness than drugs, and I vowed to search until I found it.

The result was that in 1874 I raised the flag of Osteopathy, claiming that "God is God, and the machinery He put in man is perfect."

This created quite a consternation. Three sows among ten goslings would not have made such a fuss. Some of my friends even went so far as to ask the Lord to take me unto Himself because I had gone back on medicine. I had simply climbed higher than medicine to the Source of all forms of life. The Great Wisdom knows no failures and asks no instructions from inferior man. When He makes a tomato-vine He needs no help. He supplies it with lungs, trunk, brachial nerves, and arteries. The Grand Architect of the universe builds without sound of hammer; nature is silent in her work.

Man is an interesting study. Think of your three pounds of brain, out of which you only use about one ounce for reason. You needn't think I am calling you a fool, for it is true

that the brain is the rostrum on which thought dwells.

I have studied man as a machine. I am an engineer, and know something of locomotives. I can tell you how the positive force of steam drives the engine forward, and how the steam escapes at the safety-valve.

Man's heart is his engine, and from this Fulton borrowed his idea of the steamboat and Morse his thought of telegraphy. You will remember that when Morse was ready to make his first experiment, he was heaped with ridicule. To the honor of Thomas H. Benton, of Missouri, be it said, when Morse asked aid from Congress he wished success to the enterprise. But Henry Clay, the great statesman of Kentucky, said to Mr. Morse: "Go to hell with your d—d nonsense." When Morse asked Congress eight thousand dollars to develop his science, Clay offered an amendment appropriating two thousand to investigate mesmerism.

Did such abuse injure Morse? No; when a man has a truth, abuse does him good. I wouldn't take one thousand dollars for the caw, caw of crows that have croaked at me; they simply act as manure to enrich my life-work. Some say: "We don't believe Osteopathy can do

what is claimed for it." That is all right; for fifteen cents a man can buy a patent right to call anything a humbug.

I never say I can do anything unless I am very sure of it. When there is a shut-off in the nutritive supply, starvation is the result, and some part of the body withers away, and physicians can only declare their inability to restore it, for in such a case medicine is of no avail.

When Christ restored the withered arm, He knew how to articulate the clavicle with the acromian process, freeing the subclavian artery and veins to perform their functions.

Some people have an idea that this science can be learned in five minutes. They come here and spend four hours, then go out and declare themselves Osteopaths.

That is very much as if a man who has made an utter failure as a doctor, farmer, mechanic, or a preacher, were to meet an attorney on the street, and after a few minutes' conversation declare himself a lawyer and decide to become circuit judge the following week. If you can learn all of Osteopathy in four years I will buy you a farm, and a wife to run it and boss you. I have discovered that man is an engine and his supply comes direct from the arterial system. When

you understand man, you can prove God's perfect work.

I do not understand a preacher's business. I have not made a study of the Bible; but the knowledge I have gained of the construction of man convinces me of the supreme wisdom of the Deity.

Now let us ask the Lord a question, and the asking of such questions is right: Can you, Lord, create man's internal system so he can drink all kinds of water and not have bladder-stones? The answer would be, Yes. God has forgotten nothing, and we find a supply of uric acid for destroying stone in bladder or gall-stones. I have no fear to investigate along this line, for I always find that God has done His work perfectly. Just see how He has regulated the heart-beats to supply the proper amount of electricity or warmth requisite in various forms of life.

For twenty-one years I have worked in Osteopathy, yet I keep my throat every ready for the swallowing of new things that constantly appear in it. I expect to live and die fighting for principle, and shall pay no attention to the twaddle of opposition, merely regarding it as a fertilizer of my work by a fine quality of ignorance. The Osteopath who keeps his eye on the science, and

not on the almighty dollar, will be able to control all forms of disease.

If such work had been carried on in Massachusetts one hundred years ago, all those participating in it would have been drowned or burned at the stake. For to those ignorant of the laws of life, such wonderful results seem obtained only by witchcraft. This, the 22d of June, is the anniversary of the child of Osteopathy, the child of which I am justly proud. And to-day, on its coming of age, I am happy and welcome you gladly. On each successive year that I live I hope to meet you here and tell of even greater advancement along these lines.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The Morning Stroll—Dawn—Astronomy—Timidity—The Flag of Truce—The Kind of Scalps We Seek—A Prayer for Wives and Mothers—The New Joshua—Divorced from Allopathy—The Looms of Time—The Web of Life—"The Old Doctor"—Some Questions Answered—How Curious is Life—Prophecy Defined—Thought Touches the Infinite.

THROUGH all the darksome night I lay enchained by slumber's thrall, but with the first faint flushing of the dewy morn I arose and wandered forth.

All nature seemed to wait in hushed expectancy. With the iron hand of will I barred the gate of memory, shut out the past with all its old ideas. My soul took on receptive attitude, my ear was tuned to Nature's rhythmic harmony. Afar o'er billows of the briny deep I saw faint shafts of light arise, enriching with rosy tint the pallor of the dawn. I saw the red disc of the sun peep forth, then spring—full-orbed and fiery—from night's embrace, and kiss the world to waking beauty. My spirit was o'erwhelmed with the unmeasurable magnitude of the Deific plan on which the universe is constructed.

Standing on the border of the land where waves from fancy's sea break on the shores of fact, I saw with mental orb a beauteous vision in the sky. With pen of truth dipped boldly in imagination's ruddy ink, I paint the picture as it came to me. High up in heaven's empyrean dome of blue I saw great Sirius, central sun of stillness, reign and marshal all his starry host with skill. And as they wheeled and counter-wheeled in air, I saw among those myriad worlds a family circle all complete that seemed to dwell apart. This was the solar system with its fair members. Although this group doth dwell in isolation, the union between its members is so perfect that the slightest shock doth jar with harsh discord on each sister planet. The central figure of the group, mother Sun, illumines space with her effulgent rays, and lights the pathway of numerous children and grandchildren too. She is a matchless mother, and guides her children well; each one of them is polished to the highest point of perfection known to skill. Born without flaw, obeys willingly, hears every call, performs every part assigned it in the grand plan which the mother has on constant exhibition.

Small Mercury dwells close unto her mother's side, as if she feared to wander away lest she be

lost in fields of space. She is arrayed in robes of vivid white, without a spot to mar her purity. Venus, fair star that decks the morning sky and lights the evening's dusky breast, is the most brilliant of all the daughters of the Sun. She glows with conscious beauty, and even dares to cast a shadow on the earth. She brings no child to gladden her mother's heart and help increase the starry progeny. The eldest child of all, Mrs. Uranus, is guilty of no shortcoming. Although further removed, she is never from the watch-care of the parental eye, and brings the grand-children in full view of the old grandmother every few hours, days, months, or years. Her family is well regulated and their movements always on time. I saw the gay, vivacious Mrs. Saturn, with her many rings. She smiled on Jupiter, danced with Mercury, burnished the Moon, and shed the light of her instruction on her many children. Bold-belted Jupiter, fiery Mars, far-distant Neptune, our own Earth, whose daughter, Moon, doth wax and wane with silvery light—all these unfalteringly obeyed the slightest mandate of the lady Sun, and followed with unfaltering footsteps the line of march she had laid out for them. I saw the face of the dear mother shrouded by a veil of impenetrable

mourning, as if her heart were grieved by some erring action of one of her beauteous family. But in an hour or two, as we count time, the dark shroud of seeming woe was lifted, and revealed her face, not shrunken or disfigured, but glowing with fresh brilliancy and with a sunny smile. She sent this message to me on a ray of light:

"I was not garbed in mourning. One of my children stepped between you and my face, as another one does between me and my fair granddaughter—lovely Moon."

All this I saw, and more. I saw great stellar worlds give birth to other worlds. I saw those worlds live, grow, and die, and the offsprings thereof repeat in accordance with nature's law the same process of exhibition and retirement—just as the children of men pass through the various phases of physical life. I beheld these glorious denizens of upper air in brilliant brave attire advance, and to the refulgent music of the spheres dance rhythmically upon the floor of space. With reverential eyes I saw this part of a whole, whose beginning and end we know not!—this branch of the universal life that throbs and pulses through every vein of nature and guides each atom on its way throughout the countless ages

of eternity. This life is law, and Osteopathy its latest clause that teaches us its magnitude, and doth direct and guide creation's crowning work —the living man—unto his perfect, right, unchanging health.

Timidity takes possession of us only when we are at a loss to judge of the end from the beginning. For instance, we are timid about going under the influence of chloroform, because we do not know whether we will perish or survive its use.

The same timidity comes over us in the use of drugs.

In Osteopathic treatment we have no timidity, as Osteopathy strengthens us in all cases. In no instance has death ever occurred as the result of the treatment, though thousands have received benefit at the hands of skilled graduates of our school.

For twenty-five years legal recognition has been withheld from us, yet our flag for truth has ever given music to the breezes. Strong mortars have thrown shells of great size, loaded with that which had done deadly execution and taken down the flags of all opposition, until 1874, when little Osteopathy planted a single gun in open field in the powerful State of Mis-

souri. Shells have fallen all around that flag for twenty-two years, and on review at roll-call not a thread is found to be torn or missing. Each thread is stronger, and calls legions to its defence. Anthems are sung to its praise. Its victories multiply and come in quick succession. The brainy are among its captives. It never records a victory if it has not conquered a general of renown. The scalps of fools and children are never counted, as we do not wish to be tried for infanticide. It must not be the scalp of a bald-headed general. We want no toy ladies'-man's scalp. It must be a rooster with full comb and spurs, or we will never exhibit him as a trophy. This is a war not for conquest, popularity, or power. It is an aggressive campaign for love, truth, and humanity. We love every man, woman, and child of our race; so much so that we have enlisted and placed our lives in front of the enemy for their good and the good of all coming generations, and ask the Lord, who stayed the knife that was in the hands of Abraham of old for the destruction of his own son, to please aid and assist by all honorable means to stop the useless butchery of our mothers, wives, sisters, and daughters; to teach our people better sense than to use any drug which would cause

gall-stones, bladder-stones, diseased livers, heart, and lungs, fibroid tumors, piles, appendicitis, or any other disease or habit which may be traced directly to the unphilosophical use of drugs, which are given by one and produce tumefaction of any or all parts of the body, leaving the patient in such a condition that there is no relief short of the deadly knife or the next experimenter. This war has raged hot and heavy for nearly a quarter of a century. Its position as a witness has been before the judge of love, truth, justice, and humanity.

Since October, 1874, my pen has been silent as to reports of how the child, Osteopathy, has been treated. When I opened the cage in which I kept the boy that I believed in time would be the greatest warrior who ever appeared on the world's stage of reason, many stayed long enough to see that the child was a boy, red-headed, had a Roman nose, a good-sized neck, an eagle's eye, talons, and wings of great length, which they said meant to fly very high if necessary, and the eye meant to select the choicest gems at will, and the claws said in the best of language that to penetrate deeply was the rule of reason and wholly indispensable. After a careful investigation all said: "That child has the

build of a gritty and sensible warrior." Others asked: "Why do you want to fight in time of peace?" I told the multitude that in days of peace was the time to prepare for war. I began to train my boy for the Olympic games of all future days. For years I kept him in close training to be a skilled fencer, for I knew much hard fighting would have to be done as soon as the boy kicked old theories which could boast of no merit save age and tradition. I knew my Joshua would soon command such suns and moons to stand, and make them obey to the letter.

Some said, but in a low whisper, that young one was an illegitimate child: its father could not be found, and it would at all times be known as a bastard; further than that, no illegitimate could be allowed to run at large in Missouri. But it soon grew to manhood, and sued its accusers for slander, and the suit was put off from term to term for over twenty years.

A great and good man, by the name of Lon V. Stephens, arose in the highest court of Missouri and said: "I am its father, and will give it Missouri for its inheritance." And he executed his will and put the great seal of the State of Missouri, with his signature of au-

thority, on March 4th, 1897, and named the boy Joshua.

Revolution after revolution — political, religious, and scientific—has originated in America. Governments have changed with the velocity of demand. These revolutions run from the congregated assemblies of our law-makers, military, religious, and scientific professions, and have the navigation of the seas down to each individual, which has granted to him the right to secede or differ from any of the above-named systems. He or she has the right to ask and obtain a divorce from husband or wife when proof in sufficient quantity is produced; and letters to that effect are granted by our highest courts by common consent of our people. As I was wedded to Allopathy early in my life, I lived with it, put up with it, suffered under it, until it made my life miserable by continuing the association, and I asked a divorce. I asked, and put in my petition on June 22d, 1874. I based my charges upon the foundations of murder, ignorance, bigotry, and intolerance. The fight in the court through which I had applied was very hot and determined. A decision was refused from 1874 until October 30th, 1894, previous to which time the judge of the court carefully ex-

amined my claims and referred my case to the secretary of state, who, after causing a careful examination, granted me letters-patent from the State of Missouri, with her great seal, and said: "You are hereby set free from further obligations to Mrs. Allopathy."

For about twelve months I have been busily engaged in overhauling my loom. I had a loom of the finest construction; not made on earth, neither is it made by hand. It is the outgrowth of mind. No thread can pass through its reeds that has not been spun from the finest silk of reason. Ten thousand four-cut six-ply threads, with one hundred and forty to the cut, from a reel whose circumference was twelve feet. Every journal is oiled with that class of oil that sticks to the steel journals and cannot stick to anything else. Its duties are limited to the journal only, and will stay there, and there alone. Those journals are great in velocity. They make many thousand revolutions per minute. I am now preparing to manufacture, or weave, as you would term it, a web as long as the future days of eternity. I am commissioned and appointed by the ancients of rest, whose minds are never still, to proceed at once and fill the sley or reed with five threads in each mesh,

and begin to weave the web of life. I am ordered to use those five threads because they contain sensation, motion, nutrition, assimilation, and body completed. Those same threads contain five senses. They see, hear, feel, smell, taste. By the ability they contain, it is only necessary for me to start the looms in motion. Name the subject, and the web is woven to the very highest order, to answer and satisfy the mind of the greatest philosopher and seeker after truth. I will give you a handkerchief, white as snow, solid as steel, pure as gold, and on its face in a few words I will tell you what road or roads lead to a successful knowledge of what thread or threads have broken, gummed, or disturbed in the human looms of life.

The question has been asked so long, and often, and by so many, if my name was "Dr. A. T. Still, the old doctor." Universally I have said Yes. Then the questions would begin: "How did you happen to think of Osteopathy, the most wonderful science in the world, the greatest blessing God has given to man?" and a thousand more qualifying expressions of approval and admiration of the science. I will now cheerfully give you an answer by asking you a few questions. Why and how do you see

an object? smell an odor? taste a quality? hear a sound? feel a substance? Which you would answer by saying, Nature has made in me such machineries and endowed each with the necessary qualities to perform such functions. Therefore you see, hear, taste, and smell because by nature you are endowed with such qualities, and are free to use them. The same question could be asked of Newton as to how he studied astronomy, Fulton as to steam, Howe and the sewing-machine, Morse in telegraphy, Washington in studying out the liberties of America, and many other men who have obtained great results in mental action. If you will read their history, you would see all the results which they have obtained have come through mental perseverance, without regard to time, or the opinions of any person or persons for or against, until they have obtained the object sought, without which no explorer ever succeeds. If you think on the line I have indicated, you can answer all your questions yourselves, without seeing the "old doctor." All successful persons become so by choosing one business, and bringing all the powers of mind to develop the principle sought, without which his seat and position is with the "common herd."

He who talks much, does little, and hates his successful brother or sister, because they have succeeded by perseverance, while he has failed through laziness and stupidity, will never succeed in anything. You say, How curious life is! That is a truthful expression of a man speaking of law when excusing its functions. It would be proper even in a "Deity" to say: "Oh, how curious art thou!" Faultless, peaceful, eternal, self-finding, self-feeding, nerve and muscle of all animate and inanimate substances of motor, motion, mind, shape, and form, speaking of self only as seen and felt; making the eye to behold, minds to sit in judgment on thy work. A judge, to do justice in his decision, must have the whole of the evidence of the case; and self being witness, juror, and judge, and knowing all the subject and substances of the infinite acts of force, then he, too, must say, How curious!

Prophecy is what can be seen by a cloudless mind, either of the past or future. The events of the past and coming days must all be in sight of the eye of the mind. To prophesy well, you must see through two veils—one of the past and one of the future. If an event is to arise to-morrow, where is it now? Memory calls up the past; reason sees to-morrow.

Thought is the action of the machinery of the upper or third story of life, fed by the nerves of sensation and nutrition, on which chamber only the corpuscles of life center—the arteries of reason to be woven into knowledge by the loom of the Infinite, which moves all there is of mind at one general move, which is to put that power into motion in all beings, forms, and worlds: a quality and as plentiful as all space, when you think you touch the cord that connects you to the Infinite.

All causes combined will never shake the stone on which Osteopathy is founded. Go deep or shallow, the farming is rich all the time.

Of what value is a mind when placed in the brain of a coward? If mind is a gift of God to man for his use, let him use it. A mind is not in use when doing no good.

If God knows a man will not use his mind, why did He not put horns on him and call him a mutton-head?

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A Life Story—The Machine for the Harvest of Life—A Resolution for Truth—High Respect for Surgery—Surgery Defined—What Can Osteopathy Give in Place of Drugs?—A Few Questions are Propounded to the Medical Doctors.

LISTEN to a life story told in five minutes or more. I was born on this globe sixty-eight years ago. I had the luck, good or bad, to be born in a house of drugs. Father was an M.D., also a D.D. At the end of thirty-five years I began to reason how a doctor of divinity could blend with the foolish teachings of medicine. Questions arose like this: How can man harmonize the idea that all God's work is perfect, and never in running order? His finest machine, man, is never in running condition? Has the God of wisdom failed in this one superstructure, man, and why did He say it was good if He knew it would not work as He thought when He made it, and why should a D.D., who with uplifted hands says, "His works prove His perfection," and take a dose of quinine and whisky to assist nature's machine to run the race and do the duties of life?

If so, where is the proof of his faith in God's perfection, and why should he eat and drink of all that is deadly in effect? I did not wish to think or speak irreverently of our divines, nor our M.D.'s, who follow just behind God to fix His machines for the harvest of life. But why follow His work, if good and wisely made by the hand and mind of all Intelligence? I began to reason about on this line:

Would God get offended at man if he would say to Him, "You have failed in enough places to admit of a few suggestions"?—when man in his wisdom, or lack of wisdom, would say by word or deed, "Thou hast failed to make this and that part or principle to adjust itself to suit the seasons and climates of the globe, on which it is placed, and your machine must have additions, and be oiled by drugs and drinks, or it will be forever a failure on the field of battle between life and death now raging all over the world"? Such questions arose, and stood before me for years. I found to my mind that there was a great mistake in God's work or man's conclusions, if drugs were not in absolute demand when he was sick. Now I was in a close place, and saw at once that if I voted to use drugs, I would by that vote set aside the ability of God to pro-

vide for His man under all conditions, and He was not the mind and intelligence claimed for Him; and if I voted for God, I would soon find seventy-five per cent of the human race in line to oppose that conclusion. To defend and maintain that the works of nature had been able to prove perfection at every point of observation, or under our most crucial test of philosophy, I soon found, to be popular I would have to enter a life of deception; and at that time I determined to run up the white emblem of truth with the red flag of eternal war for that flag, and by it I would stand until I was dead, dead, and folded in it to begin the common rest of all human forms, which is as natural to the body of man as the love of a mother to her babe.

The advocate of Osteopathy has the highest respect for the science of surgery, which has been recognized as a science in all ages.

As defined by Dunglison, "Surgery is that part of the healing art which relates to external diseases, their treatment, and especially to the manual operations adapted to their cure." A little more definite is the wording in Chambers' "Encyclopedia": "Surgery signifies the manual interference, by means of instruments or otherwise, in cases of bodily injury, as distin-

guished from the practice of medicine which denotes the treatment of internal diseases by means of drugs."

As has been before stated, the object of Osteopathy is to improve upon the present systems of surgery, midwifery, and treatment of general diseases; it is a system of healing which reaches both internal and external diseases by manual operations and without drugs. In the common acceptation of the word, as popularly understood, surgery means cutting, and any reference to a surgeon's work calls up a mental picture of such instruments as the knife, scalpel, or lance, and their use upon the human body. We accept that part of surgery also as of great use and benefit to mankind. An Osteopath will use a knife to remove any useless parts as quickly as a carpenter would use a saw to remove a useless piece of timber.

We recognize the necessity for bandages, lint, splints, stays, and anesthetics, because they have proven their beneficial uses.

But when should the knife be used? Never, until all nerves, veins, and arteries have failed to restore a healthy condition of the body in all its parts and functions. The great failing of many who enter surgical work is their too fre-

quent use of the knife and anesthetics. Where chloroform is used a hundred times, ninety-nine times it could have been avoided with beneficial results to the patient.

Many are the sufferers who go through life disfigured, maimed, or deprived of some essential organ, who should have had their body restored to a perfect condition without being so mutilated.

The oftener the knife is used upon the limbs, body, or head for any purpose, the more positively is shown an inexcusable ignorance of the natural law, which we recognize as a law able to restore any and all parts where death of the tissues has not occurred.

What can Osteopathy give us in place of drugs? This is a great question which doctors ask in thunder-tones. Tell them to be seated, and listen to a few truths and questions.

"What will you give in place of drugs?" We have nothing we can give in place of calomel, because Osteopathy does not ruin your teeth, nor destroy the stomach, liver, nor any organ or substance in the system. We cannot give you anything in place of the deadly nightshade, whose poison reaches and ruins the eyes, sight and shape both, and makes tumors great and small. We have nothing to give in place of aloes, which

purge a few times and leave you with unbearable piles for life.

We have nothing to give in place of morphine, chloral, digitalis, veratrine, pulsatilla, and all the deadly sedatives of all schools. We know they will kill, and that is all we know about them. We do not know that they ever cured a single case of sickness, but we do know they have slain thousands, and we cannot give anything that will take their places. Their place is to ruin for life, and Osteopathy considers life too precious to place its chances in jeopardy by any means or methods. In answer to the inquiry, What can you give us in place of drugs? we cannot add or give anything from the material world that would be beneficial to the workings of a perfect machine, that was made and put in running order, according to God's judgment, in the construction of all its parts, to add to its form and power day by day, and carry out all exhausted substances that have been made so by wear and motion.

If this machine is self-propelling, self-sustaining, having all the machinery of strength, all the thrones of reason established, and all working to perfection, is it not reasonable to suppose that the amount of wisdom thus far shown in the complete forms and the workings of the

chemical department, the motor department, the nutritive, sensory, the compounding of elements, the avenues and power to deliver these compounds to any part of the body, to make the newly compounded fluids, any change in the chemical quality that is necessary for renovation and restoration to health?

When we see the readiness of the brain to supply sensation and motion, and we are notified of an unnecessary accumulation at any point of the body by sensation or misery, we want that over-accumulation removed, for it is making inroads on life through the sensory ganglion to all its centers, which, we know, when fully possessed by diseased fluids, produce death from climatic or diseases of the seasons as they come and go.

If life yields to the poisonous fluids that are generated during detention and chemical changes, why not conclude at once that the motor power was insufficient to keep in action the machinery of renovation through the excretory system; and reason proceeds at once to reach the oppressed points and centers through which the vasomotor or other nerves are irritated, causing the venous circulation to be so feeble as to allow diseased fluids to accumulate locally or generally through the system, to such a length of time that the

fluids become deadly in their nature by the power of separation being overcome and lost.

Osteopathy reasons that the special or general power of all nerves must be free to travel through all parts of the body without any obstruction, which may be caused by a dislocated bone, a contracted, shrunken, or enlarged muscle, nerve, vein, or artery. When enlarged or diminished they are abnormal in form, and all their actions in and for life, which acts must be strictly in obedience to the law of force, are found in the heart, brain, and the whole sensory system.

If you have a thorough and practical acquaintance, through anatomy and physiology, with the form and workings of the machinery of life and health, and treat it as a skilful physiological engineer should, then you are prepared to say to the doctors of medicine, We have found no place in the whole human body where you can substitute anything but death in place of life. Remove all obstructions, and when it is intelligently done, nature will kindly do the rest.

Let me in conclusion ask the drug doctor if he has been able at any time to compound any substance that can be introduced into a vein that leads to the heart, and not produce death? Do you not throw all substances into the stomach

he expectation that they will reach the
chemical laboratory and throw out that
is incompatible to life? Are not all your
n drugs placed upon this one foundation,
e make the horse of life trot slower for
and walk faster in the cold stage? In
doctor, is not your whole theory based
uesswork?

not nature's God been thoughtful enough
e in man all the elements and principles
e word "remedy" means?

CHAPTER XXIX.

Address on Sixty-Eighth Birthday—Only a Few More Cycles of Time—Surprise of People—All the Word "Remedy" Means—Answering Questions—Most Sublime Thought—Pleasure of Granting Relief—Journey from the Heart to the Toe—Intuitive Mind—Will the Divine Law Do to Trust?

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: Those of you who have received the light, and those who are in partial darkness:

I am glad to meet you here to-night, this being the second anniversary of the beginning of this unfinished house. We began to build it two years ago, and it has done great good; but without the completion of the whole building it is very difficult for us to execute in order the quantity of business that is now on hand, which seems to double itself every few months. This is also the anniversary of my birth. Sixty-eight times the earth has made her circuit around the sun, and every time she gets around she says, "One more circle is added to that number." We are conscious of the fact that but a few more revolutions around the sun, which constitutes one year

for this globe, will throw us off. As a general rule, a wild mule will throw a man off sometime; so will this life buck at the right time, and you will mark a wreck. After a man has reached the age that I have, one ought not to be surprised to hear of a wreck at any time. Still, I feel sound. I have no backache, no legache, and no headache, though my tongue and throat sometimes ache when I try to answer all questions. People seem to be surprised, as much so as if they should see two suns rise in the morning horizon. They are surprised to see a science and truth of God developed which applies to all men, and that without either taste or odor—a science grafted into man's makeup and his very life. They are surprised to find that the Great Architect has put in their places within man all the processes of life. He has placed the engine with all powers of life within the body. Nature has been thoughtful enough to place in man all that the word "remedy" means. It is a difficult matter for a man raised to believe in the use of drugs, to realize this fact. In all our diseases, from birth to death, they seem to have been satisfied with the results of drugs given by our wisest men, our fathers, mothers, or whoever may have administered them. Man is surprised

to find God to be God. He is surprised to find that man is made by the eternal, unerring Architect. He is surprised from the rising of the sun to the setting of the same to find eternal truths of Deity permeating his whole makeup. He is surprised to find that the machinery is competent to warm itself and cool itself, select its food, and satisfy its highest anticipations. We see this most wonderful sun standing before us where we never imagined a star to exist. It is the sun of eternal light and life. The thoughts of God Himself are found in every drop of your blood. When a man begins to see what we are doing here, he is anxious to ask questions of any one who knows anything about it; a world of questions are poured upon us. I can answer from morning until night, and when I have answered all that I can on this subject, it is but a beginning. Take chronic diseases, contagions, epidemics, all diseases of the seasons. When I say we can handle them and demonstrate it to you, here stands a man who never saw it done, and his mind is full of questions. They must be answered. The very instant that you disappoint him by answering that which he thinks cannot be done except by the works of God in the hands of God, that very instant you have answered his

question. He will pass on, and on the next corner when he meets you, he has a question for you to answer containing a greater per cent of sublimity than the first. He asks that question; then, if you are not a philosopher in the science, well acquainted with it, you have come to a resting-place for your mind. No, it does not rest when you cannot answer the questions that confront you from time to time. I would advise you to take up the philosophy, and learn all you can about it, for you know the questions will come. I am satisfied and pleased to have the people ask questions and receive all the answers they can get. And after I have answered all I can through the papers or with my own mouth, I cannot even answer a moiety of them. To answer all the questions that are suggested by a human thigh-bone would open and close an eternity. Therefore you must not expect me to answer all of them. Neither must you expect this school to do that for you. You can get enough demonstrations to put you on the track to become a self-generating philosopher. It is as full of suggestions as the rising of the sun, the opening of the mouths of vegetation when the evening shades appear—moon-flowers, night-flowers, and all others opening their mouths to draw life

from the bosom of God. The most sublime thought I ever had in my life is concerning the machinery, and the works as I found them in the human construction, faithfully executing all of the known duties and the beauties of life. When I go out in the morning among my friends, and one says he wants a certain class of diet, how glad I am I have that. I make each man, woman, or child exactly fill my place when the questions are asked. When she says, "My child has a sore throat," what is she hungry for? She is hungry for a longer lease on that child's days. Can I find that? Can I attack in the proper place to stop the downward tendency, the downward road to death in which that child is being propelled? If I can say, "Yes, ma'am, the throat of that child can be relieved, and it can be done by one of the simple laws as wise as the Infinite can construct," that soul goes away happy. The throat has returned to its normal size. But another person appears coming down the road that I walk, saying:

"I have buried one of my children with flux, and the other is bleeding." What is she hungry for? She is hungry for the word that will relieve that child and continue it in life. Do I know what button will bring relief? If I know

and I touch it, there is number two happy. I do this, and my operators do it, and do it daily. This science, as little as is known about it, is capable of handling flux, fevers, chills, coughs, colds, and in fact the whole list of diseases that prey upon the human system.

To-night, after forty-one years, I am proud to tell you that I can hand this subject to you as a science that can be as plainly demonstrated as the science of electricity. I find in man a miniature universe. I find matter, motion, and mind. When the elder prays, he speaks to God; he can conceive of nothing higher than mind, motion, and matter, the attributes of mind comprising love and all that pertains to it. In man we find a complete universe. We find the solar system, we find a world, we find a Venus, a Jupiter, a Mars, a Herschel, a Saturn, a Uranus. We find all of the parts of the whole solar system and the universe represented in man. In the heart we have the solar center; the little toe will be Uranus. What is the road that is traveled to Uranus? It is from the heart through the great thoracic aorta, abdominal aorta, which divides into the iliacs, and from there on down to the popliteal, etc., until you get to the plantar arteries.

When Major Abbott spoke to me of this subject forty-one years ago, we talked of it as a curiosity of the day. My father was of an intuitive mind. He was a sensitive man, and had an intuitive mind, causing him to worry to such an extent that he would turn his compass around and go across fifty or seventy miles. For what? Because the intuitive law, or law of providence, sent him home. Because something worried him—something about a horse; and when he got home, old Jim was dead. When he was preaching on a certain occasion in the Chariton Hills, he came to a halt. He says:

"I must bring these exercises to a close; I am wanted at another place." By the intuitive law he said: "I am needed, and we will bring these exercises to an immediate close." He stopped right in the center of his sermon, and picked up his saddle-bags (he was a physician), and when he got to the door there was Jim Bozarth telling him to come and set Ed's thigh, which had been broken. There were fifty living witnesses to that then, and I suppose ten or twenty of them are yet alive. They wondered how old Dr. Still knew when to take up his saddle-bags. That is one of the attributes that God puts in man.

Will the divine law do to trust in all things

and under all circumstances? The tally-sheet says No. Look the world over, and you will see men and women of all nations, who, while making great pretensions of belief in the infallibility of the Infinite, do not hesitate to make themselves drunk with whisky and opium "as a remedy for disease." You will sometimes see the doctor who is called to your bedside get drunk both before and after he makes you drunk. You seldom see a minister who has the courage to rise before his congregation and say, "Our system of healing the sick is worse than all devils; it teaches by precept and example that the wisdom of God is a farce, and that His laws will not do to trust in disease." By their acts and advice in sickness many of our ministers day after day set aside the divine law, and bring God to open shame. They say in the best of language, "All of God's work is perfect," with great emphasis on the word "perfect," and that "His works prove His perfection," yet do they believe what they say of God and the perfection of His laws? If the minister really believes it, why does he send a man loaded with poison into the sick chamber of his family, and drink the deadly bitters himself? Has he studied God's law as applied to the anatomy and life of man, that he

might know what button to touch to reduce fever? Or does he think his acts would be an insult to a God of even human intelligence? If the Infinite knows all things, He in justice would mark such divines as either liars and hypocrites, or fools of the first water. The God of all truth knows full well how many such clerics have been sent to the Keeley cure. Are they not the host that no man can number?

CHAPTER XXX.

Address on Sixty-Ninth Birthday—Tribute to a Little Anatomist—Parents' Duty—When Still Was Off—A Warrior from Birth—Who Discovered Osteopathy?—Clairvoyant and Clairaudient—Born to Know Something of Drugs—The Fight to Preserve Health—Mathematical Fits—Climatic Effect on the Lungs—Diet—Consternation—Why I Love God.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, STRANGERS, BOYS, AND LITTLE GIRLS: We have passed through a great national conflict—thirty years have come and gone since then. We had great speeches in those times from such men as Lincoln, Seward, Chase, and thousands of mouths were then opened for the sustaining of the American flag. Those speeches will be read with interest for years to come. But no speech did I ever listen to during the hours of the Rebellion, while in camp-life or on the bloody fields of war, where men fell like stars from heaven to defend their principles on both sides, and to sustain the flag that should be respected by the nations of the world—no speech has ever come from man's mouth which equaled the one from that little

girl when she numbers her bones, rightly placing, naming, and giving the uses of them. That is the kind of intelligence we want. I have been proud when I met men that were with me on the field of battle on either side, but I do not know that my heart ever had a sweeter feeling than while that little girl was saying her bone, muscle, and ligament piece. Teach your children that, and they will have less use for war. War comes to settle a difficulty through which the brain cannot see. Here is something encouraging—nice girls, nice flowers, and the smiling faces, and I know every one of you intends to master anatomy. It is their parents' duty to teach them something of this. They should know every muscle and its use, every ligament and its use, the bones and the blood vessels, because the surgeon's uncompromising knife today quivers over the heads of thousands of girls in the United States, and, like the eagle, tears their vitals from them, not even eating their flesh when they are dead.

We have met here on this birthday occasion, which is also the anniversary of three or four other important events. Three years ago to-day the first shovelful of dirt was removed from the southeast corner of the center of this build-

ing. When marked out, the stakes were seventy or eighty feet apart. The people looked at me and said: "Is Still going to put up that large a building? What is the matter with him? We always heard he was a little off—we know he is off now." A year ago last May he was off again by building the north and south additions, and there is no telling what day he will be off again.

Thirty-five years ago this day, the blood of brothers was spilled in this city by the cannon, sword, and cold lead. Sixty-nine years ago a great question was before the thinking people of the State of Virginia. They said there was something strange appeared about three miles west of Jonesboro. The wise men of the East and the women of the West were called together. They said, "What is it?" They studied a minute; an old lady said, "P-p-perhaps it is a baby." As near as I can remember I was a warrior at that time, and I told them so in plain English in less than one hour. My mother said I could come as near saying "war" (wah) as any child she ever saw when I was an hour old. I could say it with a kind of a Southern twang, and it has been *war* ever since for some cause.

Now you are interested in this great question of Osteopathy. When a preacher gets up, he

takes a text; then he preaches to it and from it, just as he can. If I take my text, I expect I will preach a good ways from it. My text is this: Who discovered Osteopathy? Twenty-four years ago, the 22d day of next June, at ten o'clock, I saw a small light in the horizon of truth. It was put in my hand, as I understood it, by the God of nature. That light bore on its face the inscription: "This is My medical library, surgery, and obstetrics. This is My book with all directions, instructions, doses, sizes, and quantities to be used in all cases of sickness, and birth, the beginning of man; in childhood, youth, and declining days." I am something of what people call "inspired." We Methodists call it "intuitive." The other classes have different names for it—clairvoyant and clairaudient. Sometimes I was so clairvoyant that I could see my father twenty miles from home: I could see him very plainly cutting a switch for my brother Jim and I, if we hadn't done a good day's work. That is called clairvoyance. Then I could hear him say: "If you don't plow faster I will tan you twice a week." That is clair-audience.

I was born to know something of drugs. I knew they tasted nasty; I knew they made me

sick, and very sick; I knew I didn't like them. I grew up with the question, as soon as I was old enough to reason at all, whether or not God justified by any means whatever the idea that a man should be released from one poison by the use of another. That if the season should be cold, hot, wet, or dry, and you should become sick, which makes poisons in the blood, stagnation, making a new matter in it, which strikes the vital forces, and there causes a contention. Vitality is all the while trying to check and throw off all impurities, and keeps the body in a continual fight. Fight for what? To maintain its ground as a healthy body. I commenced the hunt when but a child, and kept it up until I was forty years old. I could see the action of electricity; I could see it give out lights in the heavens when there was no blacksmith up there to hammer out the sparks. I could see the stars flying across the heavens in 1834—firecrackers in heaven. How is that firecracker work done? Is there any firecracker work going on in the human blood? Where is your battery? What is the matter with your battery when you have fever? What is fever? Oh, the eminent authors say it is a peculiar increase of temperature, causes unknown. As we

don't know them, we will give them a name so we will know what to call them. We will name them typhus, typhoid, malarial, etc., according to the seasons of the year. We name them according to something. They have a system of naming them; we call it symptomatology. It is a species of anatomy when you study it. You put the parts all together, and you have made a something, and that is croup. You put in some variations, and it is called fever. Subtract something, and put in two or three other kinds of something, and you have pneumonia. Subtract a little and add a little, and you have flux. Subtract four and add two, and you have fits. The doctor has treated the effect, and not the cause; therefore it has been necessary to make laws in their favor.

It has been necessary during the last twenty years to fortify against individual attacks on the system, because the people are like that little girl. They know how many bones they have in their wrist. Forty years ago it was not supposed that a woman knew whether she had one bone above the elbow or one hundred, and a great many could not tell. She could not train her child differently, because anatomy to her was a blank.

During the last twenty years there has been a discussion as to whether we will be benefited by taking any grade of drugs, or if it would not be better to take some kind of diet. We have diet-shops in America and in Europe; we buy and eat from both, and grunt just as loud as if we had never heard of either.

Now let us see what condition man is in. He occupies all the zones on the globe except a few off north, and we are going to have them occupied by a balloon next week.

When some travel they must have some peculiar kind of bread, baked on a large-legged skillet or a three-hundred-legged skillet, or they cannot exist. What are the health resorts? They are places supposed to have certain kinds of diet; you must eat a certain amount, at a certain hour, and go to bed at a certain time. In America we go to bed early or late, eat anything we want, and all we want, if we can get it. We have proven here that the health-grub business is not necessary, and we can do entirely without it; that is, the system of eating just so-and-so or you will die. If the stomach is connected with the right battery, the brain and the nerves of nutrition are working right, you can eat a long-legged frog and live on it; you can eat dog

and thrive on it. If you don't believe it, just get a piece of beef in this town, and if you can eat it, you can eat anything. The wise Architect of the universe put that mill there and it will grind anything that is nutritious. This being so, there is not much use for your big mills to grind in a certain way as for you to have your battery and machinery so they can run as God in His judgment intended when He put them there. We find that He is competent and knows how to do His work, and when He has done a job, you can't better it.

How did I discover Osteopathy? Who was with me when I discovered it? Who assisted me in discovering it? I will give one hundred dollars for the man's photograph who has added one single thought to it.

I took the position in 1874 that the living blood swarmed with health corpuscles to all parts of the body. Interfere with that current of blood, and you steam down the river of life and land in the ocean of death. That is the discovery. The arteries bring the blood and wash it with the spirit of life. The living arteries from this world. It fills all space and forms the clouds. If God is competent and knows His business, He has certainly made a good job.

With that conclusion shall I sustain His wisdom, and try to work the machine as He has formulated it, or shall I cast my lot with the dark shades of ignorance and superstition?

When I raised that little flag (Osteopathy) it was not a very large one, but I said I would swear by the eternal God and His works all my life. If there had been a bombshell thrown among you to-night, it would create no greater consternation than I did when I declared that God was no drug doctor. They wanted me to repent before it was everlastingly too late, and thought that possibly for the sake of my father I might be saved. My own brothers were of the opinion that I was going to the d—l as fast as the wheels of time would take me. What was my crime? I declared that God was wisdom and His works a success; that was the crime.

My brother prayed for me, and I worked for him, and at the end of eighteen years he came to my mourners' bench. Jacob worked seven years for his wife; I eighteen for my brother. He comes now and says: "It is the greatest blessing ever bequeathed to mankind."

In 1874, my honorable brother, whose word is worth all the gold that he could carry on his back, honestly believed that I had one foot in

h—l, and he would have to catch me by the coat-tail and jerk me out. I told him that God blessed no such things as quinine, morphine, opium, whisky, or fly-blisters. He said to me, "You are talking wild; I advise you to quit that right now. There is great danger of your being lost."

Time passed on, and after a little while he said:

"I would like to talk a little about this matter. How do you account for fever? How do you account for a cold head?" I said:

"In proportion to the velocity with which the heart brings the electricity that is generated in the brain, the temperature is high or low." He said, "I have a pain in my side, and have been thinking of taking a little quinine and Dover's powders." I said to him, "If you will stand here for a moment, I think I can stop it. It is my opinion that the vena azygos major has failed to disgorge in time." I gave him a treatment which disgorged the blood, and the man was at ease. I then said, "If you think you are converted, I will baptize you now." He was a graduate from a Chicago university of medicine. I asked him if he had not studied there some about the brain force and nerves? He answered, "Not

in that way!" "Now, when you give a dose of quinine, what do you address it to? Is it to the circulation of the blood? What do you expect to do? Contract the blood vessels and force the blood to run faster? Do you intend to contract or enlarge them?" "I believe," he says, "that the effect is possibly to contract them, though I haven't given much thought on that subject. It may possibly strike the cerebellum, and force the blood with greater power through arterial circulation."

"Did it ever occur to your mind when both mules didn't go up the hill, that one was pulling downward? How would it do to turn both tails uphill? The battery of life, the motor force, is throwing the blood from the heart through the arteries, but it is not carried back in the right shape, and it becomes blocked by the veins. You put your quinine and opium in there, and the vein opens its mouth and the blood goes on and the circuit is made. As soon as completed, force of electricity throws it out, and he feels better."

You asked me to talk to you on this anniversary occasion, and I am talking plainly. I love God. What do I love Him for? Because I cannot find any contradictions when I examine His

works. The rising of the sun is to be depended on. Take the eclipse the other day; mathematics told us to a fiftieth part of a second when it would occur. Read your papers and see if that is not correct. When did they tell us? Twelve months ago. The mathematics of heaven are perfectly trustworthy. The comets make their time, and are back from their circuit when they promise to be. The earth goes round the sun on time to a minute. If she should stop to talk politics, it would jerk your head off. I love God because His works are perfect and trustworthy, does not need any help, and did not make man's stomach to be a slop-pail for any dopes or pills, big or little. I love Him who makes pure blood by His machine, takes dead matter and imbues it with living force from crude material, and it becomes a working muscle. I love Him because He can put the sight in your body, hearing, sense of touch—in fact, all the five senses, and about five hundred other kinds of senses on top of them. I love Him because He is a photographer. What does He photograph? Your mind is a sensitive plate, and every word that is said is photographed there, and when you want to look at them you raise up the glass; you call that memory. The sensitive plate takes up your dreams

sions. That is as old as time. Some of
not have to go to sleep to see visions.
n glad to meet you here on my birthday.
ot expect to have many more such celebra-
I am now sixty-nine years old; next year
seventy. My father died at seventy-one,
other at eighty-nine. As long as I live I
be an uncompromising defender of Oste-
. I don't need much of it myself, as I
etty well, but for the sake of the cripples
try and give a few lessons as to how often
nould take treatment and when to quit. I
or a brilliant future for Osteopathy. When
lead, if I get to come back here, I expect
Osteopathy ahead of all other "pathies,"
en growing up with better minds, brains,
and better all over.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A Business Allegory—My First Life a Business Failure—Seeking Success—The Parson's Advice—Investing in a Sawmill—Self-reliance—A Soliloquy—Asleep Under the Tree—The Ram—Up a Tree—Legs as Well as Head Necessary to Success—The Labeled Tree—Label of Success—How to Succeed in Business—A Great Financier—A Dream and Its Realization—The Wife Appeals in Vain—That Blessed Ram to the Rescue.—Knocked from the Top of an Unpaid-for Ten-Thousand-Dollar House—The Ram Speaks.

In this, my first life, it will be seen that I was not successful as a business man. Everything I tried for many years was a failure. I lost all my means and time, and all I had to show was that I had made another failure. I thought I must keep trying. I came to a place in the road of life, one going to the right, and the other to the left. I halted with the people, who stood in a very large crowd at the forks of the road, to ask which of them led to success. In one common yell, all said:

"Any of us can tell you all about the roads to success." I asked the host what it would cost me to get an opinion from each one of them. The answer was, "It will cost you nothing at pres-

t your time, as we are willing to give
s." I was not very well impressed at first,
ount of the poorly clad condition most of
ere in. Finally a very well-dressed, gen-
ly looking man stepped forward and said:
m a minister, and advise you to take that
pointing to the right. "However, I will
u about your financial conditions. Have
y money at your command?" I told him
small amount, which was but a few hun-
ollars. And he said, "Come right along
e." I asked no questions, as I had found
n of God," and away I went—after the
mount of squatting and flattery, in which
me that just such a great and good man
as would be a great benefit in his com-

By this time I began to feel my unworthiness by the bushel, and as the minister passed by me, I asked him to pray for my successes. And all he said was, "God bless you, brother!" After singing, he proceeded to the services with prayer, in which he thanked God for our good government, our peace, and power to keep peace with all nations, or fight if they preferred it. He thanked God for the crops, good health, and schools, and says, "O Lord, we are ashamed and truly sorry that we have to preach the gospel in such a poorly constructed and provided church-house as this. Thou knowest it is a shame and a disgrace on the people to even think or call this 'the house of God.' Bless our souls. Amen!"

I did not feel the hint, or see the rabbit's foot yet. He opened the Bible, and like a magic slam it opened to that good old verse, "Blessed is the cheerful giver." He smiled at me just as sweet, and says, "We are very much in need, and must have money." He told the sexton to pass around the hat, gave him a wink and a nod. He roared and snorted about the blessings that belong to the "cheerful giver," and smiled at me again.

I thought, as I was a stranger in the community, I would do ten times better than I had been

in the habit of doing at home, and tumbled into the hat a whole silver dollar. The sexton says, "Humph! we are building a church, and expected better things of you." I began to reason on the grounds of my limited means. At this time the minister pointed his finger at a trained sister, who hallooed, "Hallelujah," which proved to be the signal for a general move of all the sisters, both old and young, to "pull my leg" for more money; and they got the last cent I had with me, which was ten dollars.

By this time the "rabbit's foot" was in plain view. In a low whisper I said, "Sold again."

I walked out into the big common road of life for another journey. I traveled on and on, until I came to the forks of this road. Here I found another very large congregation. They had in their hands hammers, monkey-wrenches, chisels, files, and various kinds of implements. I greeted them as an inquiring stranger should. By one common voice they cried, "Come into the crowd and sit on a log with us." I told them I was an explorer and in search of success, and had been told there was a storehouse some place in this direction, in which it could be purchased.

A very dignified gentleman says, "This is the place you are hunting for," and asks, "What kind

of business do you wish to do?" To which I answered, "Any honorable business in which a laborer can make a living for a small family." A solid-looking, middle-aged man says, "We need a sawmill in this country, and have met and arranged to send off to purchase an engine, saw, and all necessary machinery to cut lumber." He asked me this question, "Are you a man of capital?" I told him I had a few hundred dollars. He said, "We lack $400 of having enough to send for them immediately." Something said, "Keep out of the mills and engines, unless you are a skilled engineer, and can do everything to repair and keep the machine in motion." They insisted that I should invest. I hesitated, because that was all the money I had on earth. A talky little fellow said to me it would be wisdom to invest, and as he expected some money within thirty days, as soon as the saw cut the first line he would pay me $800 for my stock in the mill company. I put my money in at once, and all aboard for the lumber cutting.

The mill was sent for, arrived, set up, a log rolled on, a line was cut, and many lines were cut. I looked around for my little man, and felt I would take my money and go home. I inquired for him, and was told he had been in the

calaboose a week for getting drunk, and would be there and in the county jail sixty days to pay a fine assessed against him for violating city ordinances.

Not discouraged, I told others I would take the same proposition that the little man had made me, as I wanted to go home. One of them said: "In about a week I will purchase your claim if my money comes, as I expect it will." I engaged to work for my board until his money came.

A number of the partners of this mill drank to some extent. They had set Tuesday night as a kind of a dedicatory jollity. All got very happy, and went to their respective homes full of beer, and the engineer was so full that he forgot or neglected to close the furnace. There was quite a gale of wind that night, and blew sparks of fire into some shavings and sawdust, which spread from place to place, until all the machinery was consumed by fire, with saw and carriages all ruined.

I felt at this time there was no "rabbit's foot" in the game, and said to myself: "The man of God got my ten dollars, and alcohol, beer, and confidence got the rest." I was afoot and alone, without a penny to feed my wife and babies.

So ended my first life as a business "fool." I did as the people advised, without exercising any of my own powers of reason, until I became a mental dwarf, which required many years to overcome.

The greatest struggle of all my life was to have confidence, and realize that God had put into each man the brain and all the business qualities to make him a good living, with plenty for those depending upon his services, provided he would make good use of his gifts. Attend to one thing at a time, and that one thing all the time.

These are my experimental allegories.

In the first part of my life it will be seen by the reader I was young and inexperienced in choosing pursuits in which I could succeed. I grew up, believing that in "council there was safety." I felt the lack of experience, and wished to learn all I could from older persons. It was my desire to live an honest and industrious life. I did not think for many long years that my failures were due to a lack of self-reliance. But at last I lost all confidence in myself, and took advice not matured to suit my case. I never thought wise men had to take time to mature a business plan, but supposed they were full,

and could unload at any time for my benefit, if I only asked them.

Then I thought it might help me some if I would dress better. With that idea front I got a new hat, but no change for the better was apparent. I shaved; all was the same in results. I even went so far as to black my boots, but no star of hope appeared to me. So I did not come out on dress parade any more, and all was dark again.

No money, no friends on earth, and the minister told me there was great danger of me meeting Peter in a bad humor about the little ten dollars I had so grudgingly given to the church committee, whom I had called "rabbit's feet," when they only got ten after all that prayer, preach, and parade. I felt the show was slim for me to get into heaven if he was mad about the money. So I pulled out again for the big road. Had not traveled far until I got a small bug in one of my eyes, and it scratched and kicked, made and kept it sore so long, that I got to believe one eye would answer if I would use it. I began to look with it the best I could. I traveled on and on in the dim road of hope, met many persons at forks of roads, but as I could use but one eye, I thought I could see the

"rabbit's foot of deception for sale" at every fork of the road. As I had no money I could purchase no more, and had to travel many tiresome miles alone. Tremblingly I sank to rest in the shade of a tree, and soliloquized.

Do you realize that when man has done the best he can and failed at every turn, and hope has been torn from his horizon as by a cyclone with all its fury, his heart falls as stone from the temple of life, and he turns from the joys of hope, and hates their flattering tongues, and their sweet syllables are to him as bitter as gall? And he contemplates joy only in the thought of death. He feels that all the gates of love are shut and forever barred to him and his dear ones. Love turns to hatred; even of his own life. He gives up, and looks on to and for death, and builds many temples of mind, and feels that death, annihilation, or anything but life would be a glorious change for him. He cries when he should laugh, hates when he should love. He feels that the battle of life is lost, and he and his are captives, and life will be perpetual servitude.

He is only as a vessel on the surging waves of an enraged sea, drifting to the twisting throat of a whirlpool that swallows and safely hides all its victims at the bottom of an unexplored abyss;

in whose stomach dies all hope and aspiration for him who would do and die for a just life, and has had all the dead limbs of adversity fall on him and cross his path, each day, hour, and minute of his life, when just in sight of those whose roads are eternally blooming with roses of sweetest perfume—fields and herds growing, and supplying all that the heart of man could ask, and no outer signs of superior gifts, only success.

That success came to him. How, unknown. He and his have all the joys of this life, and me and mine all the sorrow of a bitter world, and never allowed to taste a morsel of joy that seems to come in my sight, and dwells only to heap misery on losses, and keeps my face an open playground for the hyenas of my flesh as they eat and laugh at my falls, so close to each other, that all the days of my life can be counted by ones into many thousands.

As I sit here, drink and redrink from that cup that has never leaked a drop of sorrow that did not fall on me some place so as to enter the river that reached my heart, and shut my welcome to even a few minutes' rest and slumber in the shade of this lonely tree, which may be claimed by some powerful animal, that may find me

AN OLD RAM OF GREAT POWER HIT ME A JOLT ON THE SIDE OF THE HEAD.

while asleep under its foliage, and almost kill me. I dare not ask even the angels to watch

THE RAM OF REASON.

while I sleep. But nature has failed me so far that I must sleep, even though it be the sleep of death.

While in that sleep I dreamed that an old ram of great power hit me a jolt on the side of the

head, and sprawled me full length. I awoke, and looking around, found it was no dream, but a reality, as he was backing out to jolt me again. But he had put so much electricity in my head and legs that I jumped up the tree like a kangaroo.

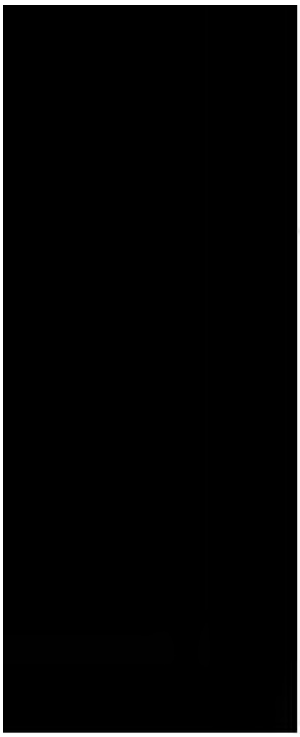
Then I began to realize that a man must use his head and legs if he wants to succeed in any enterprise.

I went higher and higher in the tree of safety. My attention was drawn to many labels that were made of all known materials—gold, silver, platinum, iron, shells of the sea, skins of animals, horns and teeth of beasts. One was written in letters of gold and fastened around the trunk of the tree, and the inscription was, "This is the tree of Knowledge, in whose shade all persons have received that instruction that was necessary to each individual's success in life, without which no man has ever succeeded."

All labels, except the one that girdled the tree, were provided with a ring to drop over a hook, made so for the purpose that they might be taken off and read by all inquiring explorers.

They were arranged in alphabetical order, and their numbers ran into countless thousands. As

I AWOKE AND FOUND IT NO DREAM.



I WENT UNTIL I FOUND THE LABEL S.

I was in great trouble, and my name was Andrew, I read many labels marked A, but none suited my case. I went on and on until I found the labels of S. The first read, "*Success* is the reward of personal effort and confidence in self to solve all problems of life. Self in front. Self in all battles, and at the head of command. Secrecy. Seclusion during conception, development, and birth of all plans of business life."

I thought this label would do for me, as my name was "Still," and I took a copy and have followed it, lo! these many years. And by it I have succeeded beyond all I could see or wish for, before that day when the ram of Energy drove me up the tree of Knowledge to read the label that was there for me.

I would advise all men and women to travel to that tree, stop and take a sleep, and leave your burdens of life, for I am sure you will find a label that will tell you what limb of the great tree of knowledge has the fruit of success for you.

If you desire to be a politician, look through the labels of P, and if you find you have the kinds of sense necessary, copy the label and drive for politics. If not, go back to F. You may have a very fine head for a fiddler. That tree

is free to all, and the ram will soon teach you to climb.

If you think you should be a doctor, I would advise you to trot to the shade-tree at once, and if you are not sleepy, just feign sleep, and the ram will soon make squirrels' legs of yours, and send you into the top of the tree of labels among the letter D, to read all about doctors, dopes, drinks, drugs, and dead folks.

If you want a wife, turn to W. See first if she wants you, is willing to work hard for you, take in washing, and let you sit in the shade and have a good time talking about woman's suffrage or suffering, just as your mother has suffered all your lazy life, as her furrowed brow plainly shows. Let "wife" alone if you haven't the wealth or will to help her wash or weep.

There are many useful places waiting to be filled. Because you have but one leg and cannot dance, don't get discouraged and give up. You often have more good sense in your head than ten dancers and four darkies with their banjos. Courage and good sense are the horns that scatter hay for the calves to eat. Courage is the gem that will set off your bosom, and thousands will ask you where you got it and what it cost, and say they wish their sons had

more wisdom in their heads and less dance in their heels.

I found very high in the tree of knowledge among its branches one large and brilliant label, written in all languages (hieroglyphics not excepted), that success does not come to a person from reading labels that are written in golden letters (raised or depressed), the hows to proceed, or the whys that man does not succeed in business enterprises. But the secret lies, after having chosen a suitable profession, to load yourself with energy, fire up with the blazes of execution, and never allow your boiler to cool down until you shall have executed that which you set out to accomplish, with the determination to look neither to the right, left, nor rear, but keep your eye forever front. Oil and fire up the engines of ambition and energy to an increased speed, until you arrive at the station of success, found only at the end of your own individual effort. This is the great compass and magnetic needle that safely delivers all seekers of success.

My successes have produced on me the feeling that I am a great financier and a great business man. I can put my hand on much more money which is my own than I have hoped to be able to do. I have money by the dollar, hundreds of

dollars, even up to a few thousands. It is my money, and I know it is, for I have paid the last farthing I owe to any man on earth. This is my money, and I want the world to know that under any construction of laws, business, or justice, it is mine. I feel that the unfortunate ought to ask my advice first of all men, because I am successful. I believe I can successfully enter any financial combat and come out triumphant.

I am looking at myself as an able, cautious business general. I feel that way because I have the dollars to show, which is certainly nine points in any philosopher's conclusion. I feel proud of the idea that I can and will be one of the greatest philanthropic men of the past or coming days.

With this feeling I took another sleep, and while in that slumber I saw many business security bonds and notes for indorsement, for which I held the ready pen to sign. I awoke the following morning, and before I had tasted my early breakfast coffee the door-bells rang on all sides, the doors were opened, and the house filled with a great number of persons wishing to go into different kinds of speculation, and asked me to assist them in their enterprises by indorsing their bonds and notes. My wife being a very cautious woman, and from sad experience know-

"STAND ASIDE, LADY, AND I'LL ATTEND TO THOSE NOTES."

ing the danger of going securities, begged and pleaded with me to indorse for no man, for such business had caused her father to die with the word "remorse" on his tongue. He had been robbed and ruined by just such characters. She pleaded with me to keep my signature from any paper in which I was not interested.

As I had been raised to believe that the man was the head of the family and that the wife should ask instead of give advice, I asked her to retire from the room and permit me to transact my own business, as I was a great financier. She refused to go, and insisted there was great danger of ruin. She argued that when security was given there was but one paymaster, and that was the innocent and blind subscriber to such notes and bonds, and if I did sign those papers we were ruined. I said I knew what I was doing, and that those men whose security I was about to go were good and responsible. At this time she sank to the floor in despair, and I heard a shrill voice addressing her with:

"Stand aside, lady, and I will attend to those notes." I looked over my shoulder and saw the face of that blessed ram again, "which had chastened whom he did love." He said: "Throw down that pen. I will allow no such business.

Your wife is right, and if she cannot reason with you, I will do some very necessary jolting. I will jolt every man that presents a note to you to sign, in which you have no money or interest, and jolt you as a reminder of past days."

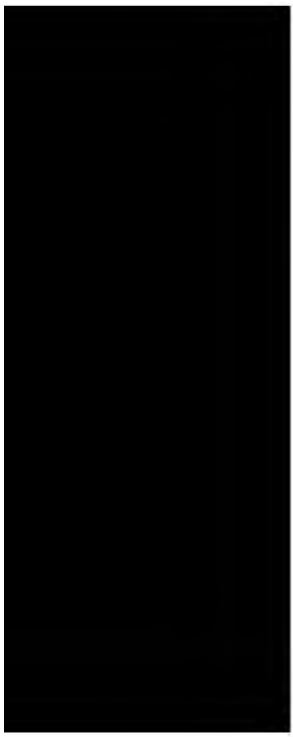
This blessed ram of business disappeared for a season, and I saw no more of him until he sent me from the roof of a three-story $20,000 building by his powerful head of business forethought. When I landed on the hard ground I murmured at the mean treatment of the sheep, and, glancing my eye upward, saw him looking at me from the roof of the house. He said: "Shut up your growling." I asked: "Can a dumb brute talk?" He answered: "Knowest thou not that an ass did speak Hebrew, and did counsel and advise with the Jews? I speak English."

Then I asked why he had knocked me off the house and hurt me so badly, and he said: "It is because you have lied." "If I have lied, I am not aware of it, and would like to know wherein I have."

He said: "You were telling this friend with you that you owned this house, when you know it is covered all over with mortgages more than it is worth.

"These mortgages were made to obtain money

"IT IS BECAUSE YOU HAVE LIED."

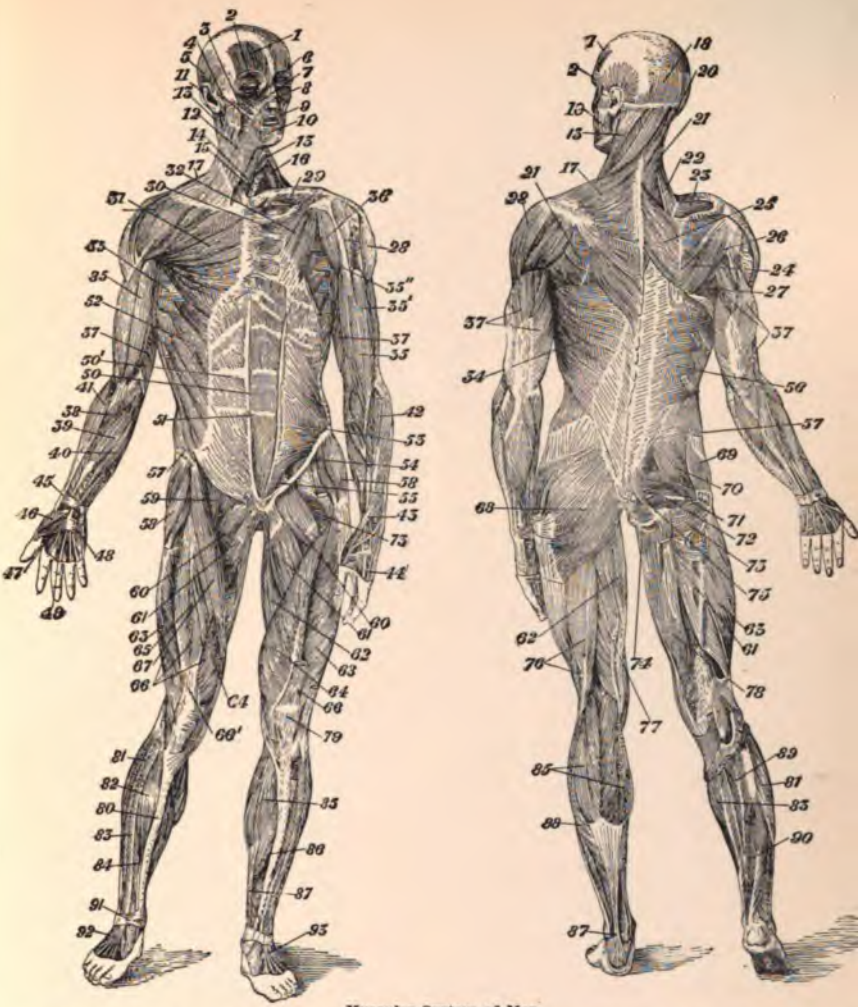


with which to buy silk, diamonds, buggies, bicycles, and an innumerable host of other useless purchases. In truth, you do not own one cent within this house at the present time. I have punched you off to remind you that you are not the wonderful financier you have supposed yourself to be. I have given you these punches to remind you that you have not accumulated a saving amount of business caution to protect your financial successes. Now I want this to be the last occasion that I will have to thump you."

CHAPTER XXXII.

ıcles—Brain Headquarters—The Army of Muscles—Secret of God—How to Live Long and Loud—Time ing for Big Dinners—Command to Eat—Off to the ıtry—Osteopathy Cures Seasickness—Country Friends ıiet and Shady—Explaining the Cause of Lumbago—ł Nature Seeks Repose.

ɔUGH the kindness of Funk & Wagnalls ny, of New York, we are permitted this te cut, which shows about one-fourth of scles of the human body, each of which is l servant in performing the labors of life. place to those beautiful pictures of some of ts of that greatest of all known machines,



Muscular System of Man.

1. Frontal. 2. Orbicularis palpebrarum. 3. Zygomaticus minor. 4. Zygomaticus major. 5. Temporal. 6. Levator l superioris. 7. Levator labii superioris alæque nasi. 8. Compressor narium. 9. Orbicularis oris. 10. Depressor labii inferi 11. Buccinator. 12. Platysma. 13. Sternocleidomastoid. 14. Sternohyoid. 15. Trachea. 16. Scaleni. 17. Trapezius. 18. cipitalis. 19. Masseter. 20. Splenius capitis. 21. Splenius colli. 22. Levator anguli scapulæ. 23. Supraspinatus. 24. In spinatus. 25. Rhomboideus. 26. Teres minor. 27. Teres major. 28. Deltoid. 29. Subclavius. 30. Intercostal. 31. Pector major. 32. Pectoralis minor. 33. Serratus magnus. 34. Latissimus dorsi. 35. Biceps of the arm. 35'. Long head of sa 35''. Short head of same. 36. Coracobrachialis. 37. Triceps. 38. Pronator radii teres. 39. Flexor carpi radialis. 40. Palm longus. 41. Supinator longus. 42. Extensor carpi radialis longior. 43. Extensor ossis metacarpi pollicis. 44. Extensor ten of little finger. 45. Annular ligament of wrist. 46. Abductor pollicis. 47. Flexor brevis pollicis. 48. Palmaris brevis. 49. tensor tendon of middle finger. 50. Rectus abdominis. 50'. Sheath of same. 51. Navel. 52. External oblique of abdomen. Internal oblique of abdomen. 54. Poupart's ligament. 55. Inguinal canal. 56. Serratus posticus inferior. 57. Crest of the ili 58. Tensor fascia latæ. 59. Iliopsoas. 60. Pectineus. 61. Adductor longus. 62. Gracilis. 63. Vastus externus. 64. Vastus in nus. 65. Rectus femoris. 66. Quadriceps extensor femoris. 66'. Tendon of same. 67. Sartorius. 68. Gluteus maximus. Gluteus medius. 70. Gluteus minimus. 71. Pyriformis. 72. Obturator internus. 73. Obturator externus. 74. Tuberosity of ischium. 75. Sacrosciatic ligament. 76. Biceps of the thigh. 77. Semitendinosus. 78. Semimembranosus. 79. Patella. 80. Ti 81. Peroneus longus. 82. Tibialis anticus. 83. Extensor longus digitorum. 84. Extensor longus pollicis. 85. Gastrocnem 86. Flexor longus digitorum. 87. Tendo Achillis. 88. Soleus. 89. Tibialis posticus. 90. Flexor longus pollicis. 91. Annular ament of the ankle. 92. Extensor brevis digitorum. 93. Extensor tendon of the toes.

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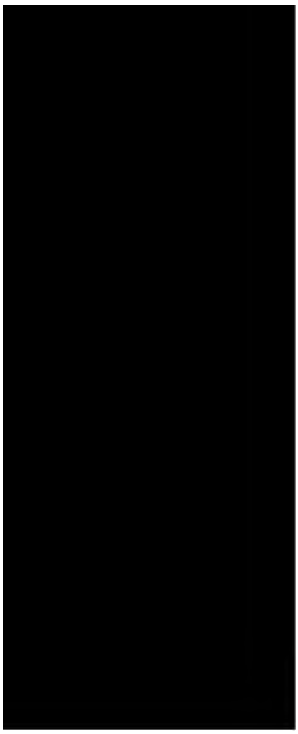


are powerful in quality and size, just to suit the place, and are fixed to hold all bones in position, with much power, left after doing the work of bracing, to lift much additional weight.

Each muscle is so distinct from all other muscles in form and office, in fact we might call each muscle an officer whose rank is a division commander. He must answer to the grand roll-call himself, which is from the commanding general, whose headquarters and name are the brain. Each muscle must report to the commanding general and salute him with becoming dignity, and this high officer must salute and respect all subordinates, or the great battle of life will be lost. He must keep his couriers to each division commander in motion, all the time bearing despatches of the condition of all camps that are being reported at headquarters. Each division commander shall receive and read all despatches in the field of action—the quartermaster, commissary, company, squads, and sections, not of one camp or division, but all of the whole army. We have only brought out a few soldiers or muscles on dress parade, that you may be the better able to judge what a soldier looks like, that kind servant that raises or lowers your arm for your convenience and comfort; who moves one limb

and sets it down until another servant can pass by it, which command is better known as walking. Another commander opens and closes the eye and mouth. Another firing up the engine of life and heart. Others are looking after the mill that grinds crude material, and separates it from the blood of life, which supplies the nerves of force, motion, sensation, nutrition, voluntary and involuntary, and sustains all the machinery of life and reason.

We hope by these atoms of intelligence that you may be called into the ranks, and become active explorers for knowledge in this great field of reason that is free to all.

Your taste may not be to become great anatomical engineers, but a few thoughts given to this field of philosophy, with a few illustrations, may cause you to investigate far enough to see and know that your brother Osteopath is trying to acquaint himself with the laws of life, the machinery of life, and the man of life, who is now on exhibition at the end of many thousand years without an equal. He is better acquainted with himself who knows most of the laws as given by that Intelligence whom the civilized world have called God. Other terms are and have been used, such as Nature, the Unknow-

able, Creator, the All-Wise; but man, the result is here the mystery of life, the problem for man to solve—the secret of God—the result of the numbered days of eternity.

The time is now at hand for Christmas, New Year's, and great big dinners. Big turkeys, big pies, apple, goose, and chicken pies with oysters as big as Cleveland in the stuffing. Cheese with celery, sausage with sage, garlic and onions to kill, nut-cakes and soup, ice cream and frozen vinegar, slaw with Jersey cream, and walnut-cakes with it, filibusters and codfish, "taters," sweet and Irish. With "grannie's" kind of pies, flavored with pure, good old brandy or whisky, all served in an air-tight room, heated to kill by a furnace to 120° F., and not a single vent of pure air.

Now to eat is the command. Eat means to sit still for two hours and cram your body with from three to twelve changes or courses of dishes. Then I thought of the fighting preacher who always prayed before he went into battle among shot and shell. He said: "O Lord, I ask Thee to save my body, if possible, from those vultures of lead and iron; if not able to save my body, oh, please save my soul." Now the battle is open. I see the gunners and aids all in line. The rock-

ets are high in air, which say the first course is so close you can see their eyes, and the command from the general is to charge along the whole line and show no quarter. Eat up the enemy if you can. The first line is a regiment of bread, black and white, ham, butter, celery, cheese, turkey, coffee, tea, slaw, and cream, and lots more. We downed the first line. I felt good and brave to know I had helped to down the first great line of the enemy. I wanted to go home and tell our wonderful victory, and asked the commanding general for a furlough. He said No, and handed me his field-glass, and said: "Look at the second regiment; you may fall at their feet and be trampled to death, and left there for the beasts of the field, or sent to Dr. Smith's room for an autopsy." I took in the sight, saw the arms of the second great and extended division, that we must charge and slay at once, or be branded cowards by a drumhead court-martial. Oh, my! can I stand another such engagement as the last? I dread their arms. They are the essence of danger. Sausage by the yard at the enemy's side.

I fell and was trampled to unconsciousness, as our general said I might be. All was dead within me but my dreaming powers, and they kept

up a perpetual panorama of the lives and customs of the fowls and beasts; how they ate and how they lived—the lion, panther, eagle, vulture, elephant, and many other long-lived animals. All animals, from the ape to the eagle, told me big dinners composed of a hundred kinds of eat and drink would ruin the stomach of anything but a buzzard, which was never known to be foundered.

All long-lived birds and animals, that live on but few kinds of food, should be a lesson for man not to eat and drink till the body is so full that no blood-vessel can pass in any part of the chest or abdomen. Our great dinners are only slaughter-pens of show and stupidity. Some would say: "It is such a nice place to talk and visit." Does an owl hoot and eat at the same time? Let me eat quick and trot, and I will have health and strength.

Off to the country with a flour-sack full of darkey bones in 1877, and have been doing so ever since. At that time I was very anxious to know if God could cure chills and fever without quinine and whisky, fevers without drugs, headache and a few more diseases without opium and other sedatives. I did not know at that time that I could apply this science successfully to all

diseases of the land and sea. Still I had stopped all dry-land vomiting, but had not had an opportunity to have it tested on the sea. But it has proven its efficacy in seasickness just the same as on the land.

I could not have the quiet in town that I had in the country; still it was very country-like in the town, as the hogs ran at large, and had rooted out holes fifteen to twenty feet across to wallow in; and when a rain came, it was a great resort for them to bathe. They all had bathing-suits and snouts, and would often come in the kitchen in search of food, so it was necessary to have a few dogs to chase them out. Many thought it was economy to raise hogs in town, and let them eat their slop.

I found it more pleasant to study Osteopathy in the country, and discovered there some as well-posted persons as I ever met. They could talk on all literary subjects, and were qualified by learning to listen to and decide on the merits of this philosophy, by which I reasoned that all the drugs man needed were put in him by nature's quartermaster, and that the supply was abundant, but our knowledge was limited of how to use the remedy nature had provided for us.

I found in the family of William Novenger,

I FOUND IT MORE PLEASANT TO STUDY OSTEOPATHY IN THE COUNTRY.

THE MAN OF THE FARM CAME IN WITH BACKACHE.

William Hughes, and Dr. Hendrix, of the Northwest part of the country; A. H. John, Andrew Linder, W. Bulkly, and many others of the West part; Calvin Smoot and many more in the East part, all kind to me and anxious to learn. But most of them are now dead, and their homes no longer my country resorts. Their goodness to me in the dark days of infant Osteopathy has stamped in me a love that will last to my grave. I was about to close, and leave out those of the South part, Captain Bumpass, Sol Morris, Gillmores, Meeks brothers, and a host of others who have been kind to me for long years.

I was made welcome and encouraged to go on and unfold the truths, and demonstrate by applications to sickness the efficacy of nature's ability to cure the sick without the help of drugs. Their houses gave the much-needed encouragement to unfold the hows and whys to set hips, arms, and all the bones of the spine. Many valuable ideas unfolded to my better understanding while dwelling in the quiet country with the friends of progress.

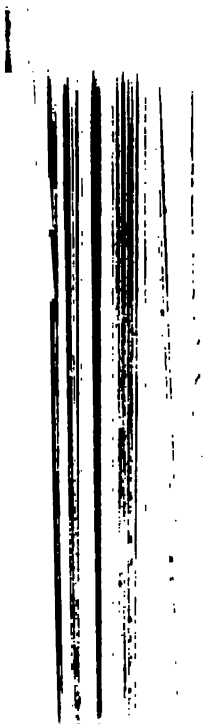
The man of the farm came in with backache, bad enough to be allowed a pension, and asks Osteopathy to give the cause of so much weakness and pain in the small of his back, and how

ise and cure without porous plasters, blis-
resin-pills, and so on. I answer, "Perhaps
wheels of your back are cramped, just as
wagon cramps if you make a short turn.
at best is a machine; sit down and I will
ghten the coupling-pole of your back." And

.

ar friends, now you see me on a cot sound
p. I have been hard up for many years.
omized, saved up, and paid the last cent I
to any man, and have a few cents left. Oh,
sweetly I snooze! I never go to sleep and
t to pray. I was taught my little prayer
l I was young: "I pray the Lord my soul
ke."
w I pray the Lord to keep my head combed

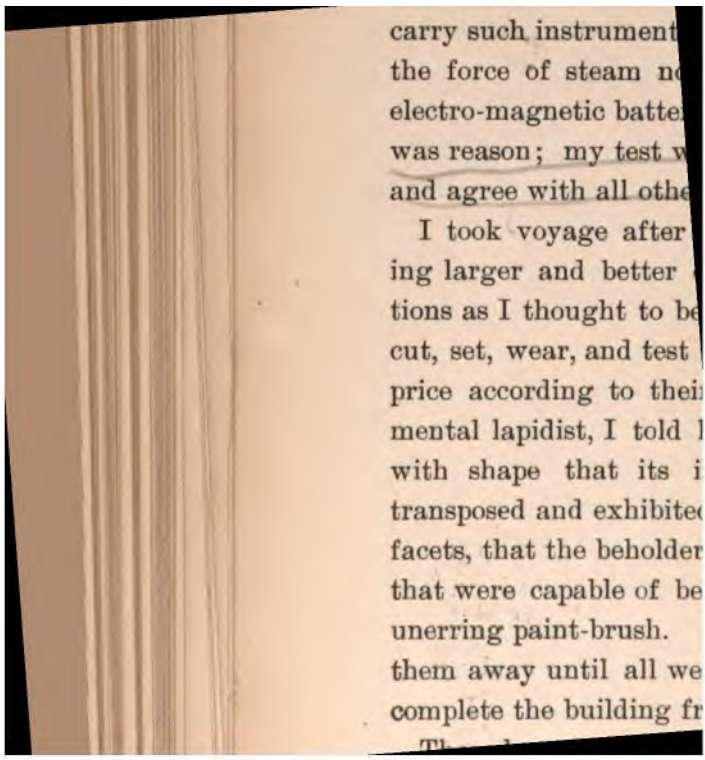
I NEVER GO TO SLEEP AND FORGET TO PRAY.



CHAPTER XXXIII.

In Which I Make Some Allusion to My Family—My Wife—Gathering Gems of Thought—My Children—Drawing to a Close—My Friends—The Book of Life—Our Dead—Fred—Conclusion.

I FEEL I would not do justice and leave my family without giving them meritorious mention, though it is not their biography I am writing. But as each one has rendered personal assistance of great value, it is due them to make mention of these facts. Over a quarter of a century my wife, Mary E. Still, has given her counsel, advice, consent, and encouraged me to go on and unfold the truths, laws, and principles of life; to open and proclaim them to the world by demonstration, which is the only method by which truth can be established. These were the basic principles on which I embarked on the ocean's unexplored surface. And at the conclusion of each voyage, whether it was long or short, I brought home such specimens as I could pick up as an explorer, spread them on the table for her consideration and the amusement of the children.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mental lapidist, I told
with shape that its i
transposed and exhibite
facets, that the beholder
that were capable of be
unerring paint-brush.
them away until all we
complete the building fr

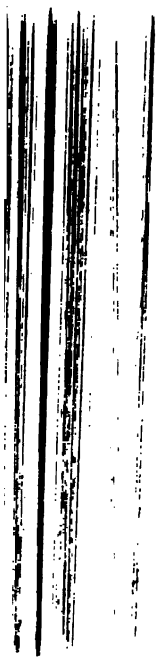
MISS HELEN BLANCHE STILL, D.O.

HARRY M. STILL, D.O.

MRS. MARY E. STILL.

CHARLES E. STILL, D.O.

HERMAN T. STILL, D.O.



year of physical growth, began to reason on the grandeur of the superstructure they could now see, until all members of the house buckled on their belts with all necessary implements, and enlisted in this army of truth-seekers, and became demonstrators of that philosophy whose truths are self-evident facts, and only need to be seen to be known as the work of some unerring mind or principle, which some would call nature, others God. Be they from whatever source, they have proven that they are truths absolute, as old as time and as consoling as the love of God, containing each and every principle known by the highest authority on sickness and health.

At this stage of the war my sons are no more prattling children, but men of mature years. They have been the champions of many bloody conflicts. They are at this time commanders of divisions, having worn the epaulets of all ranks. And I feel that future battles fought by them and their subordinates will be as wisely conducted as though I were there in person.

For fear of tiring the reader and leaving him with the belief that there is no wisdom outside of my family, I will say that the river of intelligence is just as close to you and yours as it is to me and mine. Although by good fortune I

dipped my cup first in the broad river of Osteopathy, drank and gave to them, which fluid they relished as all intelligent persons do who drink from this river, the same stream flows for you.

I would advise each sailor to provision, set sail, and navigate, until you see the opposite side of this river, whose waters when drunk are solace to the despondent, bone, muscle, and strength to the cripple, longevity and peace to all mankind.

When the reader of this imperfectly written book of my life peruses its many pages, he will find a great many subjects written after my style, which may not appear in that polished manner of a professional book-writer. The style may appear harsh and crude; if so, I will offer only this as an apology: it is spoken after my manner and custom of speech.

I do not think you desire that I be disloyal to my mother; enough so as to try to give you my opinion on any discovery by using the great words, as we would say, or borrow other pens to do my writing. She was my greatest friend while alive. She is the lighthouse of my chamber of reason. Although long since physically inactive, her language, which was strictly that

of an educated lady, furnishes me a vocabulary from which to choose when I desire to express an opinion.

Thus you have the reason why I am proud to speak from my mother's tongue. And next to her and my own family, I will speak of a few faithful and intelligent friends. I may not call them by name, but their houses, beds, and tables have universally been spread by the hands and hearts of kindness for my ease and comfort. They have freely and lovingly tried and succeeded in assisting me to write up my life, and encouraged me at all times to fight, defend the flag, and never surrender.

I feel that I cannot close this book without saying to he or she who has helped me by kind suggestions and otherwise, in this effort to compile something of a history of the struggles that I have had mentally, and in many other ways to throw open the book of life and read its charming pages that are so plainly written on thousands of golden leaves which were manufactured in the great paper-mill of the Infinite.

As I have about concluded this work, and will soon withdraw from their homes and firesides which have been so lavish with kindness, I will say, in conclusion, "Your hospitality in past days

indled in me the everlasting feeling of love,
lship, and respect."

often think of our beloved dead. Why do
Because of ties made from the fiber of the
Each strand found in the cord of love is
re that the acids of time never corrode.
nown element can cause the rust of decay.
our, day, or year has power to push a loving
l far back in the leaves of our book of mem-
id love. We say, "Is he or she dead?" and
the answer coming from our souls, which is
" all day. We feel the touch of the hand,
the sound of the voice, saying, Weep not
the tongues retire from the service of man,
he melody of life cannot be produced to weld
o soul by sounds of joy and friendly conver-
, and the feast of reason forever stopped:
nean the cries of anguish that never dies.

ther can it be and not ruin one of the parts of that law that says, Life is the one half and death the other half that does all the work and clothes us for that day's feast; that is, for an eternal training-school for man.

We should smile when we see by the lamp of reason that all of nature's laws sing the anthems of love from birth till death, and key up for music whose harmony is streams of perpetual overflow of the spreading oil of gladness and wisdom plucked from the densest forests of knowledge and ripening fruits, are at all times visible to the most superficial minds of men.

FRED.

I hated to lose this darling boy. I would talk to him often as of yore, but life, as we know, has closed forever the chance for such friendly feasts, and our moans are only heard by our silence. It is law, and would be a much greater feast to us if we knew the grandeur of life and death.

FRED.

We hate the word, "He is dead."
It makes us cry piteously, that we have lost our best.
As in mind we call the endless roll of our loving dead,
Our souls cry out in anguish, while our loved ones are at rest.

One by one their forms appear; I cry again, "I love my dead."
I view their faces each in turn—father, mother, my dear son Fred.
Tears from my eyes from morn till night adown my face as rivers flow,
I ask and reason, "If he is not dead, where, oh, where, then, did he go?"

"Dead!" Dead! "He is dead!"
Why, O my friends, please tell me why,
When a friend is dead, "He did not die"?
Like a philosopher, when dying, he said:
"When this job is done, I'll return, not dead."

I hate the word, "He is dead, dead!"
It may be true, but not with Fred.

A. T. STILL.

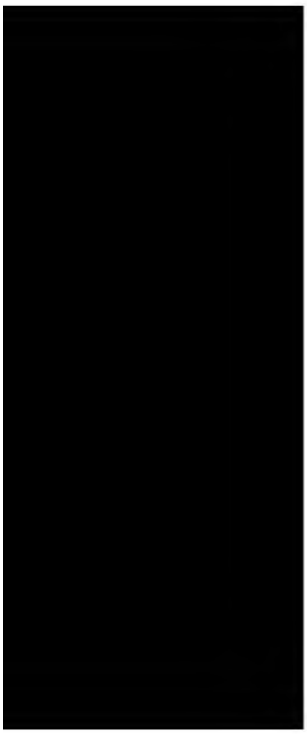
The mind that has lost the quickening powers of mental gratitude, and has grown so stupid by the purgative action of selfishness as to expel from his memory a desire to express to all persons, from the infant at the breast to the grave-dipping foot of the aged, by kindly words and deeds, to all persons who have ever thrown a rose, a crumb of bread, or a soft feather that would make his road easier, his heart happier, his mind

more at rest, in my judgment is guilty of one of the most unpardonable offenses that the pen of man has ever recorded or the mind of justice could contemplate. How could we think for a moment of not treasuring those kind words and deeds in our hearts and minds as the most sacred gems, whose sweetness should not disappear from the taste of the tongue and memory? We should remember them very sacredly, because those sweet waters of joy were poured into our hearts when every river which branches off from our engine of life was filled with the bitter gall of lost hope and despair. Who but a brute with the heart of a crocodile could ever say to that kind heart who filled us with the oil of gladness in bygone days, Stand aside; I never knew you! Let me say I have more of the material world now than then, and all the days added have increased in my mind and heart, and multiplied, the store of love that I have for you and all persons who have ever given me the touch of the soft hand of kindness in my days of adversity.

I wish to leave this expression as a token of my love to all kind hearts whom I have ever met in mortal life. I hope you will believe at this time and age of life, that these are the

sentiments that I wish to leave with you when I lie down with my head upon the knapsack, and I hand to the quartermaster when I receive my final discharge at the end of the struggle of mortality.

THE END.



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